

THE
WORKS
(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED)
OF
JEANNE-MARIE PHILIPON ROLAND,
Wife of the Ex-minister of the Interior;

CONTAINING
HER PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS,
WRITTEN PREVIOUS TO HER MARRIAGE;
HER CORRESPONDENCE,
AND
HER TRAVELS.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED
THE JUSTIFICATIVE DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO HER
IMPRISONMENT AND CONDEMNATION.

THE WHOLE PRECEDED BY
A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,
INTERSPERSED WITH
NOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY,

BY
L. A. CHAMPAGNEUX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Fortis, at infelix et plus quam femina!

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15. 11—*for* prophane, *read* profane.
20. 30—*for* but, *read* any thing but.
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PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE, u
h
OR
ACCOUNT
OF
JEANNE-MARIE PHLIPON ROLAND,
BY
L. A. CHAMPAGNEUX.

THE most unpardonable crime that was committed, during the reign of terror, is, most certainly, the murder of Madame Roland; I consider it less in the light of its extreme iniquity, than in that of the loss which France has sustained.

Affassinated at the age of thirty-nine, what a long career there yet remained for her to run! It would have been the most interesting part of her life, and that in which reason, aided by experience, would have directed all her steps towards the greatest good of her country.

She was indebted to Nature for the most happy dispositions; and she had so well cultivated them, that, at eighteen years of age, she already wrote deeply-meditated reflections on

the most abstruse subjects *. From that age, to the moment when Roland, become her husband, was appointed minister of the interior, she did not discontinue her literary or political labours;

* I have the collection of the works which she wrote at that age, that is in 1772: several metaphysical subjects are there treated with astonishing intelligence. This edition will contain some of them; these will justify my opinion. In order to give an idea of the style and thoughts of Madame Roland, I shall transcribe a few lines of this collection of the year 1772: they form the conclusion of it. "Time flies away, years are renewed; things change and men too. I am arrived at that moment, (31 December 1772), which, uniting two years, seems to belong to neither. Already has the earth made me turn eighteen times round the sun; though it were yet to bear me a long time, what should I see in it? In general order, all diversity is uniformity: the same quantity of motion produces the same phenomena; the same passions, in all ages, agitate men, and direct their conduct.

"Let us close this collection: it contains the traces of my existence at a time which is no more; it is the expression of my mind, in like manner as the subsisting effect of my actions is the expression of my heart. May they both ever render me a consoling testimony!

"Placed in a situation where I can more think than act, the employment of my time ought to be consecrated to the acquisition of knowledge: it is in this occupation that I ought constantly to improve my understanding, approach truth, and perfect my being. Not being able to do much for others, it is rendering to society the service that is in my power, to labour to form for it, in myself, a subject more enlightened, a member better intentioned. If circumstances permit me not to do any thing more, I shall at least have done what I possibly could, I shall have fulfilled my destination, I shall have lived. Happy he who has done so without reproach! This is the happiness to which I aspire."

labours: she made, in the intervals, several journies; among other countries, she visited England and Switzerland; and it is particularly in these travels, that she had an opportunity of making useful applications of her studies.

The revolution, and the two administrations of her husband, placed under her eyes a crowd of men and things; and thence resulted a fund of knowledge, which has, perhaps, never been found in any other woman.

But what rendered her still more estimable, was her extreme modesty, and an absolute dislike to every pretension to genius. She never had any thing printed; if she lent her pen to her husband, it is, as she observes in her Memoirs, "that she wrote with him as she ate with him, because the one was as natural to her as the other."

In another place, she speaks of the writings which she composed when a girl, and this is what she says of them: "I have a pretty large
" packet

Is it not astonishing that a girl of eighteen should think and write with so much maturity and depth of judgment? It will not be said that vanity at that time guided the pen of Madame Roland, since she communicated her writings to no one, and never was a single line committed to the press. She aimed at attaining perfection, with a view merely, as she announces, of becoming a more useful member of society. But the more Madame Roland wrote in silence and obscurity, the more her thoughts are the expression of her heart. And indeed freedom and frankness, which so many authors sacrifice to pride, have alone dictated to Madame Roland all her writings.

“ packet of my works written previous to my
“ marriage, piled up in a dusty corner of my
“ library, or perhaps in a garret : never had I
“ the slightest intention of one day becoming
“ an author. I perceived very early in life,
“ that a woman who gained this title, lost a
“ great deal more than she acquired. The men
“ do not love her ; and her own sex criticise
“ her : if her works be bad, she is ridiculed,
“ and not without reason ; if good, her right
“ to them is disputed.”

Madame Roland then really wrote, for the press, nothing but the memoirs which she composed during her imprisonment ; and this was solely to repel the calumny that pursued her.

However, it is impossible that this extraordinary woman should not at last have acquired the conviction of her superiority : she did not perceive it till the time of her husband's administration ; the avowal of it is to be found in her Memoirs, where, after having said how much she was struck at the mediocrity of all the men then in place, she adds : “ Never, but for this
“ experience, should I have thought so poorly
“ of my species. And indeed it is only from
“ this epoch that I have assumed any confidence ; till then I was as bashful as a boarder
“ in a convent ; I always supposed that people
“ more positive than myself, were also more
“ able. Truly, I am not astonished that I was a
“ great

“ great favourite ; every one felt that I was not
“ without my share of merit, and yet I sincerely
“ did homage to the vanity of other people.”

A few days before she was dragged to the scaffold, she said : “ If fate had allowed me to
“ live, I believe I should have been ambitious
“ of only one thing ; and that would have been
“ to write the Annals of the present Age, and
“ to become the Macaulay of my country : I
“ have, in my confinement, conceived a real
“ fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to sleep
“ till I have read a passage of his work. It
“ seems to me that we see things in the same
“ light ; and that, in time, and with a subject
“ equally rich, it would not have been impossi-
“ ble for me to imitate his style.”

Let any person read attentively the works which we now give to the public, and he will be convinced that no one could so justly aspire to be the Tacitus of her age as Madame Roland. She had every thing at her disposal ; profound knowledge of the times and of men, fecundity of expression, grace and vigour of style, correctness of understanding, strength of character, and the love of virtue ; with advantages so rich, who could more worthily hold the pencil of history !

Vain hopes ! vain regrets ! This woman is no more : executioners have dragged her to the scaffold, and no one came to her assistance ! She passed five months in prison ; and, with the

exception of two or three real friends, whom the aspect of those places did not terrify, who came to bewail with her, not her own fate, but the misfortunes of France, not a single man has expressed for her the smallest interest, the smallest pity. Neither in the journals, nor in the publications of the day, is to be found a single remonstrance, a single word in her favour; almost all, on the contrary, have applauded her imprisonment, and her murder*.

What I here advance is, unfortunately, but too applicable to the conduct that was observed in regard to her husband. Roland, who displayed
fo

* I shall, in proof of what I say, report the virulent attack that the *Moniteur* of the day (No. 59, 19th November 1793) made on Madame Roland. "Within a short period, the revolutionary tribunal has given to women a great example, which will not be lost upon them: for justice, ever impartial, incessantly makes severity and example go hand in hand.

" Marie Antoinette, &c.

" Olympe de Gouges, &c.

" Roland's wife, a philosopher in a small way, the queen of the moment, surrounded by mercenary writers, to whom she gave suppers, and distributed favours, places and money, was a MONSTER in every point of view."

That Hebert, in his *Père Duchesne*, should vomit forth these disgusting calumnies, I am neither surprised, nor mortified; but was it to be expected that we should find them in the *Moniteur*! Madame Roland gave not a supper during the administrations of her husband. Not a single writer has praised her; she distributed neither places, money, nor favours; and yet the *Moniteur* was not ashamed to build all this visionary
fabric,

so great a character in the revolution; Roland, who was the first minister that durst speak truth to the king; Roland, who introduced so much order, economy, and virtue, into the general administration of France; who, during his second ministry, pointed out the plunderers of the public purse, rang the alarm-bell against the massacres of September; who resisted disorganizers of every sort, who grappled with them, and would have brought them to the ground, had his efforts not been opposed; Roland, the protector of persons and property, in recompense for his administrative talents and rigid probity, is involved in a decree of accusation. He flies, and not a single asylum is open to him in Paris! It is at Rouen only that the pity of some old female friends receives him, worn down by grief, fatigue, and age.

The convention, at this epoch, was still strong through the re-union of all its members; is there a single one of them that ascended the tribune to repel calumny? A commission was appointed to examine the accounts of his ministry,

fabric, and to apply the epithet of MONSTER to the most virtuous woman of her age! What still more augments indignation, is, that these cowardly writers published all those atrocities against the unfortunate victims of those times, only in order to please the tyrants who were causing them to be massacred. Thus it is that on the 18th Fructidor, Merlin and Reubell were praised; and thus it is that all the times of tyranny and oppression will have panegyrists.

nistry, and to make a report on them. The labour of the scrutinizers was carried almost to an inquisition: they went into all the offices, passed over no article without a rigorous examination; and when they were convinced of the order, regularity, and even austerity of Roland's administration, not one of these scrutinizers durst ask to be heard, in order to pay homage to truth, and propose to the convention an act of justice towards this calumniated and persecuted minister*.

This

* I here insert a curious note, which I extract from a writing of Roland, that I found, as by a miracle, scattered in several hands.

This is the manner in which he expresses himself respecting the cause of his leaving the ministry, which he attributes to the weakness of the well-disposed party in the national convention:

“The cause of my leaving the ministry has been understood by no person: every one attributed it to the sanguinary and ferocious men who were so inveterate against me. It was thought that denunciations, threats, or assassination, that the outcries set up in the commune, in the sections, in the clubs, in the public squares, in the tribune even of the convention; it was thought that all these horrors, certainly well calculated to occasion me to be assassinated, had intimidated and wearied me out; and that the fear of these executioners had induced me to resign; me, who denounced them to France and to all the world; who stripped them naked; who was not afraid to shew them as hideous as they are; who told them to their face, and who told it to all nations, that there was not on earth men of a baseness so disgusting, and of a barbarity so atrocious! No; by dint of despising this contemptible horde, gorged with murders and pillage, I feared them not. I would have continued

This conduct towards Roland, furnishes me with a reflection, the utility of which is so great that I must be permitted to insert it here. Every one recollects that time when the convention

continued to watch them, to intimidate them; for all those scoundrels are cowards: but what did the convention do to curb them?

“ It is to be remarked, that to twenty members of the deputation of Paris, there are scarcely more than twenty to add of all the other deputations, whose audacity is to be quoted; and of these forty there are not ten who have mounted the tribune to accuse me. Yet, whole sittings were lost in vain declamations: absurd things were said; barbarous denunciations were made; tainted and disgraced people were brought forward to support these infamous transactions; I was sent for; I was interrogated respecting all these abominable deeds, after being left to be drenched with them even to indignation and disgust. Well! not one single member of this astonishing majority, many of whom loved me, all of whom esteemed me, not a single one mounted the tribune to undertake my defence. They seemed even to have a degree of fear or shame to let their indignation appear. Some were afraid of the daggers with which I was myself threatened every moment: others, thinking that they had some popularity, were afraid to expose it; sometimes they held out the necessity of preserving their influence for important occasions; sometimes too they affected to say, or said it in earnest; “ what does it signify? we must let them say on; we must not irritate them; they shew what they are; they are wearing themselves out:” there is no folly or weakness of which I have not been the witness and victim.

“ However, it was not a matter of indifference to the well-disposed party, to have a minister of the interior in the right road, to have there a man of incorruptible and unshaken honour. No doubt, he must thereby acquire strength, and find a very great support by the general and most decided approbation

vention suffered itself to be subjugated by a few ruffians; then in what manner was the ruin effected of a man, whom the most irreproachable life rendered deserving of universal esteem, and

approbation of the departments. But, I must say it, guilt, ever more ardent and more active, a thirst for blood, manifested with a rage and an atrocity, the bare idea of which makes one shudder with horror, had spread such a stupor over the assembly, that I can compare it only to that which existed in the bosom of the legislature at the time of the massacres in the beginning of September.

“ I am ashamed to say it, and my heart is wrung at the thought; I have not a man to quote. All deploring the fate of things, seeing futurity under colours such as circumstances might paint or forebode, but too much cast down by the present, to find any longer in their mind any spring: nothing was to be seen but the paleness of fright and the gloom of despair.

“ Yes; had I found a single man who had preserved any energy, who, penetrated with the utility of supporting me, would not have been afraid to shew himself, to mount the tribune, indignant at seeing it incessantly filled by infamous characters; at hearing them re-echo absurd falsehoods, odious denunciations: tired of seeing time wasted, public opinion dishonoured, the convention degraded, with such powerful means of making the whole nation tremble with wrath, and of doing themselves honour with posterity: had a deputy, with the manly assurance and the immense weight which the justice of a good cause gives to a man of honour, said: “ I present myself boldly; I put myself here between innocence and guilt; “ it is time that scandal should cease, that truth should be discovered, and justice be done: if Roland is guilty, let him be “ punished; let his head be struck off; I make a motion expressly for that purpose; and I adjure whoever here has “ proofs of the crimes of which he is accused, to produce them, “ to deposit them at the bar. If the accusations which are daily “ made against him are unfounded, it is evident that it is his “ integrity

and of all the protection of the laws; a mouther, with the great words of *conspiracy*, *country*, *public safety*, demanded an act of accusation against him: innocence wished to answer; her voice

“ integrity which is meant to be impeached, that it is from a
 “ disorganizing spirit he is persecuted. I also require that
 “ whoever shall accuse him without proofs, shall be declared
 “ a bad citizen, a man of wicked and dangerous views.”

“ Perhaps the motion would have been seconded: then relying on my conscience, and the boldly-manifested opinion of an honest man, I would have faced the greatest storms; I would have persisted, regardless of clamour, or of death itself; I would have pursued guilt, I would have made it turn pale even in its audacity; I would have upheld the glory of the assembly by strengthening its courage: I would have given the well-disposed party a support to which they are strangers, which they are too weak to know, which some will one day be sensible of; but which very few will ever choose to acknowledge.

“ It is now thirty days since I resigned (19th February 1793); it is forty since I entertained the opinion which I have just expressed.

“ There was another very weighty reason; and that reason proceeded from the same cause; this was the necessary and indispensable dismissal of the war minister; a dismissal which would have been impossible had I remained. As every thing was disorganized in this department; as the armies, without provisions, without clothing, destitute of every necessary, were disbanding on all sides; but as the minister, by this mean, was serving the agitators, the disorganizers, the men who wish for nothing but commotions, because they live by disorder; and as these men would not have consented to the dismissal of this minister, till the watchful minister of the interior had been sacrificed, the crisis would have continued and become more serious; thence would have resulted new offences, and delays ruinous to the public weal. I certainly had

voice was smothered by cries of fury, and he was doomed to punishment, without a remonstrance from any person whatever. Blood flows not at this day: but are we not often robbed

had it too much at heart; I saw all this; I had well observed and well meditated on it: in this, as in all the rest, a judgment was formed of the convention. Incapable of making any resistance, of sustaining any shock, they would have seen the enemy at the gates of Paris; they would have seen a new king, a dictator, a tribune, and whoever had presented himself to trample liberty under foot, and make the nation again pass under the yoke, if our twenty tyrants had thought proper: they would have groaned in secret, they would have deplored the fate of the republic; but no one would have dared to raise his voice: all dreading to be, like Cicero, obliged to offer their head, or to be knocked down, would, according to the proceedings of these gentlemen, have held their peace.

- "It is well known what a cowardly man can do, or rather what he is incapable of doing; but no one has any idea what effect can be produced on the soul, the mind and the heart of individuals, from the cowardliness of an assembly. It is propagated far differently than courage; although the latter has always opinion to support it at first, afterwards to honour it, should it meet with reverses, or be unfortunate; whereas the former always sinks deeper and deeper in the mire, without ever being able to hope for any success.

"Shall I add to these hideous causes, that which completes my determination; it is the frightful, the hopeless moral character of the executive council. In order to judge of it properly, it would be necessary to seize the character of each of the members who composed it, and for that purpose have heard them discuss, and vote, always trembling under the rod of the opinions of the monsters, and never acting up to the laws, to justice, and to reason.

"The daring Danton had held the helm of this vessel: he had thrown her into the tempestuous sea of the most horrible passions.

robbed of our reputations in a manner equally cruel? Are there not still some of those harsh and despotic men who condemn without hearing? They lead not their victims to the scaffold,

passions. He still steered her by his stentorial voice, his rough and athletic make, and his frightful menaces; he was continually at the heels of the ministers, thrusting on them his dependents, and forcing them to provide for them. Such was the result, and, as it were, necessary consequence of that terrible preponderancy which he had acquired over the narrow minds and the weak souls of his colleagues.

“ The councils of his time never presented any plan, any series of discussion. It was nothing but propositions *ex abrupto*, interlarded with cries, with oaths, with goings and comings of the members themselves, and of strangers suborned, as petitioners, interceders, and finally using and abusing the permission, as the galleries afterwards did in the convention itself. Danton made propositions, decrees, proclamations, commissions, &c.: he appointed the commissioners, gave them instructions, regulated their expenses, and supplied them with money. In this manner, or under this pretext, Danton, in his short ministry, disposed of several millions, of which I, as a member of the council, have never known the particulars nor the motives: he governed, or rather thus snubbed the executive council, the department even of each minister, except that of the interior, on which he never was able to make the slightest impression, *inde iræ*.

“ I ask, in such a situation, thus surrounded, in the horrible state of restraint in which we were, in the midst of the howlings of rage; of provocations to murder and pillage; hearing continually retraced those bloody scenes, full of horror, hearing them praised with atrocity, and the renewal of them solicited with fury Seeing the national representation degraded, the laws trampled under foot, all the constituted authorities con- signed to the greatest contempt; hordes of robbers raising a throne on the bloody bodies of their victims, thence extending their dominion over all France, and wishing to force the people every where to imitate them I ask, what was I

scaffold, because that method is stale, and it would not be prudent to have recourse to it again; but do they not, in all the rest, imitate the rulers of 1793? Is not a person guilty in their eyes, as soon as he displeases or incommodes them? Will they hear a justification? Do they ever retract a hasty opinion, or one given in the delirium of the passions? Ah! let such scourges be removed from power and from the management of public affairs; without which, liberty will never be more than a word favourable to intrigue and tyranny*.

Let us return to Madame Roland. I shall not undertake to write the history of her life; the details which she gives of it herself, will make her sufficiently known. If I add a few anecdotes, it is because they are not to be found in her Memoirs, and I think I am making a present to the public by inserting them in this discourse.

I became
to do? Abandon a vessel whose rudder was broken, unveil all my administration, establish the state of it, fix it in such a manner that in all times could be discovered in it, not only the uninterrupted solicitude which I was under the necessity of employing in order to struggle against the anarchists, and preserve uncorrupted every part of the vast department of the interior; but also my views and my means for the glory of the nation, the prosperity and the happiness of the French. Every thing was possible; every thing was easy, and every thing would have gone right, but for the audaciousness of the Dantons, the Robespierres, the Marats, or rather but for the weakness of the convention, which was not able to redress them."

* This is written in the month of Messidor, 7th year.

I became acquainted with the Rolands in 1785, at Lyons, where the husband came to fill the office of inspector-general of the manufactories. We grew more intimate at the beginning of the revolution. The enthusiasm I felt for the principles which then directed the new order of things, had determined me to take up my pen in order to promote them*. I wrote a journal, which procured me much ill-will; but which also obtained me friends. To it am I indebted for the particular esteem shewn me, from that moment, by Roland and his wife. I inserted, in my periodical sheets, several articles with which they furnished me, and which were always particularly interesting.

One of the epochs which my memory takes most delight to recollect, is that of the federation of Lyons, the 30th of May 1790. Detachments of national guards, from the distance of thirty leagues, had repaired to this *fête*, and formed an assemblage of sixty thousand men armed, and in uniform. In order to march to the *Champ de la Fédération*, the beautiful quay of the Rhone was fixed on as the rendezvous; all the detachments were there drawn up by five o'clock in the morning: at that hour,

* Under the title of *Courier de Lyon*. No view of interest had prompted me to the undertaking; I gave up all the profits to the Philanthropic Society of that commune.

Madame

Madame Roland and myself were there to enjoy the pleasure of contemplating this army, which a word and a day had assembled. Each federate expressed by his proud, but grave deportment, that the love of his country and of liberty had called him into the ranks; and that, were it necessary to seal those sentiments with his blood, they all were ready to brave dangers and even death.

After having gone through all the ranks, we took our station so as to see the whole; this was the moment when our souls received emotions till then unknown; when they believed in the great destinies of France, and in the unperishable union of her inhabitants.

That day, ever memorable, not only in the Lyonnese calendar, but also in the national revolution, presented the spectacle of an union of which no instance had yet been seen. The federates were distinguishable by the most interesting harmony, and it equally broke out among the two hundred thousand spectators whom this *fête* had attracted: it was every where a conflict of benevolence, good offices, and friendship.

I then, as I have mentioned, compiled a journal: I wished to describe in it this *fête*, in a manner that might correspond with its dignity: I entrusted this task to the pen of Madame Roland. The details of it were given with an
energy

energy which produced the best effects : every federate wished to carry home the account of his patriotic campaign ; upwards of sixty-thousand copies were distributed. Madame Roland enjoyed so much the more the triumph due to the eloquence of her pen, as she kept *incog*. I should have fallen into disgrace with her, had I betrayed her secret.

We considered the Lyonnese federation as the dawn of a fine day : our souls conceived the sweetest hopes : we beheld in the revolution nothing but the period of abuses, and the encouragement of talents and virtues ; we thought that France was going to be peopled by none but friends ; that she would become the abode of industry and commerce ; that the sciences and the fine arts would there establish their empire ; we abandoned ourselves to these sweet ideas ; and they were, I may say it, in the heart of the majority of the French.

Soon after the federation, Roland was deputed, by the municipality of Lyons, to the Constituent Assembly, in order to request that thirty-three millions, which this commune owed, should be carried to the account of the nation. His wife accompanied him ; and the acquaintance which they formed with several deputies, determined them to remain in Paris.

Roland was very far from thinking of the ministry, when Louis XVI. appointed him minister

of the interior : as soon as he was in office, he wrote to me, and pressed me to join him. I went to Paris, and I seconded his labours as far as lay in my power.

Recalled to the same situation, after the 10th of August 1792, he gave me the direction of the first division.

I have already collected the materials necessary for publishing the historical memoirs of Roland's two administrations ; I shall therefore speak of them here, only in as far as they immediately concern his wife. Some persons have asserted that she was more minister than her husband. This opinion is absolutely false ; not only had she no share in the administrative routine of the department, but it would have been repugnant to her feelings to have had any : a hundred times a day was she importuned by solicitations, and when she happened to engage in any affair, which was very seldom, she indorsed the petitions in such a manner, as to caution the offices against every sort of partiality or favour. Her love of justice, and of the maintenance of principles, was the first of her sentiments ; in her mind, all others were subordinate.

Although Madame Roland was absolutely a stranger to what passed in her husband's office, yet she was not indifferent to his glory, and to the great movements of his administration : accordingly, when circumstances required a
writing

writing dictated by feeling, it was to her that it was entrusted; she threw into it all the energy of her soul, identifying herself, nevertheless, with the genius and character of her husband, whose ideas she conveyed so exactly, that I often gave him the credit of them.

It was, above all, when the question was to reanimate by confidence, by strength of reasoning, more than by threats, an administration which was acting wrong, and appeared to persist in its error, that the pen of Madame Roland wrought miracles. She knew so well the springs of the human passions, that she never failed in making converts: and how preferable were these conversions, brought about by feeling alone, to the submission that is due only to the display of authority! An administration thus reclaimed, became attached to the government, as to a father; respect for the minister, produced respect and devotion for the public weal. A transient fault was an introduction to the constant practice of virtues; and this blessing was frequently due to the mild and persuasive eloquence of a woman who had the modesty to keep always in the back ground, who kept secret all her productions, and who knew not how to enjoy them but by the good of which they were the cause, and the honour which was reflected by them on the department entrusted to her husband *.

Madame

* In the history of Roland's two ministries, I shall enter into the detail of his correspondence with the different administrations

Madame Roland, in her Memoirs, speaks of Pache, of the confidence with which his plain manners had inspired her, of the esteem which she and her husband had shewn him, and of the shameful abuse which he made of the influence

nistrations of France; but I shall say here; that this correspondence offers a spectacle equally sacred and affecting. The minister expressed himself as a father, and the administrations answered with a filial confidence. Roland's efforts particularly tended to bring into credit the principles of morality and virtue, without which he knew too well that a republic is but an empty name. He had, besides, for religion, that sort of respect which commands it from all those around us. Accordingly the ministers of worship were obedient to his voice, and made use of the ascendancy which their profession gave them, only for preaching up peace, beneficence, and submission to the government, and for propagating those sentiments in every heart. This system was gaining strength from day to day, and promised the happiest destiny to France; but the agitators of Paris could not love a man who wished neither for commotions nor murders, nor pillage; they vowed his ruin, and disgusted him to such a degree, that they extorted from him his resignation of the home department. This epoch, disastrous for the country, was an occasion of glory to Roland. All the administrations came, after his retreat, to pay him the homage of their regret; grief was universal; and the manner of portraying it so energetic, so affecting, that a person cannot read the correspondence in which it is expressed, without moistening it with his tears. Roland's retreat laid open one of the calumnies of his enemies; they were incessantly reproaching him that he endeavoured to make himself popular, only in order to arrive at the dictatorship or at royalty; and it is at the moment of his greatest favour, and when his talents and his virtues made the strongest impression, that he abdicates authority, resumes a private life, and loses himself in the crowd of citizens; but without being able to console himself that his efforts to restore France to harmony and peace, had been construed into a crime.

influence that he had obtained over the mind of both: but she is very far from expressing to what a degree this veneration for Pache was carried. I was sometimes a witness of it. Madame Roland was no sooner informed of his being in the house, than she abandoned all her occupations, flew to him, took him to her husband, and presented him with those expressions of friendship, attachment, and even respect, which I should with as much difficulty explain as the coolness with which Pache received these demonstrations. I must here mention a trait well calculated for characterizing the horror of his forsaking such friends.

Roland, shortly after his coming a second time into office, was nominated to the Convention by the department of Somme, and purposed to comply with this choice; but wishing to see, in the ministry, the successor whom he thought the most worthy, he cast his eyes on Pache: he imparted this idea to his wife; and she undertook to pen the letter that it was necessary to write to the Convention. I was in Roland's cabinet, when she came to read to him the draught of it: as soon as she got to the enumeration of the talents and virtues which Pache would bring into the ministry, Roland, quite moved, embraced his wife, tears stood in his eyes, and he pronounced these words, which my memory has still retained: " Ah! how well

you have expressed the sentiments which I entertain for our respectable friend!"

Who would believe that a few months after this, and without there having been on the part of Roland and his wife, any other proceeding in regard to Pache, this man became the most implacable, the most cruel of their enemies!

I might point out many other persons, whose ingratitude towards Roland and his wife has not been carried so far as that of Pache; but who having courted them during their prosperity, shamefully abandoned them as soon as their power was at an end. In this number must I meet with L. the oldest friend of the Rolands; he whom the wife called by the sweet name of brother; he who, for twenty years, was a witness of their public and private virtues? Well! L. durst not own Roland in the Convention; he never had the courage to mount the tribune, to say what his heart, what his conscience urged him to make public: he went and seated himself at the top of the mountain, and blushed not to owe to Marat a life, which it would have been so glorious to sacrifice with the illustrious proscribed patriots of that day.

Roland has been reproached with the entertainments which he gave during his two administrations. I really believe that he would have done better for himself, to have abstained
from

from them. Not having it in his power to receive at his table all those who imagined that they had a right to be admitted to it, Roland and his wife more willingly invited the persons whom they thought their friends, or whose principles appeared conformable to those which they professed. Thence arose a discontent, a jealousy, which served but to render more obvious the line of demarcation that was beginning to be drawn between the parties. If sometimes men, of different opinions, were at the same dinner, those who already shewed themselves in opposition to the deputies designated under the name of *Girondists*, remarked or fancied that they perceived a preference shewn to the latter, and withdrew dissatisfied. If, during the repast, any political object was discussed, the minds of the guests grew warm, and the hot-headed failed not to treat the others as counter-revolutionists.

I had sometimes started this subject to Roland and his wife, and I owned to them that I was not a partisan of their dinners: they did not see in them the same inconveniences that I did; they even thought that it was necessary to have a rallying point, where people of a right way of thinking might electrify each other by contact, and gather strength against the profligate; they were convinced that the *Maratist* party which was forming in the Convention,

would not become formidable but through the weakness of the well-disposed; that it was necessary to carry on an open war against it, or expect death from its hands *.

Roland's first administration was not marked by extraordinary events; but the second appeared

* Notwithstanding all these motives I remained attached to my opinion, and I preserve it at this day. It is even become more fixed; for I would have the ministers prohibited from giving entertainments by a very positive regulation; and, the better to insure the execution of this measure, I would reduce their salary to a bare competence. People have not a sufficiently correct idea of the disorders produced by entertainments at the houses of these principal servants of the state; dinners very often serve only to form and keep alive the spirit of party; they occasion a great loss of time, and are incompatible with the temperance and the other virtues necessary for the maintenance of a republic. I would even go farther; and I would extend the prohibition of entertainments to a greater number of public servants. It will in vain be objected that this severity is too scrupulous, that it neither suits the present time, nor our manners. I think I am able to retort the argument with advantage, by maintaining that it never was more necessary. To pretend to a republican government, and to think to be able to consolidate it without virtues and without great sacrifices, is to wish an impossibility. Now, if virtues exist not in the higher ranks; if the first men in office set not the example of them, in vain may we hope to find them in the other classes of society. It is only by an entire devotion to the public weal, it is only by keeping flatterers at a distance, it is only by breaking all the goblets of pleasure, that we shall succeed in establishing and promoting a love for the present government.

We talk every day of the Roman republic; but, instead of imitating the virtues which rendered illustrious her happy days, which gave her a Fabius, a Cincinnatus, we take our examples from the periods of her decline: after that, is it surprising that we have a Lucullus, or a Verres?

peared stormy from the very outset. Roland had entered it as the idol of the people; but when the set of scoundrels, who subjugated Paris and the Convention, saw him not in their ranks; when, on the contrary, his anger burst forth against them; when he grew indignant, at being, in the ministry, by the side of Danton; when he wished to stop the blood that was flowing in the prisons; when he urged the dismissal of that plundering and sanguinary commune; when he called on them for their accounts; Roland was no longer any thing but an object of jealousy and hatred, whose ruin they persisted in by every means possible.

His wife was involved in his proscription. Her courage was put to a cruel trial, particularly during the months of December 1792 and January 1793. Every day brought to light a fresh danger; every night was to be the last of her life. An army of assassins was to take advantage of the darkness, in order to murder her, as well as her husband. The most sinister accounts were brought to her from all quarters: she was entreated to sleep out of the hotel of the minister of the interior. At first she consented; but every thing that bespoke pusillanimity was so foreign to her character, that she yielded not to this advice but with indignation.

One evening, I was witness to an incident which affords a proof of this. At ten o'clock
she

she was apprized that some fellows armed, and very ill-looking, were lurking about the house; that probably they would not be long before they forced their way into it; and that it was necessary she should haste to leave it in other clothes than her own, in order not to be recognized. Every one present maintained the same opinion; she therefore could not resist being disguised, and gave the preference to the dress of a country girl. The cap was not thought sufficiently coarse; it was proposed to substitute another. This improvement displeased her, and produced a burst of passion which occasioned the cap to be flung away, and, with it, all the rest of the dress. "I am ashamed," cried she, "of the part that I am made to act: I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house. I owe this example of firmness, and I will give it." These words were pronounced with so much vivacity and confidence, that no one thought of making a reply. She begged me merely to go and ascertain, in the street, how far the report, that had been spread, was founded.

I brought her back word, shortly after, that I had seen no one; and, in fact, the street was perfectly quiet. I went as far as the doors of the Convention, which had just broken up; I questioned some of the deputies: their answers were not of a consoling nature; but nothing,

as

as yet, announced the execution of the horrors which were incessantly represented to the Rolands as ready to fall on their heads.

From that day, till Roland resigned, his wife never quitted her house for a single moment: her enemies were not ignorant of this; they might very easily have got rid of her by murder; but they dreaded the consequences, and waited till it was convenient to have it committed in the name of the law.

Madame Roland had the courage to brave every danger that was personal to herself; but she would not expose her daughter. This it was that determined her, in concert with her husband, to take the arrangements, the details of which may not be uninteresting to the public to read, in the written paper which they drew up on this occasion. It is dated the 25th of December 1792, that is, in that horrible time when they were not certain of having an hour to live. It is as follows: “ We, whose names are underwritten,
 “ united in the sentiments which have not
 “ ceased to animate us both, considering that
 “ the ordinary uncertainty of events is still in-
 “ creased by the political situation of the em-
 “ pire, and that of the capital in particular;
 “ considering that the first duty of a public man
 “ is to remain at his post as long as he can be
 “ useful there, fully resolve to live always in
 “ whatever place our country requires; but
 “ being of opinion that nothing compels us to
 “ make

“ make our beloved child run the same risks,
“ we have determined to entrust her to Made-
“ moiselle Mignot, who has already undertaken
“ her education, and to send her to the landed
“ estate of the family, far from the theatre of
“ war, to wait for more happy days, by culti-
“ vating, in this peaceful retreat, her moral fa-
“ culties, and preparing her for reverses with-
“ out fearing them, as well as for prosperity
“ without being ambitious of it, according to
“ the example of her parents, who have lived
“ without reproach, and will die without terror.
“ We confidently rely on the affectionate at-
“ tentions, and ~~the~~ enlightened goodness of
“ Mademoiselle Mignot. It is our desire that
“ she shall enjoy, over our dear Eudora, all the
“ ascendancy which she must acquire from her
“ respectable character, and which is absolutely
“ necessary for the completing of her educa-
“ tion. Mademoiselle Mignot will jointly par-
“ take of the means of existence of her pupil;
“ and after the expiration of eight years, there
“ shall be paid to her out of our property,
“ 1,000 livres by way of an annuity for life,
“ which she shall enjoy in the most perfect in-
“ dependence. Paris, the 25th of December
“ 1792. J. M. ROLAND.

ROLAND, née PHILIPON.”

This deed was followed by a letter which
Madame Roland wrote, at the same time, to her
husband's

husband's brother, residing at Ville-franche, in the department of the Rhone, a commune very near the landed estate whither Madame Roland wished to send Eudora, with her governess Mignot. I likewise transcribe this interesting letter for more reasons than one. " In the un-

" certainty of events, my dear brother, and the
" impossibility, in the midst of their course, of
" making all the arrangements which we might
" wish, I will not at least fail to address to you
" my embraces and my adieus; to repeat to you
" the expression of my confidence in your
" friendship for Eudora, and to manifest to you
" my esteem for her governess, Mademoiselle
" Mignot, who may supply my place near her,
" who is no longer to quit her, and for whom
" we beg you to make such arrangements as
" may secure her old age from want.

" To-morrow, according to the accounts that
" are brought to us from all quarters, and the
" preparations made long since, may be our last
" day: at all events, it will not be useless to
" the safety of the republic, and our fall will
" teach the departments what dangers they
" have to combat,

" Adieu, my brother; I have too little time
" to expend many words; but I am what you
" have always known me, devoted to my
" duties which I love, appreciating life for
" the blessings of nature, and the enjoyments
" of virtue; but finding it sufficiently afflictive

" to

“ to quit it without regret, and being too much
 “ habituated to despise death ever to fly from it
 “ or fear it, I leave my daughter good ex-
 “ amples, and a memory ever dear to her ; to
 “ these her father adds some glory ; in you and
 “ Mademoiselle Mignot, she will find prudent
 “ guides. Of fortune, she will have what is
 “ sufficient for happiness. May she judge, feel,
 “ and avail herself of every thing with a con-
 “ science always as pure, and a soul as expan-
 “ sive, as have been those of her parents !”

All these preparations remained unexecuted. Madame Roland was given to understand that her daughter would be exposed during the journey, and that she would be still more so in the retreat that was intended for her. Time slipped away : Roland retired from the ministry : Mademoiselle Mignot, who had courted nothing but the man in office, not only abandoned him after his retreat ; but became the enemy of the Rolands, so far as to figure as a witness before the revolutionary tribunal, in the affair which led Madame Roland to the scaffold *. As for Roland de Ville-franche, to whom the above letter had been written, he was guillotined, out of hatred to his brother, by the temporary commission established at Lyons.

Thus,

* This conduct of Mademoiselle Mignot is equally incomprehensible and shocking ; it is one of the most hideous traits of revolutionary times. How could that woman, who had

not

Thus, the supports which Madame Roland had given her daughter, and in which her affection found motives of security and consolation, absolutely failed. Roland himself was reduced to conceal himself by flight from the fury of his enemies. His wife had it in her power to procure the same resource; but she refused to employ it. She thought to turn aside the storm which threatened her husband, and appease this very fury, by serving as its aliment and victim. She was therefore thrown into the dungeons of the Abbey, on the 1st of June 1793, and a little time after transferred to St. Pélagie.

Although it was neither easy nor prudent to approach the prisons, no consideration withheld me, and I penetrated to Madame Roland. My visits were repeated almost every day. I remained with her, from five o'clock till ten in the evening. I had greatly admired her in the other not known Madame Roland but under circumstances that must have called forth her esteem; who had obtained from her an unreserved confidence; who received from her, every month, a thousand livres, to distribute in acts of beneficence, which she was charged to execute under the eyes of her pupil, and in concert with her, in order to render this virtue a want; how could Mademoiselle Mignot bring herself to serve, for a moment, the enemies of Eudora's mother? This crime, I repeat it, is one of the most extraordinary of those times. It is asserted that Mademoiselle Mignot was strongly instigated by the revolutionary government of her section: but at her age, do we suddenly become ungrateful, unnatural, and calumnious?

other moments of her life ; but I knew not her real value till I saw her under bolts and bars. What dignity she carried into her prison ! She was there as on a throne. I approached her cell as a pilgrim approaches a shrine ; and I did not grow tired at offering, daily, new homages to the divinity by whom it was inhabited.

Perhaps what I say will be taxed with exaggeration ; but I dare affirm that if any thing be wanting to my recital, it is my not rendering, in a manner sufficiently energetic, all that was inspired by a woman superior to those whose memory has been consecrated in the page of history.

Madame Roland had softened every one around her. The keepers, their wives, and all the officers of the prisons, shewed her the greatest respect.

Bouchard, wife of the keeper of St. Pélagie, rendered herself particularly remarkable by her kind attentions : among others, she partook with delicate complaisance, of some little collations which I, from time to time, offered her prisoner ; these consisted of nothing more than fruit and pastry. Madame Bouchard laid the cloth and shared our refreshment. Her extreme benevolence gave birth to the idea of a project which, had it been executed, would have spared a great crime. Madame Roland seemed at first satisfied with it ; but after some reflection, she condemned

demned it, from the fear of rousing all the fury of her husband's enemies, which then appeared a little lulled. "As long as they keep me in prison," observed she to me, "they will leave my husband quiet: it is of more importance to the public weal that he should escape their fury than I. If ever reason and justice should resume their empire, would not the nation be happy to find him alive, and to place him at the helm of affairs? Besides, I am determined not to expose any one; I cannot enjoy a liberty which would involve that of others. I will remain here: such is my resolution." And it was not possible to make her change it.

Much about this time Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat.

Madame Roland admired this personal sacrifice, perhaps the greatest of the revolution; but she said that the stroke had not been aimed at the right person. Marat was certainly the most barefaced abettor of the tyranny which oppressed France; but he was not the chief: and indeed his murder, far from being useful, rendered the tyrants more suspicious, and covered France, more and more, with assassination and mourning.

It is well known that, after the death of Marat, there was a decree that the Convention should assist at his funeral, not by deputation, but in a body. I had, on that day, set out in order to go and see Madame Roland at St. Pélagie.

lagie. I met the procession in my way, and I remarked that very few deputies were missing. Some, indeed, appeared to be ashamed to find themselves at the funeral of this instigator to crime; but their presence imposed no less on the public; and not one but inscribed his name on the place given to this monster, by the side of Rousseau, in the temple dedicated to the memory of virtuous men. Accordingly, this example of honours decreed to Marat by the Convention, became contagious throughout all France. His bust was placed in the public buildings, as an object of adoration. There was no town where his name was not given to streets or squares; and the public registers are still stained with the meanness, which many fathers had to give it as a name to their children.

It would be difficult for me to paint the rage of Madame Roland during the description which I gave her of the honours paid to Marat, and of the baseness of the representatives, whose probity had till then inspired her with some hope. Depression succeeded these first transports: the political horizon became dreadfully gloomy to her eyes. "I shall not," said she to me, "leave this place but to go to the scaffold; however, I am less tormented by my own fate than by the calamities which will overwhelm my country: it is ruined and undone." So profound was her

her grief that she could say no more. I felt myself equally oppressed, and we both remained in a melancholy silence. She broke it in order to talk to me of Brissot, who was in prison at the Abbey, and whose death she saw still nearer at hand than her own. "He is confident," said she to me; "he sees not that the fury of his enemies can be glutted only by his blood. He must be apprised of this: it is a cruel attention, I admit; but Brissot, the most ardent apostle of liberty, must not be stabbed in the dark. He has useful truths to tell his contemporaries, and important lessons to give to posterity; he must fulfil this task: it will be sweeter to him when he is invited to it by me."

Madame Roland soon executed her resolution: she presented the cup to Brissot in a letter which she read to me, and in which she had combined all that is most sublime in philosophy and friendship. It is a loss not to be able to recover this letter, in order to give it a place in this collection.

The exhortation of Madame Roland produced its effect. Brissot wrote some Memoirs, to which he gave the name of his *Testament politique*; those who have read them, consider them as far superior to all that had hitherto come from Brissot's pen. Events had tempered the fire of his imagination, and enlightened his ideas by

the torch of truth and misfortune. This last production, exempt from enthusiasm and passion, was, on that account, but the stronger in wisdom and judgment. Brissot had there portrayed the situation of France in colours so true and so glowing; he had so completely torn off the mask from the tyrants who oppressed her, that the downfall of their power became the infallible consequence of its publication.

Already had the work passed the gates of the prison; already did its impression ensure a very early appearance, when Robespierre, who was informed of it, and who foresaw its terrible effects, contrived to destroy the whole edition, and even the manuscript. Thus the labours of the unfortunate Brissot became useless to his own glory, as well as to the safety of his country.

I availed myself of the circumstance of Madame Roland rousing Brissot, in order to exhort her in my turn to continue the Memoirs which she had begun, relative to the events of the Revolution and to herself. I found her, at first, very little disposed to follow my intimations: she wished, at this period, to procure for herself recreation rather than labour; and in this point of view, she preferred drawing, music, and a little reading. I insisted: I proved to her that the defence of her memory could not be entrusted to any other pen than her own, and she set to work, as she announces in her Memoirs, *to continue, at my solicitation, her historical Notes.*

Although

Although Madame Roland had no faith in the justice either of the committees or of the Convention, yet she would not, even in appearance, act so improperly as not to remonstrate against her imprisonment. She addressed several letters to Garat, minister of the interior, in order to obtain a hearing from the authorities competent to decide on her complaints. Garat, who saw prejudices increasing, and the storm gathering against the Rolands, wished at first to temporize; this drew on him the terrible letter which Madame Roland mentions in her Memoirs, and the copy of which she regrets having lost. I have that copy; and yet I will not publish it: I owe this to Garat, who had written a very harsh answer to this letter, and who, at my request, not only did not send it to its address, but wrote to the committee of general security, and set forth to them, with some degree of energy, the remonstrances of Madame Roland.

This letter from Garat to the committee, received an answer, dated July the 1st, 1793, and signed by Chabot and Ingrand, two of its members: it is disgusting from the absurdities and abuse it contains: it is as follows: "The
" committee of general security, citizen mi-
" nister, grounded the arrest of citizeness Ro-
" land on the flight of her husband, who, at
" this moment, is fanning the flame of civil
d 3 " war

“ war in the department of Rhone and Loire *,
 “ and on the circumstance of this pretended
 “ Lucretia being an accomplice with her pre-
 “ tended virtuous husband, in the project of
 “ perverting the public spirit by a pretended
 “ office of formation of the said spirit. As
 “ this trial is connected with that of the great
 “ conspiracy, citizeness Roland will be pleased
 “ to wait for the general report which is to be
 “ made thereof, by the committee of public
 “ safety, after we shall have saved our finances
 “ by a grand plan, and cast the anchor of the
 “ constitution by national education, and the
 “ simplification of the code.”

I communicated this letter to Madame Ro-
 land, who, well convinced that she had no
 longer any thing to hope from men who wrote
 in this style, merely thought proper to submit
 their barbarous injustice to the eyes of her
 section, and wrote to it on the 4th of July, 1793,
 in the following terms;

MADAME ROLAND TO THE SECTION OF
 BEAUREPAIRE.

“ The interest which the section has shewn
 “ for me as an inhabitant of their district and
 “ an oppressed woman, makes it my duty to in-
 “ form

* Frightful calumny! The unfortunate and proscribed Ro-
 land was 150 leagues from Lyons, that is to say, at Rouen, at
 the house of the citizenesses M; he left it only to put
 an end to his existence.

“ form it of what concerns me in the business in
“ which they have interfered.

“ The minister of the interior addressed him-
“ self to the committee of general security, to
“ claim the law which requires that persons
“ detained should be informed of the crime of
“ which they are suspected, and interrogated
“ with the least possible delay. The com-
“ mittee sent an answer, a copy of which I
“ annex: it is this very copy that I would offer
“ to impartial persons for my justification, if it
“ were necessary. It establishes my arrest on
“ the absence of my husband, as if there were
“ laws which ever permitted one person to be
“ taken for another; it also establishes it on
“ the circumstance of my being an accomplice
“ of the pretended *project* to pervert the public
“ opinion, as if the responsibility of a minister
“ extended to his wife. It rests, in all points,
“ on false accusations against a different in-
“ dividual from him for whom remonstrances
“ were made. Roland is not at Lyons; he is
“ no where fanning the flame of civil war; he
“ will be able to prove it in due time; and I
“ defy those who calumniate him, to justify
“ their slanderous assertions. For five months,
“ Roland solicited the settlement of his ac-
“ counts, and the investigation of his public
“ and private conduct; all the necessary docu-
“ ments were in the hands of the commissioners
“ of the Convention; this justice was obstinately

“ refused him ; it was therefore meant to detain
“ him in order to apprehend him at a moment
“ foreseen. He was consequently obliged to
“ evade this iniquitous arrest, and he has done so
“ only at the last extremity. Roland, far from
“ corrupting the public opinion, ceased not
“ to obey the decree, which directed him to
“ concur in enlightening it by writings all
“ known and avowed. Let any one quote a
“ single line, that does not contain the principles
“ of the purest morality and the soundest philosophy.

“ Roland required accounts from those of
“ whom it was his duty to demand them, because he himself delivered in very strict accounts. Roland stood up against all the acts
“ of violence that trenched on the laws or
“ shocked humanity, because he thought that,
“ after the overthrow of the throne, nothing
“ was more urgent than to cause liberty to be
“ cherished by an equitable government, and so
“ found the republic on the basis of virtue.
“ From that time, Roland appeared formidable
“ to the ruffians, who take advantage of revolutions in order to enrich themselves, to the
“ ambitious who perpetuate them in order to
“ increase their power, and to the turbulent or
“ bewildered men, who have no activity but to
“ destroy, and who are ever ready to believe in
“ the treachery of the sages who can edify
“ mankind.

“ These are Roland’s crimes ; mine are, to
“ honour myself by the principles which he
“ professes, and to have a courage equal to his.
“ I have not been frightened at the dangers
“ which his character and his probity made
“ him incur ; as I had not been seduced by the
“ sort of splendour which surrounds a difficult
“ office, so I am not cast down in the prison
“ into which I have been thrown.

“ Wife of an honoured minister, or prisoner
“ in St. Pélagie, here as there, I have my
“ worth ; I exist through the sentiments with
“ which my heart is animated ; to-day as then,
“ indignant against injustice, but equally firm
“ and peaceable in good or bad fortune, worthy
“ of the former, and superior to the latter, I set
“ no value on life, but in order to practise what
“ is just, and render homage to truth.

“ My fellow-citizens will have the goodness
“ to receive this profession of faith, which I
“ should never have dreamt of making, had not
“ an abuse of authority implicated me in a pub-
“ lic manner. Those, who know me, will find
“ in it an abridged expression of what I am in
“ reality ; I appeal to their testimony to avenge
“ my person or my memory from the attacks of
“ calumny.”

The object of Madame Roland was not accomplished : the president of the section, whom her letter reached, durst not even cause it to be
read

read to the meeting, so gloomy was the horizon, and so much did the reign of terror make progress and spread consternation.

I was myself one of its first victims. The amplifiers of the Convention, who had oppressed Roland, did not see quietly, in the home department, the direction of the administrative correspondence in the hands of his friend. Whatever was the confidence of the minister Garat in my labours; whatever attention I paid to render my conduct irreproachable, they had resolved to sacrifice me. Collot d'Herbois took on himself the execution of the plan. On the 2d of August 1793, about seven o'clock in the evening, he came into my office, accompanied by his colleagues Lebon and Lequinio, all three intoxicated; I shall not enter into the detail of the provocations of every kind which were addressed to me; but what served most as a pretext to their fury, was a series of questions which we purposed to send to all the municipalities of France, and respecting which the minister required explanations*. Collot seized

* These questions comprehended every thing that could make France known under her physical, moral, and political relations. I had taken part of it from a work of the agricultural society of Blois, which had been communicated to me by the deputy Grégoire. Had I not been thwarted in forwarding these papers, I will venture to say that they would have procured much valuable information for the government. I meant to class it in the form of a dictionary, and in alphabetical

seized one of the printed copies which contained these questions, ran it over, and found a crime at every line: threats, abuse against Garat and myself, were lavished by this madman: the more circumspect and just my answers were, the more his rage increased. At length, the question was to have me taken to prison, and away he ran to the committee of general security to obtain an order for that purpose, after having committed me to the custody of his two colleagues, who promised him not to let me escape.

During Collot's absence, I reflected on the course that I had to take. It appeared to me prudent to evade the acts of violence with which I was threatened, and I was soon out of the hands of my satellites, and safe from their pursuit, for, on running away, I locked them into my office.

I did not long enjoy my liberty; I was apprehended on the 4th, and taken to the prison of *La Force*. I hastened to communicate this event

cal order; ministers would have been enabled to consult it every moment, and to labour successfully in promoting the prosperity of the republic. When I think of this labour, of the pure zeal which had induced me to undertake it, and of the honour which appeared to me likely to accompany its success, I cannot yet conceive, how there can have existed men sufficiently devoid of reason and justice to tax me with it as a crime; but what will not occasion less astonishment, is the pusillanimity of Grégoire, who durst not avow his work in presence of Collot.

event to Madame Roland. She was the more affected at it, as she saw the cause of it in my attachment to her husband, and in the interest which I manifested for her in her confinement. Her letters came to console me: I set a great value on receiving them, and I was indebted for this enjoyment to a friend, who braved, as long as he could, the perils of such a correspondence. But every means of forwarding our letters was soon taken away; tyranny placed at the gates of the prisons Argufes, whose vigilance it was not possible to elude.

A happy chance, however, furnished me with an opportunity of writing to her once more previous to her death. I knew that she was summoned to give evidence in the trial of the *twenty-two*, which was then taking place before the revolutionary tribunal: *Adam Lux*, a deputy from Mayence, prisoner in *La Force*, was also subpœna'd as a witness in this business. I gave this worthy man my letter; he took charge of it with the more pleasure, as he ardently wished to be acquainted with this extraordinary woman: he brought me back the same day the following answer, the only one that I have been able to preserve.

“ Your letter, my dear Champagneux, has
“ reached me through Adam Lux, and it is by
“ that excellent man that you will receive this
“ note: I write it to you in one of the caverns
“ of

“ of death, and with a pen that will, perhaps,
 “ soon trace the order for my execution.

“ I congratulated myself on having been
 “ called in as a witness in the affair of the
 “ deputies; but there is an appearance that I
 “ shall not be heard. These executioners dread
 “ the truths which I should have to tell, and the
 “ energy which I should employ in publishing
 “ them; it will be more easy to them to put us
 “ to death unheard: you will see no more either
 “ Vergniaud or Valazé *. Your heart may
 “ have indulged this hope; but how is it that
 “ all that has been going on for some time has
 “ not opened your eyes? We shall all perish, my
 “ friend: without that, our oppressors would
 “ not think themselves in safety One of
 “ my greatest regrets is to see you exposed to
 “ share our fate. We tore you from your re-
 “ tirement; you would perhaps be there still
 “ but

* These two deputies were at *La Force* with me; I own that I thought the eloquence of the former must subjugate the tribunal, however ferocious it might be; and my conjecture would have been accomplished, had not Vergniaud's mouth been stopped. It must be recollected, that in the first two sittings in which he had the liberty of speaking, he melted the spectators and the judges. This occasioned the decree, the most horrible of all, which allowed juries, on the petition of *Audouin*, orator of a deputation of the society of jacobins, to put an end to the pleadings by declaring that they were sufficiently informed. This decree being carried immediately to the revolutionary tribunal, Vergniaud and his unfortunate colleagues were refused to be heard, and they were all sent to the scaffold.

“but for our sollicitations, and your family
 “would not be dispersed and unhappy
 “This picture torments me more than the mis-
 “fortunes which are personal to myself; but
 “in the happy days of the revolution, it was
 “not possible to foresee this cruel futurity.
 “We have all been deceived, my dear Cham-
 “pagneux, or, to speak more correctly, we shall
 “perish victims of the weakness of honourable
 “men: they imagined that it was sufficient,
 “for the triumph of virtue, to place it in com-
 “parison with guilt: they should have stifled
 “the latter Adieu! I send you what
 “you ask of me *. I write to you by the side,
 “and almost under the nose of my execution-
 “ers: I take a pride in braving them.”

At the time when I was taken to *La Force*,
 I was the depositary of a great part of the Me-
 moirs which Madame Roland had written in
 her confinement, and I had placed them in the
 corner of a library which I thought secure from
 all researches. Till then I had entrusted my
 secret to no one: thrown into prison without
 having had time to take any precaution re-
 specting this sacred deposit, and fearing that my
 property would be put under the seals, I thought
 of giving it another asylum. For this purpose,
 I chose a woman who lived in the same house
 with me, and on whose discretion I could rely:

she

* This was a lock of her hair.

she carried these Memoirs for a long time about her person; then, not thinking them sufficiently safe, she put them into a box and buried them in a cellar; but the horizon growing more and more black, the prisons becoming encumbered with victims, and blood beginning to gush out on all sides, the depositary of my secret gave way to the most gloomy inquietude; she fancied that she every moment saw madmen arriving at my house, and the papers of my friend falling into their hands. A woman, with difficulty, moderates the affections of her soul: those of fear, in particular, in her always keep increasing. My confidant was so violently alarmed, that she committed to the flames every page of the immortal writing which I thought in safety in her care. When I was informed of this event, I hastened to make it known to Madame Roland; she had, however, but a short time to live, and she could repair, only in part, the loss of her manuscript.

Some time after this, the twenty-one deputies, brought before the revolutionary tribunal, were ordered to the scaffold. Madame Roland considered herself as forewarned that a similar fate soon awaited her; but, although resigned to death, it was repugnant to her feelings to be shewn as a sight to the ferocious curiosity of the public, and to serve as a subject of amusement to her assassins: this is what made
her

her wish for some *opium*, in order to become, in some measure, mistress of her fate.

Blamed by a friend for having had such an idea, this is the manner in which she justified it.

“It was not my intention to depart at that moment,” said she; “but to procure the means of doing so, against the time which might have appeared to me most suitable. I wished to pay homage to truth, as I well know how, and then to make my *exit* just before the ceremony. I thought it noble thus to disappoint my tyrants it seemed to me that there was a degree of weakness in receiving the *coup de grace*, when I could give it myself, and in exposing myself to the insolent clamours of madmen, as unworthy of such an example, as incapable of deriving from it any advantage.”

These motives were certainly very considerate, and adapted to the circumstances; however, she made no use of the resource which she had procured for herself: the opinion entertained by her friends, that her execution might still be useful to her country, was sufficient to inspire her with the rare and sublime courage to support its preparations and consummation. She therefore bore with calmness the approach of the executioner; she saw without a murmur her hair cut off; she quietly suffered her hands to be tied: she traversed Paris amid the hootings
of

of the populace, and received death with a serenity and firmness truly heroic.

She would have swallowed her poison undismayed; she went to the scaffold in like manner; the one cost her stoicism no more than the other. Her great soul, superior to every event, made her find within herself means, not only to annihilate the natural horror of death, but to make her enjoy, if possible, a degree of pleasure in this last sacrifice to her country.

I have since learned, that she had regretted one thing in dying; this was, not to be able to transmit to posterity the new and extraordinary feelings which she experienced in her route from the *Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Révolution*. For this purpose she asked for paper and a pen, which were refused her: she would have written at the foot of the scaffold as in her cabinet, that is to say, without distraction of mind, and with a reason and a tranquillity which will be believed by those only who were perfectly acquainted with her character. However, no one having described her last moments better than citizen Riouffe, detained in the *Conciergerie* at the very time when Madame Roland arrived there, I shall terminate this account, by copying that judicious and feeling writer. This is what he says of her in his work entitled: *Mémoires d'un détenu*.

“ The blood of the *twenty-two* was not yet
“ cold, when citizeness Roland was brought to

“ the *Conciergerie*. Well aware of the fate
 “ that awaited her, her peace of mind con-
 “ tinued undisturbed. Though past the prime
 “ of life, she was still a charming woman; she
 “ was tall and elegantly formed: her counte-
 “ nance was very expressive; but her mis-
 “ fortunes and long confinement had left, in her
 “ looks, traces of melancholy which tempered
 “ their natural vivacity. She had a republican
 “ soul in a body moulded of graces, and fashioned
 “ by a certain courtly politeness. Something
 “ more than is generally found in the eyes of
 “ women was painted in hers, which were
 “ large, black, and full of softness and ex-
 “ pression*. She often spoke to me at the
 “ grate with the freedom and firmness of a
 “ great man. This republican language issuing
 “ from

* The portrait which Riouffe draws of Madame Roland, far from flattered, appears to me below the reality. I believe that it is as difficult to give an exact representation of all the features of this woman's face, as it has been to describe the beauties of her mind. Four able artists have failed. The engraving which accompanies this edition is a fifth effort, and the most happy one. It possesses the likeness; but an infinite number of minutiae have escaped the pencil. It represents her countenance when she was in a quiet state of mind; but as this countenance became modified in as many ways as her soul experienced different affections, all these countenances are wanting. In order to have her whole self, she ought to have been painted in all these various situations, and particularly when she experienced the delightful feeling resulting from a good action; Virtue would not have coveted other features; again, when she was agitated by the idea of a crime, she would have made Guilt herself change colour.

“ from the mouth of a handsome French woman,
“ for whom her executioners were preparing
“ the scaffold, was one of the miracles of the
“ revolution to which we were not yet ac-
“ customed. We all stood listening round
“ her, in admiration and astonishment. Her
“ conversation was serious without being cold;
“ and she expressed herself with a correctness, a
“ harmony and cadence, that made her language
“ a sort of music with which the ear could not
“ be cloyed. She never spoke of the deputies
“ who had just been put to death but with re-
“ spect; yet without effeminate compassion, and
“ she even reproached them with not having
“ adopted measures sufficiently strong. She
“ generally styled them *our friends*, and often
“ sent for Clavières to converse with him.
“ Sometimes too, her sex would recover its
“ ascendancy, and it was easy to see that the
“ recollection of her daughter and her husband
“ had drawn tears from her eyes. This mix-
“ ture of natural softness and of fortitude,
“ rendered her the more interesting. The
“ woman who waited on her, said to me one
“ day: *Before you, she musters up all her*
“ *courage; but in her own room, she sometimes*
“ *stands for three hours together, leaning against*
“ *her window, and weeping.*

“ The day she was sent for to be examined,
“ we saw her pass with her usual firmness; but
“ when she returned it was not with dry eyes:

“ she had been treated with so much harshness,
 “ and questions so injurious to her honour had
 “ been asked her, that, in expressing her indig-
 “ nation, she had not been able to restrain her
 “ tears. A mercenary pedant coldly insulted
 “ this woman, celebrated for the excellence
 “ of her understanding, and who, at the bar of
 “ the national Convention, had, by the graces of
 “ her eloquence, compelled her enemies to
 “ silence and admiration. She remained a week
 “ at the *Conciergerie*, where her gentleness had
 “ already endeared her to all the prisoners, who
 “ sincerely deplored her fate.

“ On the day she was condemned, she was
 “ neatly dressed in white; and her long black
 “ hair flowed loosely to her waist. She would
 “ have melted the most savage heart; but those
 “ monsters had no heart at all. Her dress,
 “ however, was not meant to excite pity, but
 “ was chosen as a symbol of the purity of her
 “ mind. After her condemnation, she passed
 “ through the wicket with a quick step, be-
 “ speaking something like cheerfulness, and
 “ intimated, by an expressive gesture, that she
 “ was condemned to die. She had for the
 “ companion of her misfortune, a man whose
 “ fortitude was not equal to her own*; but she
 “ found means to inspire him with a certain
 “ degree of it, and this she did with a gaiety so
 “ cheering

* Lamarche, director of the fabrication of assignats.

“cheering and so real, that the several times
“brought a smile on his face.

“At the place of execution, she bowed before the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these memorable words: *O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!*

“She had often said that her husband would
“not survive her; and soon after, we learnt, in
“our dungeons, that her prediction was accomplished, and that the virtuous Roland had
“killed himself on the public road, thereby
“indicating his wish to die irreproachable in
“regard to courageous hospitality.

“My heart, though suffering many cruel
“torments in that horrible abode, felt nothing
“more severely than the pang occasioned by
“the death of this woman, whose fame can
“never die. The remembrance of her murderous execution, added to that of my
“fortunate friends, will make my mind a prey
“to inconsolable sorrow to the last period of my
“existence.”

Yes; this sorrow, so just, so profound in the mind of the writer whom we have just quoted, and of all those who knew Madame Roland, ought to be felt by all France. This country never has produced, nor perhaps ever will, a woman who to the most rigid virtue joined so much knowledge and talent. During the first twenty-five years of her life, she had not run through, but read with the most profound
e 3 meditation,

meditation, every book of note, both ancient and modern : from the greater part she had made extracts, and had appropriated to herself the genius of our best writers. Her mind, exercised on these excellent models, had become so astonishingly sagacious and fertile, that it always outstripped her pen or her voice. She wrote English and Italian with ease, and even with grace; she was mistress of some accurate sciences, and had carried very far her skill in botany. Her travels had completed her improvement and her experience: in a word, she had acquired that facility and that justness of conception, which develop objects in every point of view, and leave nothing to be seen in them beyond that which is true. This is what may, literally, be said of this astonishing woman.

Let us follow her afterwards into the details of her private life, we shall find that her heart was the temple of every virtue. Never did child carry filial piety to a greater length. Wife of a man who was twenty years older than herself, she made his constant happiness: never did the slightest cloud obscure it; nor was there a more affectionate mother. While she was suckling her daughter, an indisposition dried up her milk; scarcely was she a convalescent, before she brought it back to her breast with unheard-of sufferings; but she braved every thing for her dear Eudora, whose mother she, at this rate, became a second time.

In

In short, if we descend with her into the details of house-keeping, we shall find her equally astonishing. Order, economy and foresight, directed all her domestic concerns: she did not, like other women, command those who served her; she did not let herself down to them; but she raised them up to herself: accordingly, their services were much rather the price of respect and attachment, than that of the wages which she gave them. An idea may be formed on the subject, from the affection and the courage of the servants who lived with her at the time of her being apprehended. The worthy Lecoq, the faithful Fleury, deserve to live in the memory of mankind: both were ambitious of following her to the scaffold; Lecoq alone had that honour. Fleury was unable to succeed in getting herself condemned; grief at the loss of her mistress had so worn down her senses, that she was thought to be in a state of mental derangement when she appeared before the revolutionary tribunal: she was acquitted and discharged as a mad woman. At present she is with the daughter of Madame Roland. Time has not assuaged the sorrow of either: they still waste themselves in shedding tears over this irreparable loss.

Who can in fact console you, unfortunate Eudora, for the death of your mother! Scarcely were you twelve years old, when misfortunes of every kind had already been accumulated on

your head; your name inspired dread; it was necessary to give you another: the friends of the authors of your days durst no longer keep you under their protection*: you passed from hand

* Madame Roland had the mortification to learn, a few days previous to her death, that Madame Creuzé-la-Touche, who had till then given an asylum to her daughter, had been compelled, for her own safety, to withdraw from her this favour, and to entrust Eudora to the mistress of a boarding-school, who consented to render this service only on condition of her taking another name. This news greatly affected the mind of Madame Roland. The reader may form an idea of this from the letter, which she wrote on the occasion: the following is a transcript of it:

To the person charged with the care of my daughter.

“ You owe to misfortune, citizeness, and you hold from confidence, a trust that is very dear to me.

“ I believe in the excellence of the choice of friendship; this is the foundation of my hopes respecting the object of the solicitude which renders painful my present situation.

“ Courage makes us easily support the evils which are personal to ourselves; but it is difficult to calm the heart of a mother, in regard to the fate of a child from whom she feels herself torn.

“ If misfortune imprints a sacred character, let it preserve my dear Eudora, I will not say from troubles like those which I experience; but from dangers infinitely more formidable in my eyes! Let her preserve her innocence, and succeed in fulfilling, one day, in peace and obscurity, the affecting duty of a wife and mother. She has need to prepare herself for it by an active and regular life, and to join, to the taste of the duties of her sex, some talent, the exercise of which will perhaps be necessary to her: I know that she has in your house means for effecting this. You have a son, and I dare not tell you that this idea has troubled me; but you have a daughter too, and I feel myself comforted.

hand to hand, and the executioners of your mother had well nigh murdered you on her bleeding corpse. Your property was abandoned to pillage; you had not a single article of the personal estate of the authors of your days remaining; but your other losses admit not of your grief being extended to that.

If you have survived so many perils and so many horrors, I particularly return thanks to heaven, since you have determined to commit your destinies to one of my sons, and have chosen him for your husband. Had I not perfectly known his heart, had I not seen in it all the seeds of honour and virtue which characterize your parents, I would never have consented to your union. I have advised you to live in the country, and you have followed my advice: you cultivate your fields laid waste by revolutionary rapine; but these ruins are honourable, and the mediocrity, which is your lot, attests that Roland left, with pure hands, the two administrations with which he was entrusted.

Although heaven has given you a mind, the cultivation of which might make you follow very closely the steps of your mother, I dare not covet

“This is saying enough to a feeling mind, to a mother and to a person such as I suppose you. My situation produces strong affections; but it allows not of long expressions. Accept my wishes and my gratitude.”

The mother of Eudora.

covet this honour for you: you would purchase it at too dear a rate! Men are ungrateful and wicked: see what they did to your mother as the reward of her superiority; calumny seized hold of her and threw her to the ground; her blood has flowed: at the age of thirty-nine she was already no more. Her virtues, a spotless life, wholly consecrated to the relief of human nature, to the happiness of every one about her, could not procure her mercy, or appease the rage of her executioners!

This picture, these heart-rending ideas, pursue me every where; and, in this delirium of affliction, I bear so great a grudge to science, but for which my illustrious female friend would not have been murdered, that I would obstruct every channel through which so fatal a present could be given to her daughter.

A child is already the fruit of her union with my son*: no one suckles it or nurses it but this young mother: she takes delight in thus fulfilling the view of Nature. She recollects that she was not abandoned to a stranger's breast: she will not forget the tender solicitude of that mother, who, in speaking of her dear Eudora, in mentioning her graces, her childish caresses, trembled with affection, and considered it as
the

* Since this discourse was written, Eudora is become a second time a mother, and fulfils the duties of her situation with as much enthusiasm and assiduity, as she did those for her first child.

the greatest happiness to have brought her into the world.

Before I conclude this Discourse, I shall say a word of the fate that awaited Roland after the death of his wife.

From the 24th of June 1792, he was at Rouen, at the house of the citizenesses Mal who did not grow tired of giving him an asylum, although their life was at stake if this trait of humanity had been discovered.

At the news of his wife's death, which it was not possible to conceal from him, Roland fell into a crisis which made it apprehended that his last hour was come. However, he recovered his senses, and, with them, all the horrors of despair. Reasoning and attention yielded not the smallest mitigation to his grief. It was impossible for him to survive the loss of her whom he had so dearly loved ; but, in order not to expose the citizenesses Mal, he determined to execute his project out of their house.

When these respectable friends were well convinced of the impossibility of dissuading Roland from his resolution, they had the courage to deliberate with him on the kind of death that he should prefer. It is from themselves that I learnt all these circumstances, and I vouch for their truth.

We should, at the first moment, be led to tax with insensibility the part which they took in this frightful consultation ; but it was a sublime effort

effort of friendship and virtue, that induced them not to abandon the unfortunate Roland, in a crisis which would have repelled and put to flight ordinary friends.

Two schemes of death were discussed: according to the first, Roland was to repair *incog.* to Paris, throw himself into the middle of the Convention, and astonish them sufficiently to force them to hear truths which he thought useful to his country. He would, after this, have requested to die on the scaffold where his wife had just been executed.

The other scheme was to retire a few leagues from Rouen, and to give himself the fatal stroke.

Roland was, for some time, seduced by the first scheme, which presented to him the hope of rendering his death more useful and more glorious; but when he considered that his legal murder would involve the confiscation of his property, and that he would thereby reduce his daughter to want, his paternal tenderness repelled this scheme, and determined him to take away his life with his own hands. He called for a pen and ink, wrote for a quarter of an hour, took a sword-cane, and bad a last adieu to his female friends.

It was six o'clock in the evening, on the 15th of November 1793, when Roland left his asylum. He followed the road to Paris, and when he got to *Bourg-Baudoin*, about four leagues from Rouen, he entered the avenue which leads to **the** house of citizen Normand,

fat

sat down on one of the borders of this avenue, and there plunged into his breast the sword which he had brought from his friend's house. His death was quick, no doubt; and he received it so composedly, that he changed not his attitude, and the next day some passengers, on seeing him seated and leaning against a tree, thought that he was asleep.

His death was soon known at Rouen. The deputy Legendre was there on a mission: he repaired to the spot, took possession of the papers that were found in Roland's pockets, and wrote to the Convention: "That Roland
" had done justice on himself in order to escape
" the sword of the law; that four papers had
" been found in his pockets; the first contain-
" ing the apology of his life and of his death,
" with a few prophetic imprecations; that the
" justice of peace had been required to cause
" him to be buried in the place where he had
" been found; that the Convention will, no
" doubt, think it necessary to direct a post to be
" fixed on his grave, with an inscription which
" shall transmit to posterity the tragical end of
" this wicked minister, who had poisoned the
" public opinion, and who was the head of a
" criminal coalition, that had wished to save the
" tyrant and annihilate the republic."

What motive could excite such culpable disdain, such cruel insolence in Legendre, who had known Roland only under circumstances calculated to compel his esteem? He had been
his

his butcher, before Roland was minister; he was so still during his administration, notwithstanding the distance of their two respective abodes; and Roland had rendered him service on more occasions than one. But ingratitude and ferocity were the only sentiments of those times of horror, and no one more cruelly fell the victim of them than Roland.

Some time ago, I chanced to meet with a *ci-devant* Norman rector, who had been witness of Legendre's arrival at the spot where lay the corpse of the unfortunate Roland, and of the insults which he had addressed to his inanimate remains; he still shuddered with horror at the remembrance. This same rector recollected the contents of a note found in Roland's pocket, and which Legendre had read. It was conceived in these terms:

"Whoever thou art, who findest me here lying, respect my remains; they are those of a man who devoted his whole life to be useful, and who died as he lived, virtuous and honest.

"May my fellow-citizens assume sentiments more mild and more humane!

"The blood which is flowing in torrents in my country, impels me to this opinion.

"These massacres can be dictated only by the most cruel enemies of France. They will have made it a blessed country, when all the best citizens shall have been driven away or assassinated!

"Not

“Not fear, but indignation, made me quit
 “my retreat at the moment when I learnt that
 “my wife had been murdered. I did not choose
 “to remain longer in a land stained with
 “crimes.”

On Roland were also found some other papers, which were not read: Legendre took them into his possession.

Such was the end of Roland, one of the most valuable men of the age in which he lived. The activity, the courage, the austere probity, the great administrative knowledge which he brought into office, might have led France to the highest pitch of prosperity. The mad rage of his enemies decreed his death: his loss will long be irreparable. I shall add nothing more at this moment. I refer the details to the history of his two administrations, in the composition of which I am engaged.

The collection which I now present is entirely consecrated to the works of his wife. It contains, not only the Memoirs which she composed *during her imprisonment**, and of which citizen Bosc was the first editor; but a part of the literary and philosophical works on which she employed herself before her marriage, and not one of which have ever been published. To these I
 have

* These may be had, both in English and in French, of J. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard. With this volume, they complete the whole of Madame Roland's Works that have ever appeared in print.

have added some of her letters, and the interesting account of the tours she made in England and Switzerland, in 1784 and 1787. I am persuaded that this edition, to which is prefixed a portrait of Madame Roland, will obtain a favourable reception from the public. I have had occasion to scatter a few notes: they are the result of the particular knowledge that I had of certain facts; and they will afford history some new materials.

I must here repeat an observation of the former editor of the *Memoirs of Madame Roland*. Several individuals whom she has characterized, will, perhaps, have to complain of the details which she gives concerning them. It is for posterity to decide whether she has formed of them a true or false judgment. Besides, the first edition having strictly published the writings of Madame Roland, it would be as useless as inconsistent to make any suppression in the second.

I shall conclude by saying, as the former editor has done, in order to excuse a few superfluous details, a few negligences of composition, which are to be met with in the *Memoirs* written by Madame Roland during her imprisonment, that she composed them in the short space of two months, in the midst of vexation and inquietude of every sort, and that the manuscript scarcely contains any erasures.

WORKS OF LEISURE HOURS,

AND

VARIOUS REFLECTIONS.*

ON THE SOUL.

WE know the Soul by its faculties, as we know the Divinity by his attributes; but the essence of both the one and the other are to us equally incomprehensible.

The soul is considered as a substance distinct from matter, because it has the power of performing actions which are not the properties of matter. It perceives, feels, compares, reflects, reasons, foresees, and judges: nothing, of all that we know of matter, permits us to ascribe to it these faculties. Indifferent to motion and to rest, inert and insensible by its nature, it does
not

* *Note of the Editor.*—In the publication of the works of Madame Roland, contained in this volume, I have followed the order of time. The first three essays, on the *Soul*, on *Melancholy*, and on *Retirement*, are taken from the manuscript copy of her works written in 1771. They possess not quite the merit of her other productions; but as they manifest no small degree of philosophy and judgment, I thought that the public would not blame me for bringing them acquainted with the writings of this astonishing woman, at the age of seventeen years and a half, that is to say, at the period of life when levity is so generally prevailing.

not appear that, being fashioned in the same manner as the human body, it can, in this new form, possess an intelligence of which each of its parts is deprived. But what it concerns us most to examine, are the different manners of acting of our soul, and the proofs of its immortality.

Closely united to the body, the soul receives from it the impression of external objects; but it does not depend on the body in such a way that it cannot consult itself, and act according to its own knowledge, without always attending to the impulse conveyed by the senses.

The understanding, the memory, the imagination, the will, are the names given to the different manners of acting of the soul, considered as so many faculties.

The understanding constitutes, as it were, the essence of the soul; it is that power which it has of perceiving objects, and of forming ideas of them. To the understanding may be referred the senses, taken for the faculty of feeling, since they are nothing else than the understanding modified, from its making use of the organs of the body to perceive objects.

The memory is that faculty which the soul has of recollecting things passed; and the imagination is that power of forming to itself images and absent objects.

The fibres of our nerves, distributed as so many small nets, terminate on the one hand on the outside of our members and in the skin, and on the other, they all unite in the brain. When any thing strikes them externally, the impression is communicated to the brain, and according to the different modifications which it experiences, the soul perceives and judges of the object that is the cause of them. But to explain how the soul sees these things, how ideas are formed in it, how a spiritual substance distinct from the body, perceives

perceives what passes in another substance, these are things above our efforts, and which probably we can hope to know only in another state; for, to say like Leibnitz, that all this is done according to a harmony pre-established between the soul and the body, by which it is determined that the one must experience a certain series of thoughts, when the other experiences a certain order of sensations, is to convey no certain information, and even none at all; this happens no doubt from the laws of the union which God has established between these two substances; but these laws are to us unknown; we are not better informed respecting the manner in which this is effected, and we must modestly acquiesce in an invincible ignorance, which has continued such to the present day.

The soul is endowed, besides, with an active principle, which puts it in motion, and by which it determines to act or not, according as it judges proper; this principle is the will.

The will is therefore that power which the soul has of determining of itself, and by a principle inherent in its nature, to seek for what is agreeable to it, and to act in a certain manner, always with a view to its happiness. To this faculty may be referred the instincts, the inclinations, and the passions.

The instincts are feelings excited in the soul by the wants of the body, which determine it to act without delay. The inclinations are a propensity of the will, which leads it towards certain objects in preference to others, but in a pleasant and quiet manner. The passions are impetuous movements of the will, which draw the soul from its natural situation, and carry it violently towards that which excites them.

The will always acts spontaneously, that is, from its own impulse; and its determinations are generally accompanied by liberty. The appellation of liberty is

given to that force of the soul by which it modifies and directs its operations, continues them, turns them to another point of view, acts, and determines with choice. It is by this faculty that man is capable of direction, that he has a command over himself, and that he becomes responsible for his actions.

It remains to be examined whether this part of ourselves survives the destruction of our body. We do not long doubt of this truth, when we admit that of the existence of a God; the one implies the other.

The soul being a spirit, is not by its nature perishable like the body, by the disunion of its parts; but were it corporal, we could not thence conclude that it was not immortal, for we do not conceive that any thing can annihilate itself. When we consider, besides, the wisdom of the first Author who has put nothing useless in man, and that thirst of immortality which pervades every heart, what was a probability, becomes a proof of feeling. But the most substantial proof of this truth, results from the justice of God. It is a consolation to us, that our hopes are founded on the perfections and attributes of the divinity. In fact, if it be true, as reason demonstrates, that God has subjected men to laws, on the observance of which the happiness of every one and the general welfare depend, the transgressors of these laws ought to be punished, and the observers of them rewarded. Now, it is very usual, and even very common, to see the wicked possess quietly the fruits of their rapine and of their crimes; virtue and vice then are not always rewarded or punished in this life, according to the justice of a legislative God. There is therefore another state, another manner of being, another life, in short, where every one is dealt with according to his actions.

Reason convinces us not only of this truth, but it
also

also shews us, that on its belief, depends the happiness of mortals in the present life. For, if all men were persuaded that there was nothing to fear nor to hope after death, it is clear that the greater part would set no value on virtue, the rights of which they might often despise and violate with impunity. I will even add, that those who reason consistently, would regard it as a chimera. What are these natural laws, would they say, about which such a noise is made? He who established these pretended precepts, does not have an eye to their observance; where is the sanction of them, when my probity, my virtue, lead me to misery, to sufferings, and at length to death which annihilates every thing?

This fine doctrine would infallibly make every man an enemy to all others, a criminal by principle, a bold violator of all laws; force would be the only curb that could restrain him. Anarchy, and frightful rapine would desolate the face of the earth, and would reduce it to a mass of ruin and misfortune.

Therefore were the justice of God not to assure us of immortality, reason should tell us that a tenet so necessary to the good of human nature, is a positive truth, and that the contrary proposition which necessarily involves so many evils, can be nothing but a falsehood.

Such are, methinks, the simple, clear, and convincing motives, which make us discover and admit the immortality of the soul.

ON MELANCHOLY.

FRIEND as I am to this charming passion, I will at present defend it from the reproaches with which it is incessantly loaded. Too prompt to decide, we frequently blame what we do not know; and indeed it commonly happens that we do so improperly. This observation may be particularly applied to the opinions formed of Melancholy, by the partisans of coarse mirth, and of what is termed good humour; they confound it with spleen, and erroneously give this name to those vaporous and hypochondriac affections which are commonly a defect of constitution, or to those fatiguing sensations of satiety and inanition which we experience after having given way to an excess of joy and dissipation; for such is the inconvenience of extremes, that they almost always lead to opposites. It is an abuse of terms to employ the same denomination for things absolutely different.

The sweet melancholy which I defend is never sad; it is only a modification of pleasure from which it borrows all its charms. Like those gilded clouds embellished by a setting sun, the light vapours of melancholy intercept the rays of pleasure, and present them under a new and agreeable aspect. It is a delicious balm for the wounds of the heart; it is a salutary allay to the vivacity of joy; attempered by it, that passion is rendered more impressible and more lasting.

It is less easy to define it than to pourtray its effects; it consists in a certain delicacy of sentiment, a certain turn of imagination, which are to be felt but not expressed.

It is that disposition of a feeling heart which makes it avoid those amusements where noisy laughter is only the mask of *ennui*, and induces it to search for pleasures more suitable to its taste, and better calculated to gratify it; such is the disposition which moves it, when on the view of a rich and fertile country it experiences a gentle rapture; such the disposition through which it delights in a gloomy and peaceful wood, absorbed in a tender reverie. It gives a certain tint of something great and striking to a wild prospect, to a lonesome forest, which renders the sight of them more interesting than that of a meadow enamelled with flowers, or of a garden laid out in all the overstrained elegance of art. Modest like Nature, it simplifies taste, enlarges feeling, or at least gives it more force, by fixing it on truth.

It is Melancholy that causes those delightful tears to flow, and produces that melting disposition of the heart which is felt in the enjoyment of a pure pleasure, in the possession of a sweet and certain joy. It is also that generous emotion of a wounded mind, which in the very bosom of disgrace dares seek for peace. But in whatever situation it shews itself, it always implies a somewhat philosophic mind, which hates the great world, where it sees nothing but pretty trifles and dazzling baubles; and a delicate and tender heart, which seeks or possesses the treasures of sentiment, and on them alone sets a value.

This is what obtains the epithets of melancholy, and singular for persons who affected by natural beauty, prefer to a brilliant ball, or a tumultuous society, a rural walk in the morning on the hills, there to admire Nature, washed with refreshing dew, rising from the arms of sleep; in the afternoon, in the shade of the

woods, reclining at the foot of a beech; in the evening, in the meadows on the banks of a rivulet, without any other company than their own reflections, and a single female friend, a second self.

It does not appear to me that this innocent passion of tender hearts, resembles those odious portraits which are sometimes drawn of it; true it is, that those who represent it in such gloomy colours, know it not; they are therefore more to be pitied than blamed.

I have yet seen but three lustres and a half, and I cannot say what change time may make in me; but since adolescence in opening to me the gates of life, introduced me into the empire of feeling, the most delightful moments that I have passed, are owing to this charming passion.

Amiable and sweet melancholy, my faithful companion, never wholly abandon me! To thee am I indebted for my pleasures, I know all thy charms; the veil with which thou concealest thy allurements, occasions them to be unheeded by the vulgar; thou reservest them for thy favourites; may I be always of that number! the enjoyments which thou dispensest to them cause no cares, engender no remorse. If sometimes thou absentest thyself a little, let it be in those moments alone, when assembled round our fire in the depth of winter, the mind stimulated by the playful children of mirth, fills up the interval of thy delights with a few friends; but return, return quickly, to charm our solitude and enrapture our hearts.

ON RETIREMENT.

If Truth be the food of the soul, Retirement is the prop of its weakness. Warmly inclined from our natural levity to frivolous pursuits, to the forgetfulness of ourselves, the ordinary frequenting of company, cannot but augment both the one and the other. What is done in most circles? The women talk of fashions, the men interfere and accompany their judicious observations by an infinity of compliments, of false civilities, which, in truth, are so many traits of irony.

The absent are reviled, the persons present even are not always spared; provided the whole be seasoned by an insipid witticism and a confident air, the author is applauded, although to a certainty he will have his turn. Every one endeavours to penetrate the thoughts of others, and carefully conceals his own; all compose their features, because, wishing to obtain esteem more than to deserve it, every one strives to appear estimable, without giving himself the trouble of being so.

Conversation is never exhausted, because the smallest sources give birth to it, and it is exercised on the most trifling subjects. Nothing is more admirable than to see Cleona in a circle; she has passed the age of pleasing, and although she has not lost the wish, her small success at all times obliges her to conceal it; she has not only the talent of flandering (that talent of narrow minds); her awkwardness cannot opportunely seize a ridiculous thing, but she has always with her a pretty little dog; this rare animal furnishes
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her wherewith to contribute abundantly to the conversation, and he is commonly a very great resource in the companies where she is, in occupying those of whom it is composed. The perfections of this charming favourite are praised by all the company in rotation; his little allurements procure a thousand encomiums for his mistress, who, on her side enters into a long chapter concerning the cares, the attention, and the regard that she lavishes on this tender pupil. When we know how to talk for a long time on such subjects, most assuredly we must never be at a loss for them; besides the amiable Damon does not suffer the conversation to flag; his lustiness, his florid complexion, his gay air, his roguish smiles, every thing announces in him a man perfectly satisfied with his person, and whose mind is not fatigued by thinking. He wears a black coat, which an ambition, without talents, made him put on his back; but yet an abbe's dress does not misbecome his pretty face; he knows how to make the most of it: a few intrigues with the women have acquired him the right of living without doing any thing, by obtaining him a place which flatters his vanity and feeds his idleness. He says nothing, but he talks of every thing, with the assurance of a consummate master: when he has done, he looks at every one with an air of triumph, taps his snuff-box, and admires himself.

But I will not undertake to pourtray all the ridiculous personages who figure in society; it is sufficient for me to observe, that it swarms with people of this sort, and of a still worse; that besides, as the women are always most numerous in it, that they give the ton in it, and that being in general very ignorant of what

is solid and interesting, they can say nothing very good. The conversation is frivolous, malicious or foolish, and sometimes it combines all those qualities. To make up for this, recourse is had to play, which is the friend of the unemployed; then round a green cloth, gravely seated, they condemn themselves to silence, to the most troublesome rules, to the most rigid seriousness, to a fatiguing attention, to the uneasiness of chance, to the almost certain losses of a superfluity which very frequently is no longer such, because they owe it to a better employment; and all this to avoid the *tædium* by which they are pursued, and which, in spite of all these efforts, takes possession of the gambler, as soon as he dares quit the table. Having left this party, what has been said? What has been done? What has been seen? Persons even reasonable in private become as superficial as the others in society; we cannot raise ourselves to them, they must lower themselves to us; the fear of singularity brings all to a level. The fools chatter about nothing; the most able slander prettily; the sensible people yawn, and yet contribute their share by some trifle; many grow tired, and all make a figure so ridiculous, so contrary to reason, that they could not avoid laughing at themselves, if from the midst of this dissipation they could reflect a moment, and view their own conduct in a just and true light.

From these considerations, the advantages of retirement are obvious; there we are masters of ourselves; we can there leisurely form our heart and our reason; it is only after having strengthened ourselves by reason, that we can with less danger enter into society, when we are forced to do so by circumstances. A young woman without experience, and without fixed principles,

ples, who is carried into company, there imbibes a thousand false ideas respecting the nature and the connexion of things the most essential to her conduct and happiness: she there picks up a taste for dissipation and frivolity, which can no longer be extinguished. The care of her face, the display of exterior allurements, become the sole objects of her occupation.

I am of opinion, that if there are, in general, so many women vain and foolish, it is because there are very few girls wisely brought up in moderate retirement; I say moderate, because it is fit that they should learn a little by themselves, what is said to them in the world; but this practical knowledge should be managed with prudence: it should be preceded and followed by reflections and observations, which must be suggested to them respecting the manner of considering and judging of what they see. It is by impressing on them with discretion, the ideas of truth, a taste for virtue, a love for the beautiful, that we can hope to make them estimable daughters, cherished wives, respectable mothers, and happy beings. Now this task cannot be accomplished amid the amusements and the circles of the day, but in a house somewhat retired, in the bosom of a well-regulated family, and of a little society well selected.

Retirement so advantageous in itself from the useful employment that may be made of it, and from its occasioning us to avoid those companies where we either contract vices, or at least many defects and errors, is therefore necessary to young persons whom it is wished to bring up well, and to the mothers who bring them up; that is to say, that it is of almost general utility. Such as much admitted, no doubt, as
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it is little practised. It is not my province to reform mankind; I ought to put in use my reflections, in order to profit by my present situation, and to form for myself rules which may be useful to those who may be entrusted to my care, if ever I am in a state which gives me beings to educate, for virtue and society.

S O N G.

DE l'amour la jolie chinère
 Gagne l'esprit en séduisant le cœur;
 Hélas ! c'est un tyran sévère,
 Qui fait bientôt ressentir sa rigueur :
 Trop tard on se repent un jour
 De s'être soumis, au petit joli,
 Au joli petit dieu d'amour.

D'un enfant il a la figure,
 Le front timide et l'air touchant, badin ;
 Ajoutez à cette peinture
 Ses yeux perfides, son sourire malin ;
 Vous aurez sans fard, sans atour,
 Le joli petit, le petit joli,
 Le joli portrait de l'amour.

Pour moi qui, dans un âge tendre,
 Prétends braver son pouvoir enchanteur ;
 Craignant de me laisser surprendre
 Aux traits subtils de ce dieux séducteur :
 A Diane je fais ma cour,
 Fuyant le petit, le petit joli,
 Le joli petit dieu d'amour.

I M I T A T I O N

OF THE PRECEDING.

THE god of love's approach is sweet,
 To win the soul, he charms the heart;
 And when the conquest is complete,
 Delights to play the tyrant's part:
 Too late we labour to control
 The roguish god, the heart who stole,
 And, with the heart, enslav'd the soul.

We praise the beauty of the child,
 His timid brow, his sprightly vein;
 But mark beneath that aspect mild,
 The traitor smile and eye prophane:
 'Tis he that reigns without control,
 The little elf, the heart who stole,
 And, with the heart, enslav'd the soul.

For me, a maid of tender age,
 I mean to brave this urchin's pow'r,
 Too weak with passion to engage,
 That only flatters to devour:
 Diana shall my breast control,
 Not he, the foolish heart who stole,
 And, with the heart, enslav'd the soul.

W I N T E R.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1772.)

UNDER a veil of sadness the sun is concealed, we no longer see the rays of that beneficent luminary, lend to nature the charm of smiles; on our naked trees the birds have ceased to sing their pleasures; verdure is extinct; Zephyr no longer breathes; all is silent in our woods; nothing there now charms the eye, and nothing there speaks to the heart; all is asleep - - - all appears dead: the sentiment of happiness is vanished with the objects which afforded me its image; my senses are benumbed, my mind is oppressed, my heart wishes and sighs; my languishing being rejects with disgust the cup of life; my ideas succeed each other slowly; I fall, in spite of myself, into the general lethargy in which winter absorbs the physical world. What do I say? What secret principle ferments in my soul, and restores me to life? In the bosom of the languor even, to which I abandon myself without reserve, a sweet and affecting sensation pervades my faculties, awakens and extends them. I find myself animated by a new vigour; the spring of existence, compressed for a moment, reacts with force; my sensibility becomes exalted; I exist and I think. Precious melancholy, I recognize thee by thy favours! A moment of forgetfulness in thy arms, makes us imbibe new strength. So fruitful Nature, in the season of her apparent inaction, silently prepares the happy germs, whose perfect expansion is to embellish the following season.

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The seasons, a faithful abridgment of the world that we inhabit, subject to the same laws which produce changes in it, act on us as on our fields, and the effects of Nature are the more evident in us, as we are less remote from that simple state which affords them no obstacles. The ordinary habits of civilized man frequently harden him against these first impressions, and indeed his mode of life is entirely factitious. His pleasures are mere opinion, his sensations have none but artificial causes, he exists only mechanically; the alternate change of the seasons affects him only as it favours or thwarts his projects or his affairs. His passions are equally moved at all times; he scarcely is acquainted with the infinite shades of situation which vary according to place, time, hour, and circumstance.

Those of a simple way of life, or whom a particular taste and a philosophy of choice have retained near nature, are much more susceptible of her most minute operations.

“What a state of dependance!” would some here exclaim: But if such is our condition, that we must depend on something; if, as relative beings, we must necessarily have connexions with what surrounds us, must we not prefer those which we hold from nature herself, to those multiplied incessantly by absurd prejudices? I see most men conduct themselves according to the caprices of others; like the insidious insect, whose flimsy web is agitated throughout by the motion of one of its threads, they voluntarily form an infinity of ties, attached to so many trifling and different objects, that they are always in a forced situation from the motion of those objects, sometimes of many together, and even of all at once.

Liberty of natural man! Independence of the sage, idol of strong minds, aliment of virtues, how sweet and dear do you appear to me! Happy he who possesses you! He expects not his joy from the opinion of the fool, from the error of the vulgar, from the praises of the crowd; he has not learned to render himself insensible to the evils of his suffering fellow-creature, docile to the voice of a tyrant, unknown to himself, and a stranger to Nature; connexions less confined, make him a citizen of the world; the elements are his first riches; his happiness is his own.

Such is the image which I love to consider, the model which I form for myself; it delights, elevates, and emboldens my soul.

To these sweet and profound meditations am I led by a rigorous season, the impressions of which, favourable to the seriousness of reason, remain void with respect to the imagination. Time, whose heavy pace seems to quicken at present only to introduce shadows, in regard to me, glides away without care; I place myself on his wings, to pass the melancholy moments; and, in a fortunate route, I do no more than follow his steps. Now, his icy sceptre holds under his laws the enchained rivulets; the hoary frosts, treasured on his knit brows, put to flight the nymphs of the groves; and pleasures, terrified, run to their friends to implore an asylum. Some, having hopes in philosophy, have chosen her for a refuge, and even for a mistress; then taking her mantle, they came to my house to join in study, listen to reason, and play with her: but when Nature, more beautiful and more adorned in her flowery plains shall recal their troop, it will be reason that will go to seek them.

THE SECRET COMPLAINT.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1773.)

RETIRED to the country, where I spend part of the year, I was walking, one fine summer's evening, in a delightful part of it, a little farther from the house than usual: the day had been fine; the sun was soon going to disappear; the flowers raised to the sky their balmy vapours: this was the happy moment for collecting all the agreeable sensations which rural beauties can impart. I gained the skirt of a wood; I sat down to enjoy repose, breathe the fresh air, and indulge in those sweet reveries, which such a situation cannot fail to excite. I was abandoning myself to them with delight, when the noise of the leaves, strongly agitated, attracted my attention. I distinguished a few sighs, accompanied by words faintly articulated; I rose up with that uneasy emotion attendant on surprise, and gently separating the branches of a thick hedge-row, I perceived, on the grass which lay beyond, an interesting brunette, who appeared to be about twenty years of age; her white dress was simple and agreeable; her hair was in disorder, and suffered to flow in loose tresses at the will of the zephyrs; she seemed to be plunged into a profound melancholy; her sadness gave her a certain air truly affecting; she shed some tears, which appeared on her cheeks like those brilliant drops of dew that are seen in the morning on the blushing rose: her carriage was noble, and had something of that enthusiasm ascribed to the poets: I doubted

not that I was on the point of seeing realized a part of their pastoral fictions; and my curiosity, piqued at this adventure, made me place myself in the best manner I possibly could, in order to hear, without being discovered, the complaint which she uttered nearly in the following words:

“ Peaceful spot, where embellished Nature shews
“ herself with all her allurements, may you soften the
“ misfortunes of my uneasy mind! what a splendour
“ in the meadows! what richness in these fields! the
“ vigour of all beings, the universal joy, every thing
“ here presents to me the image of happiness, and no-
“ thing bestows it. Can I, alas! without regret, re-
“ collect those delightful days, when, participating in
“ the general gaiety of renovated nature, I came to
“ contemplate the charms which she displays at this
“ moment to the simple eyes of innocence, and en-
“ joy the transports with which she inspires free and
“ feeling hearts. Brisk as the hind that paces with
“ a light foot over these enamelled plains, I rambled
“ about according to the dictate of my fancy; amused
“ by a flower, gratified in gathering it, without care,
“ without trouble, and without fatigue of mind; I
“ employed myself without effort, I acted with plea-
“ sure: sleep descended in peace on my eyelids; all
“ my senses uninterruptedly enjoyed pleasures which
“ were appropriate to them; I lived, in short, satis-
“ fied with myself and with the world.

“ Gods! what am I become? I seek for myself;
“ my wandering reason no longer offers me but a pale
“ light; the time of my happiness has disappeared
“ like a dream; I try in vain, by those images, to awa-
“ ken the sentiment of it in my heart: there a fright-
“ ful void leaves me only the weight of my weak-
“ ness

“ nefs and the bitterness of my situation. I still see
“ the same objects, but I no longer find in them the
“ same charms: the night restores me to my grief; the
“ day reappears only to render it more poignant; na-
“ ture has shrouded herself in a veil of sadness; what
“ she still preserves agreeable about her, serves only to
“ irritate me, by the comparison which I make of it
“ with what I feel. The care which consumes me
“ diffuses itself on every thing that surrounds me; every
“ thing is changed with my heart; with my liberty,
“ I have lost my pleasures; my absent pride has suf-
“ fered me to acknowledge a master; oppressed by my
“ chains, I every where see nothing but the impres-
“ sions of slavery. Cruel love! thou hast wounded me; I
“ love, O heaven! and I am beloved; but fate sepa-
“ rates me for ever from the object of my affection.
“ Solitary confidants of my shame and grief, take care
“ not to reveal them: the author even of my defeat is
“ ignorant of his victory: I am determined that he shall
“ never know it: it is by depriving myself of all hope,
“ that I will smother an unfortunate inclination, which
“ reason prohibits. But what reason too? Is it not
“ the lustre of his virtues that first struck me? Is it
“ not the most just esteem that has prepared me for
“ more tender sentiments? Ah! I feel my wounds in-
“ flame! Disperse, too charming illusions: why resist
“ a supreme will and the rigour of fate? Why have I
“ yielded to the seducing hope that my passion afforded
“ me? What is become of that liberty, of which I
“ was so proud? Could I cherish its destroyer? No;
“ he has made me sensible of my weakness; that is his
“ crime: I feel my pride become irritated at the
“ thought; may it be revenged by shaking off its
“ yoke!”

The agitation with which these last words were pronounced, made her rise from the place where she sat; and assuming the air of pride which they expressed, she wiped away her tears, and escaped from my sight. I saw her depart with regret; I should have wished that delicacy had not obliged me to conceal myself from her as a troublesome witness; I should have shared her grief, and endeavoured to soften it. She interested me; I discovered in her expressions, in spite of all her love, a principle of virtue and firmness, which rendered her respectable in my eyes.

Touched by her distresses, as if they had been my own, I fell into a thousand reflections on the misfortunes and illusion almost always attached to love. It is certain that to the latter it owes almost all its power; it is the enchanting mirror which presents objects under a seducing face; it is to the overstrained image which we form of pleasure that the desires owe all their vivacity, the researches all their activity, and the feelings their disappointment after the trial. I am not alluding merely to those women who are captivated by the most slender attractions, but also to those even who, more delicate and more judicious, place sovereign pleasure in the affinity of tastes and sentiments, and the intimate union of hearts. I confess that, if this affinity were to be found, we might flatter ourselves with experiencing the felicity which must necessarily result from it: but without positively denying its existence, I think it so uncommon, so astonishing, that it is always dangerous to hope for it, and to build on it our happiness; the more so as error is never more easily adopted, nor more common than in the opinions we entertain on the appearances of this affinity. A few amiable qualities strike us, a few traits
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of resemblance, which we think we perceive (or which we see in fact, from the address of those who, striving to please us, conform themselves to our tastes till they have succeeded) soon interest us to suppose this resemblance more real and more perfect than it is; inclination then gets authority from reason herself, while imagination embellishes its work. Seduced by the sweetest of attractions, the heart yields to them without reserve, and thinks it is only the price of virtues, when it is really no more than the dupe of the senses and of illusion. Intoxicated by hope, if the success that we look for at length answers our wishes, we frequently discover the most afflicting truth that can be known to an upright and feeling heart, the misfortune of being mistaken in our choice. If some insurmountable obstacle counteracts the accomplishment of our wishes, we feel all the bitterness and anguish of hopeless love.

Placed in this alternative, these are the two results which a woman ought to consider before she involves herself; this is the specific which she ought to employ against the strength of the first impressions, in order to suspend them, if possible, and to preserve the degree of coolness necessary for examining, before she gives way to her inclination, whether she has fixed it on a deserving object.

It is no less important to resist the chimera of a felicity without alloy: this favourite chimera of refined souls and of tender hearts, is the true poison of happiness; it is always a folly to expect our happiness from any other than ourselves. When we love any one sufficiently to be united together closely, we must consider ourselves as destined to constitute the happiness of two persons, instead of one alone, and go to

work in consequence, without relying much on the assistance of our associate. I am sensible how remote all these ideas are from those which we form of love, and how much they differ even from what it should seem to be; but it is sufficient that they are conformable to what is, and to what experience daily confirms, to make it incumbent on us to act in a relative manner. Those images of the bliss and delight of two lovers united for ever by virtue and pleasure, are the Elysium of Fable, and the Golden Age of the Poet; wise men place little reliance on them, and seek for their reality only in the heroism of the souls who generously sacrifice themselves to their duties, in order to make people about them happy, and who look for their own happiness only in the efforts which they make to promote that of the generality. All women, it is true, are not capable of this noble and elevated virtue; the number of those who would be susceptible of it would be greater, if pains were taken to inspire us, early in life, with just ideas of things, and to habituate us to reflect feelings; but besides, this particularly concerns the persons who would be capable of it, had they not been deceived or prejudiced by illusion. Women of an ordinary turn of mind have not much to apprehend from love; they have only inclinations as transient as the sort of merit that gives them birth; besides, the want of vigour of their soul, and above all their vanity, secure them from the ravages of a great passion. Its victims most to be pitied, are those who, with a great share of sensibility, combine a delicacy of sentiment and taste; this extreme delicacy, which seems to be a preservative against love, by its rendering very scarce the objects capable of inspiring it, serves only to strengthen, nourish, and render

render that passion more durable, when once it has found its way into the heart.

Give me some of those brilliant imaginations of those elevated, proud, and energetic souls, which seem to scorn chains, and in which strongly predominates the enthusiasm of virtue, glory and honour ; that is the true theatre of love, the scene of its conflicts, of its power, and of its rigours ; those are the women who should be most mistrustful of themselves, although it should seem that they may rely on their own delicacy ; they stand in need of recollecting this charming lesson of Madame Deshoulières :

*Contre l'Amour, voulez-vous vous défendre,
Gardez-vous bien et de voir et d'entendre
Gens dont le cœur s'explique avec esprit.
Il en est peu de ce genre maudit,
Mais trop encor pour mettre un cœur en cendre,
Dès qu'une fois il leur plaît de nous rendre
De tendres soins, qu'ils prennent un air tendre,
On lit en vain tout ce qu'Ovide écrit*

Contre l'Amour.

*De la Raison il ne faut rien attendre,
Trop de malheurs n'ont su que trop apprendre
Qu'elle n'est rien dès que le cœur agit.
La seule fuite, Iris, nous garantit ;
C'est le parti le plus utile à prendre*

Contre l'Amour.

IMITATED.

Shun those, ye Fair, who, for seduction fit,
Can dress their passion in the charms of wit.
You'll say, "of real wits we find but few ;"
But the half-witted are too wise for you :
The lover whispers in a soothing note,
And all in vain we read what Ovid wrote.
A thousand melancholy stories prove,
How little Reason can avail in love ;
These well examined will direct us right ;
And shew our only safety lies in flight.

The young brunette whom I had just seen, had, undoubtedly, not thought of this pretty rondeau. Had I remained longer in the country, I should have endeavoured to become acquainted with her, to gain her confidence and friendship, in order to console her, and encourage her in the resolution which had inspired me with esteem for her person ; but some unforeseen business deprived me of the opportunity of doing so, by recalling me to town ; there I am at present, and I amuse myself, at my leisure, in retracing this adventure for my own instruction.

VARIOUS REFLECTIONS.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1773.)

ON rising from a simple and cheerful meal, I re-enter, according to my custom, this little cabinet, situated on the banks of the Seine*, where I come solitarily every afternoon, to employ myself as my fancy directs: sometimes intent on the perusal of an interesting work, I pass in review the political world, and by the learned traits of an able historian, in an hour I see represented to my eyes, the revolutions of ages; sometimes on Helicon, I follow an enchanting guide, I stray with him along his delightful roads; charmed by his flattering accents, animated by his enthusiasm, I think I am indebted to myself for the pleasure with which I am intoxicated; the nobleness of his thoughts, in elevating my soul, makes it imagine that it is the author of what penetrates it so deeply. Sometimes more composed in its progress, my mind observes, with the aid of a philosopher, the principles of morality, the effects of the passions, and the gradations of feeling; quitting these lofty speculations, sometimes with an unexperienced hand I try to trace some figures which geometry characterizes, or to pencil a few simple flowers; then, when the day draws near its close, and the stillness of Nature invites to occupations less serious, blending my voice with a soft instrument, I recreate myself with the charms of harmony. Thus it is that, in retirement, in the bosom of peace and study, my quiet and happy days glide away; delighted to pass them sometimes in a rural abode

* Quai des Morfondus.

abode, when the smiling spring embellishes it with its allurements, it is particularly in this retreat that I indulge myself in the sweets of meditation! ah! who could deny themselves this mental enjoyment! The contemplation of Nature is so touching to a feeling mind, that it is impossible not to experience an involuntary and pathetic emotion when our senses are struck by all that she presents. Resisting the power of sleep, I steal from my pillow, even before Aurora comes to open the gates of day: I ramble over the meadows and neighbouring hills; the air is fresh and light, the joyful lark quits her nest, and, soaring towards the heavens, she invites the other birds to form a concert to bless the Creator: the shades of darkness brighten up; the horizon is animated by rays of fire; the clouds draw back like floating curtains. The sun appears, he comes to complete the picture and give Nature the most smiling face. So Revelation, emerging from the obscurity of ages, came to bewildered man, to trace his route, and shew him happiness. Can all the efforts of art form so fine a spectacle as the rising of the sun? What senseless man can remain cold and unmoved at this magnificent scene? Struck with his brilliancy, the idolater offered up incense to the luminary of the day, riveted by admiration; he took for a God that of the beings which vivifies all the others, more excusable in his error than the adorer of Apis, or the African trembling before his *Fétiche*. But the early hours recal to work the active husbandman: already the ox digs his furrow; the undulating smoke issues from the roof of the cottages; under the guardianship of the faithful dog, the flock covers the meadows; by their bleating, the feeble ewes express their tender sensations: the shepherd takes his pipe, while
echo

echo repeats none but sounds of joy ; the grounds are peopled by a crowd of cultivators. I resume my way through the groves, satisfied with my walk, reflecting on the objects which have charmed me ; " the fields," say I to myself, " must be the natural abode of man, and rustic labours, his most suitable occupations ; the former contain all that can flatter his senses, excite his curiosity, or awaken his thoughts ; the latter, by a salutary bustle beneficial to his constitution, support his vigour and his health, develop his strength, foster his activity, and sharpen his wants."

Cast your eyes on the towns ; see greedy interest and mad ambition agitate at once every class of inhabitants that they contain : the restless merchant bustles about and goes beyond his strength : ever in motion to satisfy the whims of the rich, he lives without relishing his existence, animated by the hope of a gain which he knows not how to enjoy. Commanded by necessity, screwed down by the shop-keeper, the artist exhausts himself at a work often ill paid, and on the price of which he in vain relied for the support of his family. Who is that monster with the wan complexion, whose bloody hands are loaded with spoils which he is contemplating with a cruel joy ? It is avarice invested with the title of financier, exercising his odious robberies in the name of the prince, and armed with his power, deriving authority from his rights, spreading every where desolation and horror. If I ascend to the sanctuary of justice, what a scene of iniquity ! what intrigues ! what treachery ! the laws violated, the rights of the poor sold, virtue despised, every interest at variance, every passion in motion. O heaven ! whither shall I fly ? where find friendship, innocence, peace, and beneficence ? these dare not openly appear ; forced to become

become wild, or at least solitary, they visit these spots with their face veiled, and stand aloof: peaceful retreats, happy fields, it is among you that they take up their abode!"

Thus conversing with myself, I approached the house; I enter it occupied by these thoughts, resolved to return shortly and resume them.

The sun had performed three-fourths of his course, when urged by a wish for solitude, hurried away by the charm of reflection, I again sallied forth to look for some place proper for indulging my reveries; the heat was still intense, I went to seek the shade and the cool air under an arbour of woodbine; out of the frequented path, and rendered more gloomy by the lofty umbrage of the neighbouring trees, it was suitable to the state of my mind. Here I sat down on the thick grass; the perfume of the flowers imparted to my senses a sweet ebriety; and opened my soul to voluptuousness; my imagination tenderly moved, wandered agreeably over the delicate beauties which these charming productions of spring offered to my view. Led by degrees from these sensations, to the ideas with which I had employed myself in the morning, I repassed them in my mind; a touch of melancholy gave them a new tint, and I perceived that I was on the point of becoming a misanthrope. How difficult it is to avoid excesses, even in good! Wisdom seems to be an indivisible point beyond which it is as easy to pass as it is difficult to reach. In retracing to myself the sight of the towns, I had shuddered at the aspect; from this first horror, consequences ill combined were going to lead me to a blamable aversion to all society; I felt the danger, and fortunately I contrived to avoid it. This little experiment

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experiment made me consider with how much caution we should give way to our own ideas; subject to a thousand illusions, the source of which is in ourselves, we should reflect, as it were, on our reflections, and not adopt the result of them till after a deliberate examination. Restored to reason by these considerations, "I must confess," said I to myself, "that it would be a false philosophy which should induce a useful citizen to quit his abode in the towns, in order to confine himself in a retreat where he would think only of his own happiness; made for society, deriving from it his advantages, man ought to pay it the tribute of the benefits which he has thence received. He who is possessed of talents and knowledge which render him capable of serving his fellow citizens, ought not to bury them uselessly; obliged to conform to the established government under which he is born, the abuses that he remarks in it are not an excuse for his idleness, but a spur to his zeal, if his situation and his engagements allow him to remedy them by his labours or his example. The vocation of man is sociability; his first duty is to be useful: happy he who, in the heart of towns, in the very centre of contagion, preserves a pure mind and an unshaken virtue. Faithful to the laws of duty, exact in fulfilling its precepts, the friend of mankind, above all of the unfortunate, an amiable pattern of goodness, a source of felicity to others by his good offices and his actions, like those fertilizing rivers, which diffuse abundance through the most ungrateful soils, he deserves praises and admiration; but more happy still he, who after these various labours, can in a rural retreat enjoy himself and Nature; retired from the crowd, without ceasing to be useful, busying himself about the general happiness

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by preparing for society members whom he forms to virtue, seeing in his children the heirs of his good qualities, still more than of his wealth; he obtains the public esteem and causes his fate to be blessed." Contemplating this image, I came out of the grove: the heat was allayed, the sun was setting; his brilliant face was on the point of being lost under the horizon, the balmy plants, pressed under my steps, offered up their final incense; some light vapours rose on the wing of the zephyrs; universal and majestic silence announced darkness; the landscape became dim, and at length disappeared. An unsteady and glimmering light, emitted by the silvery crescent, scarcely sufficed to guide my steps. O God! when the night of years shall have spread its veil over my enfeebled being, when my blunted senses and my languishing ideas shall plunge me into the darkness of old age, let thy law, like a salutary ray, still light me on my road, and conduct me to the end, where every thing is wrapped in happy and eternal repose!

ON FRIENDSHIP.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1773.)

PRAISED every day, preached up in every place, and hardly any where felt ; such is Friendship.

Sweet, amiable, and smiling ; solitary, forsaken, and fugitive ; such too is Friendship.

It is but a name then, a poetical chimera, a social fiction, an error of refined minds ? We must think so ; for, how can we be persuaded that men neglect what they love, and despise what they praise ? If they were convinced that this connexion, which they extol so much under the name of Friendship, really exists, they would labour to establish it between themselves ; it would be the object of their researches ; they would render themselves deserving of it, and would meet with their fellows.

To reason thus, is, in truth, to suppose men consistent ; and experience but too well proves the folly of this supposition, for whoever should judge and act according to it as a principle.

No ; the general cry is not deceitful ; Friendship exists ; it is the privilege of human nature, the appendage the most excellent among men. All beings possessed of sensibility are capable of attachment ; but the intelligent being is the only one that is capable of Friendship.

Nature, wants, pleasure, bring together all beings ; in every species, the difference of sexes unites individuals ; in the state of servitude the most ferocious animal

mal ceases to be so, to a certain degree, to him who takes care of his subsistence; but the esteem of the qualities of the soul, the charm of confidence, the communication of ideas, the affinity of principles, all foundations of Friendship, can be found only among men.

I say first, the esteem of the qualities of the soul; it is this condition which is the cause that real friendship cannot be found except among virtuous people. We see many connexions between those who however deserve not this title; but these connexions cease as soon as the view of interest which had formed them is accomplished, or a new interest appears in opposition. We might compare these coarse and yet very common connexions to those associations of wild beasts, which assemble in herds the more securely to seek their prey, and which soon after separate in order to share it, or to contend for some particular part of the spoil.

As pure as her cause, Friendship is a stranger to these vile motives: she is brought forth by esteem; she is nourished by virtue and confidence. Two honest souls cannot be acquainted without pleasure, and without seeking the company of each other; they love one another on account of their mutual resemblance; they feel at their approach that sweet emotion which is produced by the sight of a pleasing object.

The source of our pleasure is in the affinity there is between us and the things which produce them; now, as a person cannot have with another, relations more intimate than those of the principles which make them act in a similar manner, it follows that the greatest joy must be found in the society of those who are governed

verned by the same principles. How pleasant it is, in fact, to see in a second self a model to follow and an image of what one is !

This esteem and these relations which constitute Friendship, acquire strength and consistence in the communication of ideas : it is by these that we begin to relish the advantage of having a friend. In ordinary societies, it is hardly ever allowable to think aloud, at least respecting many things. It would be a folly to pretend to it, and frequently an imprudence to venture to do so ; to watch each other continually, to be silent, to dissemble and feign, are the necessary exercises of those who keep much company, or only in general, see what are called acquaintances, common friends.

This situation in which every one is placed according to his rank, is very irksome to an upright mind and an open heart ; it is contrary to nature ; it is also contrary to the primitive intention and the original end of societies ; but the inevitable corruption which follows the assemblage of numbers, no longer permitting this first intention to be followed, friendship offers an asylum to sincerity. It is in her bosom that pleasure is shared and extended, that pain is allayed and softened, that care is deposited and dispelled, that felicity comes forth and bestows her favours ; it is with her that we can think without fear, speak with freedom, feel and avow that feeling.

The recluse man is a weak and in some degree an unformed creature ; the sociable man is often only a corrupted being ; but the man who has a friend and who is himself a friend, is the improved man, the happy being, and the favourite of the Divinity, for he enjoys his greatest blessing.

Why then are friends so uncommon, since the same inclination for virtue is in some measure a sufficient connexion to unite two persons? There are still some virtuous people although in the eighteenth century; and if the number be somewhat limited, still it greatly exceeds that of real friends. I think I can glance at two causes of this effect: the first is, that it is much easier to be, without appearing to be so, a hypocrite in virtue only, than a hypocrite in virtue and in friendship; the one is the touchstone of the other and the fire that puts it to the test, because the latter cannot long exist without the former. We may impose on the generality of people, in point of virtue; an aversion to glaring excesses, the practice of decorum, a deference for received customs, soon procure any one an honourable reputation; people do not probe the secret, they do not study every action, they take little interest concerning the reality; the world is tolerably accommodating in the main; they overlook vices, provided there be nothing ridiculous in them; and when good qualities fail, they are satisfied with agreeable ones. But when we wish to act the part of friends, we must prove whether it be in earnest; circumstances crowd in on all sides to require evident proofs of it; we must play fair, or else cheating is discovered, and we return to the rank of ordinary acquaintances, of common friends, from which we deserved not to be distinguished. There may therefore, be many people called virtuous, who do not strictly merit the title and who want friends only because they are incapable of being friends themselves. The illusion that we form in their favour, is one of the reasons which make so little proportion appear in the number of virtuous people, compared to that of friends, and which renders the latter still more limited than it ought to be.

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The second reason which completely restrains it, is, that virtue quite undigested, if I may so express myself, and the mere inclination for good, are not wholly sufficient for forming a delightful and perfect connexion. We must add to it all the delicacy of a great, feeling and generous soul, all the cautious regard of a just and equitable mind, of a pliable and upright disposition. This is not an exaggerated picture; and whoever will reflect on the necessity of these qualities, and the difficulty of finding them united, will no longer be astonished that there are so few real friends.

There are some cold souls who scarcely feel the want of loving; their dull imagination has never moved them by the magic power of sweet illusions; a philosophic arrogance leads them to imagine it is possible to be happy in solitude; concentrated within themselves, they take a pride in their indifference and savage freedom. If some conquering allurements subjugates them, they think that they yield to it only through compassion, and that they love only through complaisance: in the mean time the emotion of sentiment agitates them; they experience, with astonishment, sensations new and agreeable; at length undeceived, they submit, and their attachment is durable, if, besides, the other conditions necessary to render it so exist; but never expect from them that vivacity, that warmth, which belong only to sensibility. It is generally to Love, that is reserved the triumph of these almost inaccessible souls; he alone finds means, in spite of obstacles, to clear his way through tracks unknown, and strike a heart before he is discovered. Very singular circumstances are necessary to give such a victory to Friendship; she commonly requires a heart

more susceptible of affection, and dispositions far more communicative.

To love and to wish it, a person must, with a sufficiently good opinion of self to think that he is worthy of another, also admit that man when alone is unequal to his perfect happiness; there must be that fund of sensibility, which, like an active fire, seeks nourishment every where, and by which objects being rendered to us more lively and more present, awaken in us, by their impression, a greater number of accessory ideas and sensations; and thence arises the want of participating them. This is, I believe, that principle of feeling, which, more or less extended, distinguishes characters, and constitutes the gradations of tenderness and ardour: but this natural inclination which leads us more efficaciously to form connexions, would often serve only to destroy them by its vivacity, did not equity and generosity temper its effects.

When a sufficient proof has justified the choice which we have made of a friend, it is intimate confidence alone that must govern all our conduct towards him; finess, cunning, dissimulation, are the mortal enemies of friendship: let us follow the honest frankness, the amiable simplicity of our forefathers, when a real esteem, well established and reciprocal, admits of our abandoning ourselves to its dictates.

Equity ought to make us candidly acknowledge our own faults, and generosity ought to facilitate to us the confession: it is pleasing to impart, even our failings, to a friend.

I remark that almost always, and in all things, it is a mistaken self-love that deprives us of the greatest advantages. Has some false view made us fail in our
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measures? Has some erroneous intention suggested to us a step not perfectly blameless? We shelter ourselves under excuses and pretexts; it is on our best friend that we endeavour to impose most, in proportion to the value we set on his approbation. This conduct is as improper as irrational: a just and noble soul sees his mistakes and avows them; acknowledges his errors, and renounces them; to entrust them to our friend, is the best mean of securing his heart. Self-love is to be found in the best of minds; we should spare that of a friend: if we have over him continual advantages, we should generously endeavour to aid them; consequently, when any fault shews him our inferiority, let us frankly confess it; in fact it is again raising ourselves higher than whence we had fallen, and it is at the same time meriting all the confidence and affection of an honest and feeling soul. We should always remember that our friend is a man; however perfect he may be, he deserves indulgence, attention and respect; and to conceal from him this very indulgence, makes part of the attention which we owe him; we must respect him, without affecting to appear to do so. But we should judge ourselves strictly, and as if we were more than men, that is to say, made to forgive and to raise others as high as us, while we appear to let ourselves down to them; we should gain by this in every way. These are truths which a foolish self-love conceals from us; to discover them, it needs to be enlightened by a justness of discernment, which is not to be met with in every head. From this spirit of equity and generosity must result perfect frankness, the necessary support of friendship, the attribute of great hearts, and a quality almost imaginary, at a time when the world in general considers it as a snare. Without it, however, there is

no safety in friendship; it is a foundation without which the whole fabric moulders away. To dare to dissemble in order to flatter, even our friends, is a crime that is not easily forgiven, and even not at all, by delicate persons. It may therefore be said, considering what a real friend ought to be, that it belongs to sublime and heroic souls alone to merit that title, and to enjoy the consoling privileges which are attached to it; accordingly we do not see great models of this kind, publicly known, except in those times and those governments, in which manly virtue was in vigour, and supported by the system of political laws. The rare imitators that they may have at this day, remain unknown to a vulgar race unworthy to be acquainted with them, and incapable of distinguishing their merit.

Pure and simple manners are suitable to friendship: she may contend with and conquer a great passion like love; but she cannot remain with the little passions which clash: she is an enemy to all those vile interests, and those selfish and confined views of low minds.

The little interests of the great, the little passions of women, generally banish friendship from the mind of both. From their situation, from the state which accompanies and corrupts them, the former are governed by an infinite number of prejudices, subjected to a thousand desires which contract their mind by fixing it on chimeras, and agitating it by vain pretensions; they are too fond of themselves to experience the feelings which render us, in some measure, universal: confined to the narrow circle of the personal *me*, they see and feel for no one but themselves; their connexions are all interested, their sentiments false and

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contrary to the appearances which they give of them. Wretches ! they see themselves surrounded by their fellow-creatures, and they cannot find a friend, even when they deserve it ; for their rank procures them only envious acquaintances or flatterers. They are however much to be pitied !

Women, who appear so well calculated for friendship, from their natural sensibility and the ingenuousness and delicacy with which they are endowed, are too frequently rendered incapable of it by education and the pretensions of the sex ; the one gives them nothing but charms, affords them nothing but trifles ; the sole object of the other is to enjoy the latter and to take advantage of the former.

There reigns between them all a jealousy, inseparable from the prevailing wish to please : how can they love one another with that cordiality, that sincerity of real friendship, they who reciprocally hate or fear each other ? The most amiable are the most insufferable and the most dangerous in their eyes ; the others are not worth the trouble of attending to. We see, among young women who possess modesty, candour and feeling, interesting connexions formed ; but commonly they vanish with the simplicity of age, and disappear at the time of making conquests.

For two women to be really friends, they must have more reason, philosophy and greatness of soul, than is requisite for uniting two estimable men : for them to have that equity, that generosity, the necessity of which we have seen, a superior energy must have made them get the better of ordinary pretensions.

This vigour of soul and this nobleness of sentiment, can be inspired then only by a choice, enlightened, and sound education, such as is hardly to be seen. It

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is only to this primary and powerful cause, that it belongs to form extraordinary beings; accordingly, when this principle well employed has operated effectually, it is surprising what effects result from it in women, whose flexible nature easily accommodates itself to great things. Their active imagination, their sensibility, well developed, skilfully exalted, carry them with facility to the heroic and sublime. They have, in friendship, that delicacy, which purifies feeling, raises and ennobles it; that aptness to catch at what pleases, and to present things under the most advantageous point of view; that address and that grace to give, without seeking it, an air of importance to trifles. It might be said of them, that favoured by nature in so many respects, destined, methinks, to govern every thing in keeping the second rank, made to embellish the world, they need only the help of education to astonish it, and to display virtues which hitherto were thought to be, from preference, confined to the men.

Constancy in friendship, generous sacrifices to that noble sentiment, are subjects for triumphs, the more glorious for those females who gain them, as they cannot be rewarded by public praise, and are known but to few. Victories of this sort are those of women; they must congratulate themselves to be able thus to prove to their own mind what they are capable of, without any strange motive leading them to apprehend that there is illusion in their virtue: the inward testimony, which constitutes the recompense of it, is also much more satisfactory on that account.

I cannot quit this chapter of friendship, without remarking that the necessity of an affinity of principles
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and of an essential resemblance, does not however involve that of an entire conformity of character. I think, on the contrary, that in friendship as in love, a trifling difference in disposition, and diversity in ideas, excite curiosity, keep alive pleasure, and bind the connexion: we set to work to discover each other's sentiments; and from the knowledge of the qualities which have merited our entire esteem, we cheerfully add that of a thousand novelties which surprise and please.

I consider nothing more proper to form by degrees the mind and the heart, than friendship herself, who already owes her birth to the excellent dispositions of both. As soon as we love any one, infallibly we wish to please him; his taste for virtue strengthens ours and excites it; the desire of rendering ourselves always amiable, makes us cultivate with more care the means of becoming so; the mind awakes, study becomes a practice, we wish to make ourselves worthy of our friend, by becoming useful to people in general, and we succeed in serving society, by securing the esteem of one of its most respectable members.

The considerable advantages of divine friendship, are certainly strongly felt by those who are acquainted with it; why cannot they be known by a greater number of persons! There would then be on earth more virtue and more happiness.

THOUGHTS

ON

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1774.)

MORAL Truths stand less in need of being demonstrated than felt; lessons discourage, a doctoral tone frightens, a maxim sets us to sleep; but a true picture moves and persuades us. Virtue is amiable, gentle, and charming; why give her a rough look, a thoughtful face, a peevish voice? Shew her in her different actions, embellishing nature, dissipating care, loving mankind, doing good, and always leading true pleasure in her train.

Whatever austere zeal may say, Religion may be presented under such an aspect; her sole aim is to make the happiness of mankind, and to pay homage to the divinity. I know not whether it be an illusion that I love to figure to myself; but, at all events, experience is my excuse. I respect and cherish my religion; I will adhere to it for ever; and I confess that it is less a perfect conviction, by which I am impelled, than a persuasion to which I am attached.

I am of opinion that we may doubt, because there are things which do not appear to me incontestable; I am not surprised to see incredulous persons, and I find that they have their reasons. I have resolved to submit, because I have imagined that I have perceived, on that side, something more in the number of reasons; and that, besides, every thing considered, this
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plan has seemed to me the safest: in short, what has completely reduced me to submission, is that religion, such as we enjoy it, appears to me in fact a blessing to men in general, and particularly to the ignorant and unfortunate. Now, a thing which constitutes the common good, and which affords real consolations to those most to be pitied, is probably not an error, or it is an error evidently useful, or which cannot produce any harm, neither present nor to come; and, most assuredly, an error of this nature is a treasure, the value of which is almost equivalent to that of truth.

I love the human race; this sentiment is profound, and is connected with my being; the Carib, the Hottentot, the Japanese, to me are not indifferent: wherever I imagine fellow-creatures, I carry my sensibility; I survey them with compassion; and the misfortunes which oppress them, render more or less dear to me those who are more or less oppressed. How could I avoid loving a religion, which softens the hardships of those who know and practise it.

There are some brilliant situations, where, sheltered from the most cruel misfortunes, we become almost insensible to those which remain, on account of the continual bustle and dissipation that stupify us concerning them. There are others, where a pleasant and convenient kind of life, supported by mild philosophy, makes us pass agreeable days. In these two cases, it seems, humanly speaking, that the happiness of religion is less necessary; but, in comparison to a few beings, who are comprised in that class, how many others groan under numberless hardships, attached to their condition, to their profession in life? This is certainly the greater part, and that which touches most a feeling soul: the only blessing that the unfortunate have

have left, therefore becomes respectable and interesting to whosoever knows how to love them.

I know not whether this reasoning be capable of making an impression on many persons; all that I know, is, that to me it is persuasive; it is the point of view that has made religion appear to me divine, it is the tie that attaches me to it, and I find it so satisfactory, that I shall employ all my attention to strengthen it: were it an error, I will preserve it, since it accords with virtue, and constitutes our happiness.

I have observed that the number of the ignorant and unfortunate was the most considerable; I do not imagine that any one will dispute with me this proposition. I have added, that religion is the sole blessing that they have left, and this is the light in which I see it.

In circumstances painful to nature and feeling, of what resource is common philosophy? Are the mournful letters of Epictetus, and the maxims which Seneca, at his ease, wrote in his closet, calculated to support courage and diminish the impression of evil?

When a fever consumes me, when my agitated blood rushes through my veins like a torrent of fire, and strongly affects my brain; when the humours, turned acrimonious by some irritation, fix on any part of my body, and make it their prey; when want enfeebles my existence, and sinks me into a mortal languor; it is in vain that I reason and wish to persuade myself with Zeno, that pain is no evil; every thing within me contradicts his assertion, and forces me to believe the contrary, by making me feel it. The sect of Stoics was estimable in many respects; the wisdom in which they wished to educate man was divine, but impossible and disproportioned to our nature; it would have

have been necessary to forget that we have senses, and it is by them alone that we enjoy existence. Perhaps their doctrine made some dupes and some enthusiasts who sacrificed to pride, at the time that it was in vogue; but now that it is combated by reason, that it is no longer favoured by received prejudices, customs, manners, and education, it cannot make proselytes sufficiently deceived to have only illusion in their favour.

The most esteemed sect had found no better remedy against evils, than the denial of their existence. All the other philosophers do not give moral reasons very capable of making us patiently endure the sense of them. Their arguments are excellent to be set forth in an agreeable situation, where, not being in want of any thing, we add to our pleasures by the idea of our own wisdom; but the falshood of them becomes evident, as soon as it is necessary to reduce them to practice. In vain we may search within ourselves and in nature; what we find most striking is the cruel law of necessity, which, in truth, can do much on correct minds; but which, nevertheless, in extreme cases, is calculated only to revolt them and make them shake off its yoke, by inducing them to reject life as an inconvenient or insupportable burden. Society is terrified at this last consequence, and the laws interpose and put a check to it; these efforts are very vain when they are not supported by religious ideas: without them, I see nothing that can prevent an unhappy man from ridding himself of a burdensome existence.

In this scarcity of consolation, support and resources against evils, a dreadful scarcity in which reason alone often forsakes us, and philosophy leaves us, Religion comes

comes to offer us assistance. She is essentially the religion of the wretched; it is to them that she promises most blessings; they are her favourites; their misfortunes are the pledges of the beatitude which is promised them, affliction is a proof of the love of their God, it is the trait of resemblance to the *humanized word*; it is the seal of predestination; they suffer, but on that account even they will enjoy, provided they take patience. Can we do any thing more adapted to our weakness, and more favourable to the general class as well as to the individual? In short, though it were an error, what comfort does it afford! Shew me the truth that is preferable to it from its utility and advantages? It is sufficient to be acquainted with the principles of this religion, to feel that they must and can alone form the consolation and happiness of all those who suffer. There are then three-fourths of mankind, to whom they are incontestably a great blessing, and often the only blessing that they can procure.

But let us suppose, for a moment, that philosophy more rational and more efficacious is capable of rendering happy in every situation, those who cultivate it; how many people will be qualified for this class, and how great a number remains, who, through want of knowledge, education, or means, cannot be philosophers, nor consequently happy? Yet these are still men, our other selves, who are intitled to our love and attention; who, in society, generally compose the most necessary, the most laborious class; who, for our own personal safety and happiness, have need of clear and wholesome principles. Religion ever ready to lend her aid, comes also to alleviate their situation, secure ours, and afford them compensations which we should in vain look for elsewhere.

Is not an institution so wise, so useful, and what is more, so necessary, so universally advantageous, respectable in the eyes of human nature, and amiable to feeling hearts that are not indifferent concerning the general good? Are principles which all human wisdom had not been able to discover, the want of which four thousand years of errors have demonstrated, which eighteen centuries have strengthened by developing their good effects, when we do not corrupt them, the sudden invention of an ordinary man?

If in the discussion of facts, the remoteness of the times occasions uncertainty, as well as the passions of historians, the prejudices of nations, the contradictions of the learned, and the littleness of our views; if in these different things the enlightened man finds motives of doubt, does he not also find reasons of belief, in the wisdom of the rules, the utility and the connexion of the principles, the advantage of the consequences? It seems to me that when the mind still seeks and hesitates, the heart is already subdued and accepts. I confess that it is the latter which has determined me, and I conceive that we may follow our inclination when the good which flatters it is general. We are seldom wrong in following a sentiment, universal from its object; because a sentiment of this nature is not susceptible of the blindness common to those which are merely personal.

To conclude, I should be inclined to think that this manner of considering things, might have much more weight on well-intentioned minds, than discussions very dry, almost always tiresome, and in many points weak. I esteem infinitely the zeal of those who pretend to demonstrate facts of ancient date, but I mortally hate the spirit of obstinacy which thinks to advance nothing

that is not incontestable, and affects to enslave all opinions; it seems to me that it is more necessary to persuade than to convince, and I believe that the advantages of religion well displayed, would be an apology for its truth, more useful than many proofs brought forward in its support.

This is what I do not at all flatter myself to have done; but it is what I should wish to see executed by some one, who, to talent and zeal, power and inclination, a love of mankind, and of their Author, adds judgment and moderation.

ON LOVE.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1774.)

I THINK of love, and I take up my pen. What do I mean to do? I hardly know. With what ideas can I entertain myself on such a subject? It is allowable for a wounded heart to describe its effects, torments and delights: feeling serves as a torch to genius; its energy embellishes objects, and animates expression. There are also situations where, without being sensible of its power, we find ourselves called to its empire by the voice of Nature. In the spring, when the enamelled fields offer every where the image of innocent voluptuousness, present on all sides happy asylums to pleasure; when the birds invoke it under the shade, vie with each other in singing it, when all beings pay it homage, and the sight of the simple and delightful life of the rural inhabitants, recalls the desire of spending our days in their charming retreats with a second self; then, the most unexperienced heart may render its fallies regular, natural, and true. But when the frozen blast of the north has succeeded the gentle breath of the zephyrs; when Nature benumbed, languishing and faded, remains inactive, and our physical faculties sleep with her, can a free mind, in the bosom of retirement, think of love, and pretend to speak of a sentiment with which it is unacquainted? Why not? Does there need a particular proof, to have ideas of a thing with the principles of which we are born? Is it necessary to feel the power of love in order to know him; and does he not on

the contrary put his *bandeau* on our eyes when he kindles his fires in our hearts? It is while we still enjoy liberty, that it is time to study love, to foresee his darts, to anticipate his snares: he surrounds us on all sides, he introduces himself through all our senses, he resides within ourselves: happy he who knows how to subdue and lead him; more happy perhaps he who never hearkens to him!

With a contemplative mind and a feeling soul, we may at an early period of life acquire the theory of love; but the most watchful reason is scarcely sufficient to secure us from his attacks. He is a real Proteus, who knows how to assume all shapes and accommodate himself to all inclinations. We rely in vain on the firmness of our character, the tranquillity of our constitution, the reserve of our imagination. Accustomed to conquer, he sports with these feeble barriers, and laughs at a confidence which facilitates his surprises: he seizes on imperceptible clues, and moves springs which he alone distinguishes; we think we are still our own, when we see all at once the chains in which we are fettered.

Much has been written against love, and very little has been done. All moralists are intent on combating him; almost all mothers exhibit him under the most odious colours: neither the one nor the other have prevented the greater part of their pupils from experiencing his power: they make a monster of him, and with this image in the mind, it is not surprising that we mistake him at the first sensations which he gives us. They would succeed, I think, much better, in portraying him such as he is, but with the dangers that he leads in his train, by fortifying us against him beforehand, rather than giving us a false idea, which he destroys

troys in the first instance by his seducing impressions.

He is the offspring of Nature, and we are destined by her one day to yield to him: it would be too unsubstantial a presumption, to imagine that we can cause him to be avoided for ever; it is more reasonable to strive to render ourselves capable of profiting by our very errors, if sentiment, aided by circumstances, should render them to us in some measure inevitable. In forming the heart of a young man, it would be madness to expect that he is never to feel love; but we should make him acquire sufficient strength for him to be able not to yield to the tyrant against his duty and reason.

Love has its source in natural inclination, strengthened by certain ideas, and excited by circumstances; it has all the inconveniences of great passions, because it is itself the passion the most susceptible of excess. It blinds reason, disturbs the judgment, takes possession of the whole soul, and from that time produces errors, false steps, inconsistent and blameable actions. Nevertheless it modifies itself in every person, according to that person's disposition; it partakes of our turn of mind, of our principles, of our prejudices, of our humour; in every country, it follows the prevailing character. Simple manners, a uniform life, ideas of tranquillity, in the plains of Greece, there occasioned the sentiments of love to be sung. An extreme luxury, in enriched and corrupted Rome, an excessive refinement of voluptuousness, there caused the pleasures of the senses to reign, and rendered them the sole objects of love. Lastly, the idea of power and protection, joined to that of beauty, virtue and weakness, introduced in France the spirit of gallantry. Of this we might make particular applications. In re-

finer and delicate souls, love never presents itself but under the mask of esteem; alive to truth, to good nature, touched by an union founded on virtue, merely embellished by pleasure, it is sentiment that they seek: these are the only connexions that can move and captivate them. Love is never criminal in a virtuous heart; but every where he may be blind and may deceive us. Brought up by a prudent and tender mother, Chloe saw pass in innocence her peaceful and happy days; a tractable, but penetrating disposition, cultivated by a liberal and prudent education, had at an early time of life formed a reason often tardy among young women. The taste of truth, the love of good, the charms of friendship, occupied her heart; a just, but gay turn of mind, a lively and mirthful humour, rendered her amiable to all those who approached her, and procured her admirers. She saw her captives without vanity and without compassion; conquests which are made and lost in a day did not flatter her; the homages of a crowd of agreeable and trifling beings, might give occasion to her delicate pleasantries, without destroying in the slightest degree her indifference. She appreciated too well the worth of those charming promises, of those seducing oaths which flew around her, to deign to attach to them the smallest value; she thought that she might rely sufficiently on the coolness and the firmness of her disposition, to congratulate herself on her tranquillity, and persuade herself that nothing could affect her liberty.

Chloe despised love, but she admired genius: skilful praises, refined compliments, affected civilities, all those nothings, all that officiousness to oblige, with which men ensnare the vanity of beauties, were to her troublesome; but a conversation cheer-
fully

fully sensible, or elegantly playful, was sure to please her. In the number of those who wished to be governed by her laws, one of those amiable geniuses that imagination, erudition, vivacity, and wit, render seducing, fixed her looks and her attention. She thought that she yielded only to the charms of a witty and instructive companion; and the mind as yet did no more than amuse itself, when the heart was already conquered. She was too sincere with herself to be long blind to her new situation; a secret emotion, an unknown agitation, told her sufficiently what she would in vain have wished to conceal. Her tranquillity had disappeared, her gaiety had entirely vanished, her whole soul collected round one single object, could not drive it from her thoughts: desires till then unknown carried trouble into her heart; she felt her defeat, and found means to preserve sufficient reason to endeavour to recover from it. The brilliant qualities which had dazzled her, prevented her not from discovering some opposition between the principles of him who interested her, and those which she had promised herself to follow for ever; this was a new torment to her heart, but she converted it into a weapon to repel the amiable enemy who possessed it. How many efforts did it cost her! and how many tears did the triumph of virtue make sensibility shed!—Who knows even whether the victory which she imposed on herself would have been certain, had not the inconstancy of the object that had wounded her, determined Chloe to execute from necessity what she had resolved through duty and reason? It was to her attachment to virtue, and to the education which had inspired her with it, that she was indebted for a resolution that restored her to herself, by making her

her stifle a passion which was deceiving her, and hurrying her into a delirium always dangerous to reason, and pernicious to happiness.

Doris, of a disposition more peaceable in appearance, and much more feeling in reality, takes every pains to preserve a liberty of which she knows the advantages, and which she is every moment afraid of losing from the tenderness that is natural to her. Doris wishes to love; her soul lays itself open to sentiment, and gives itself up to it with enthusiasm; gentle pity, useful compassion, find to her a free access; nothing is indifferent to her, all mankind are dear to her; she loves them all, and to this universal sentiment she abandons herself, in order to avoid particular attachments, which her vivacity would render too violent. General order, public good, humanity, her country, these are the idols of her heart; knowledge acquired, by elevating her ideas, has made her direct to these objects the extreme sensibility with which she is endowed. The delights of a well-assorted union, the fruits of which she would consecrate to virtue and to the service of society, appeared calculated for her; but, where to find the other self, who alone could touch her by a similarity of sentiments and principles?—Happy, if she meets with such an object to be able to unite herself to him; but unfortunate beyond all expression, if, discovering in him the traits of resemblance that she seeks, and in opposition to her wishes finds in him the want of arbitrary suitableness of situation and fortune, that may determine the superior will on which she depends. Nothing, however, is more likely to happen, than this event, which might be critical and overwhelm with despair a soul so full of warmth and energy. The melancholy Do-

ris would then become the unfortunate victim of duty and love; and who can say what would be the rigour of her inevitable torments?—What reason and philosophy does she not stand in need of to prevent, if possible, so great a misfortune, and to soften its bitterness, if she happens to experience it!

Hearts the most calculated for love, feel too often only its rigours; those whom nature seems to favour by endowing them in profusion with the benefits of feeling, are generally those whom cruel fate makes choice of for her sports. It might be said that there is a reasonable compensation, and that those are considered as too happy, who should blend so extensive a faculty of loving, with the power of disposing of its effects at their pleasure.

These sentiments of love, or rather this sort of love which is the only real love, belongs but to delicate souls, separated from the vulgar, superior to little passions and vile prejudices: to those souls, in short, whose sublime views, true taste, and simple manners, retrace an image of those which Greece nourished in her bosom, during those happy times when, in her favoured soil, reigned liberty, wisdom, and virtue.

It is not love that we see in those men spoilt by opulence and enervated by effeminacy; they know not its transports, its charms, and its voluptuousness. Feeling never animated them with its divine breath; their icy heart remains void; the gratification of the senses is the sole happiness with which they are acquainted; and all those fascinating aids which constitute its merit never roused their sensibility. They fly after new enjoyments, in order to keep alive pleasure, soon extinguished, when the ties of sentiment afford it not
con-

consistency, and form not its duration. Intoxicated with their riches, they think they are able to purchase with them what is never sold, and can only be felt.

More frivolous still, more agreeable in appearance, and perhaps more factitious, if possible, in their pretensions, others, who have only the jargon of love, make it their whole merit and their whole amusement. With it, they coquet with every woman; they have not soul enough to love; provided they appear to do so, it is all that their vanity covets; they place their joy in making a few persons dupes with their trifling lies, and as many envious of their pretended happiness; they constantly wish to persuade themselves that they have a great deal of pleasure, as soon as they have been able to make it believed by others.

Women of the common stamp are scarcely better acquainted with love than these little fluttering beings; only most of them are more dexterous in imitation. With them coquetry supplies the place of feeling, the pleasure of making conquests appears to them more attractive than that of making one man happy; and when they chance to yield, it is much more through weakness than attachment. Their seduced imagination abandons itself to the allurements of pleasure, without their heart having formed any engagement. It is not the fault of nature, if they have generally a soul so cold and so inconstant: they are born with the greatest share of sensibility, and this disposition is the source of all connexion as of all virtue; but their education has only one end, that is to teach them to please and to deceive, without interesting them beforehand about the qualities of the person whose approbation may merit their care: and indeed they court with equal ardour that which is least worth the

the trouble of being obtained; vanity alone is developed in their soul; their contracted genius has no views which are not as confined as their knowledge; their sensibility is concentrated in themselves alone, is exercised solely on what regards their own person, or is employed only on frivolous objects. Accordingly it requires very little to touch them; a slender make, a handsome leg, a fine head of hair, a flattering tone of voice; not more than one of these things is necessary to disturb their little brain. If they are acquainted with the moral of love in the manner in which they make it, yet they never feel it; several no doubt merit exception; but we cannot speak more correctly than in saying with a wit of these latter times:

*“ Et, pour une de nous que l’amour prend par l’ame,
 “ Hélas! il en est cent qu’il surprend par les yeux*.”*

This is not astonishing; we depend so much on the senses, and we generally reflect so little, that every thing that flatters us wins us at once.

We must have considered many things, and have compared many ideas between them, to have formed our taste so as to be sensible to real merit. There are not many women of this description, (fortunately for our young agreeables) and the greater number does not carry to so high a pitch the idea of happiness. Perhaps there is a sort of advantage in not being so difficult on that point, we suit ourselves sooner; for it may be said in all things, that delicacy, by rendering us

* And, for one of us whom love ensnares by the soul,
 Alas! there's a hundred that it surprises by the eye.

capable of a greater portion of happiness, also renders to us this happiness more uncommon.

It is no doubt the consideration of these inconveniences that has made a few great men, such as Buffon, Helvetius, and, I think, Rousseau, say that the moral of love was worth nothing, and that there was only the physical part of that passion which had any value.

I believe that this proposition will remain as a question, without being ever solved by a general and uniform opinion. The difference of situations, proofs and sentiments, will occasion ideas to vary eternally on this subject as on a great many others. I think that vanity and illusion most frequently compose the whole moral of love, and in this case I admit that it can scarcely produce any thing but real evil for factitious good: but it seems to me also that two persons united by the intimate similarity of sentiments, by a love founded on esteem, must enjoy a particular felicity superior to any other. It is then a delicious friendship, to which a new principle adds its vivacity and its transports. Besides, I confess that a woman sufficiently delicate to be capable only of this sort of love, and who joins a great share of sensibility to this disposition, is not a little to be pitied. Among all that surround her, she finds nothing to fix a heart that requires only to love: she sees none that beats in unison with hers, or perceives none except in discovering the obstacles which thwart their union. Nothing is so rare as a love perfectly happy; birth, fortune, propriety, duty, dependence, a thousand things, fetter her wishes, cross her projects, and embarrass her intentions. It is not always among our equals in point of situation, that we find kindred souls, and yet we are almost always forced

to take them only from among these, especially in certain countries.

From these considerations, I feel that I am coming back to the principle which I have adopted: love is a source of misfortunes (at least most commonly) and coquetry is a source of vices.

What a melancholy conclusion! Was it necessary to reason so much to come to this?—It is therefore to cold indifference that we must devote ourselves for ever? This doctrine is almost impracticable to feeling souls; ah! to whom would it not be so, since vulgar hearts are deprived of the resource of coquetry? Who will be the philosophers generous enough to resist the attacks of love without being shaken by them? We lose ourselves, when we wish to reason upon sentiment: the mind sees what the heart disavows, and, in the embarrassment of attaining them, we suffer ourselves to be carried away by the stream.

Let us be a little more firm, if possible; let us try to give reason sufficient empire for her to be able to alleviate by her prudence the rigours of love, if she be not strong enough to preserve us from them; this will be still deriving from our reflections an advantage that is not to be despised.

The habit of conquering ourselves, the fortitude of mind that makes us submit to necessity, and follow our duties in the midst of obstacles, these are the best weapons to employ against love; if they do not prevent it from reaching us, they prevent it from becoming our master. What more can we require? For me, wishing never to feel it, I dare not hope, and I confine my pretensions to not giving way to it. I think that this is the most modest and the most certain plan, because it always keeps us in a state of mistrust;

trust; for we do not seek a battle, when we expect to obtain nothing by it but troubles and unknown fame.

There are moments in life in which we do not reason thus; but when the imagination is at rest, when the sparks of folly are dissipated, when a purer and milder light guides us to our real felicity; when the soul, restored to sober repose, feels the pleasure of living in freedom for wisdom alone, then she sees things with the eye of reason, and abandons herself to sound philosophy, which avoids dangerous illusions, seducing errors, and the necessary effect of which is the moderation of our wishes.

*Heureux, disoit Quinault, qui peut être assuré,
De disposer de son cœur à son gré!
Mais plus heureux celui, qui dans sa solitude,
Sans crainte, sans inquiétude,
Se console d'être ignoré.*

IMITATED.

How happy is the man, would Quinault say,
Free, as he wills, to give his heart away!
But happier far the lonely sage's lot,
Who, free from care, is pleas'd to be forgot.

This is the happiness of the true sage, who loves to labour for the good of mankind without expecting their praises; and who, beneficent, temperate, and free, finds the recompense of his virtue in his own bosom.

THE
BANDEAU OF LOVE,

OR

THE BLINDNESS OF DULITOT.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1774.)

Love has been represented with a *Bandeau*; of all his attributes, this is, perhaps, the most formidable and the least dreaded: it seems, at first sight, that it has in fact some charms for hearts really captivated. A man loves to shut his eyes on the faults of a beloved mistress, and a woman would wish never to have discovered the infidelity of an amiable lover; it is pleasant to be ignorant of both. But, nevertheless, ought not the excesses into which error hurries us, make us apprehend a blindness that may become fatal?

I shall answer this question only by the recital of a real adventure, the model of which would not be found in all the *Amadis* of romance.

In one of the most considerable towns in France, which in magnificence, commerce, arts, and politeness, is second to none but Paris; at Lyons in short, *Dulitot* occupied a respectable rank among the rich traders that are there to be found in great numbers. A character for integrity, which constitutes the principal quality and the greatest eulogium of a man in business, distinguished him to advantage: a just discernment,

cernment, an engaging temper, had gained him the esteem and good will of all those who knew him; these procured him a blessing perhaps still more uncommon, I mean a sincere, enlightened, generous and feeling friend, whose superior mind did not wait for years, to develop itself with nobleness, and produce those actions which in general are only the fruits of a virtue strengthened by experience.

Dulitot, older than his friend, who was but three and twenty, was at that period of life when reason and strength naturally meet together. He was a partner, as are most of the merchants of Lyons, who, by this mean, facilitate to themselves the greatest undertakings; but his heart was not yet engaged; he had not apparently met with an object that could fix his choice, and a rational prudence had contributed to retard the determination of it. He wished, with his hand, to offer a brilliant situation, which several years of an established business can alone procure; he had, in this respect, attained the point that he might wish, when his affairs obliged him to make a journey to Paris. Although the motives which prompted him to this journey were not very pressing, he gladly availed himself of them to visit the capital; he set off in spirits, and in this manner performed half of the route. In one of the inns where carriages stop, in the evening, to rest and pass the night, Dulitot was struck, on his arrival, by a woman whom he perceived there. A fascinating countenance, an affecting look, that air which interests, and more than all this, that certain something which captivates, over-set him in a moment. He was surprised, troubled, and enchanted, before he had reflected on the cause of an impression so warm and so sudden; his eyes greedily surveyed

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surveyed the features of the person, the sight of whom agitated him: he could not resist the desire of knowing who she was. He enquired of a clergyman who frequently conversed with her, and appeared to be acquainted with her; from him he learnt that this woman, respectable from her birth and her manners, was flying from the injustice of her parents and the rigours of fate, by which she was alike pursued. This opening, by still exciting his curiosity, also moved his liberality; he offered the person who informed him, two *louis d'ors*, which he begged him to prevail on the amiable and unfortunate lady to accept, at the same time charging him to conceal from her the benefactor. The clergyman undertook a commission so suitable to his character, and the zeal with which he accompanied the execution of it, made it succeed to Dulitot's desire.

In the mean time it was growing late; Dulitot, who sought only the means of making acquaintance with the beautiful stranger, contrived to engage her to supper. The lady displayed, during the repast, so much grace and wit, that she completely inspired Dulitot with the most violent passion. He learnt that *Nervalle* (this was the name the lady assumed) was going to Lyons; how was it possible for him to leave her, by continuing his route towards Paris? He changed his plan at the very instant; and resolving to charge his correspondents to supply his place at Paris, he returned to his own country, where he purposed to render service to Nervalle, who, after some difficulties, at length suffered Dulitot to accompany her. Before they had arrived, the obliging ecclesiastic who served her as a guardian and a guide, disappeared without his being

able to learn what became of him; Dulitot was overjoyed at having it in his power to be his substitute; he was transported to find that he was become necessary; and he availed himself of the opportunities of the journey to inform himself more fully of Nerval's situation, of the causes of a grief which she appeared to wish to conceal, and of the reasons which made her fly from her family, in order to take refuge in a strange country. One day when he was pressing her more warmly, he backed his solicitations with so many assurances of discretion, and promises of attachment, that Nerval, overcome, yielded to his desires. "The interest that
" you take in my fate," said she to him, "is too generous not to surmount my repugnance to describe it
" to you, such as it is. I am the daughter of a gentleman, whose name is not perhaps unknown to
" you; I lost my mother very early in life, and with
" her that necessary guide of our tender years, that
" source of consolation and salutary advice, which is
" so seldom to be supplied by any other person. My
" father died in the service; I was entrusted to the
" care of a very old uncle, who was rather fond of
" me: I should have found the quiet and retired kind
" of life that he made me pass at his house, agreeable
" enough, had not the insupportable temper of his
" wife tormented me incessantly. Among the small
" number of persons that he saw, there was the son
" of one of his friends, who formed upon me designs
" which I did not disapprove; he was young, amiable,
" and since my uncle admitted him into his house, it
" is needless to say that he considered him as a gentleman. He declared his intentions respecting me;
" but as fortune did not favour him, his proposal was
" not

“ not accepted. My uncle destined for me a person
“ of his choice, that is to say, old and rich, but be-
“ sides, so infirm and avaricious, that I could not
“ find it in my heart to receive him for a husband.
“ My rejected lover had contrived to transmit me the
“ marks of his despair, and the assurances of his eter-
“ nal fidelity: I loved him; my uncle himself knew
“ no other defect in him than his not having a suffi-
“ cient fortune, and yet he wished to force me to follow
“ his will in taking the odious miser whom I could not
“ endure. The extremity to which he reduced me
“ made me yield to my inclination; I married my
“ lover, after having eloped from my uncle’s house.
“ Our union being accomplished, my new husband
“ compelled my uncle to give up to me the property
“ of my father; scarcely did he possess it, when I
“ saw him dissipate it by his prodigality: to the ex-
“ treme tenderness which he had at first shewn me,
“ succeeded some shameful behaviour; he totally
“ deserted me; and having obtained a situation as an
“ officer in the regiment of Bourbonnois, he set off
“ for the island of Corsica, where he is at present.
“ My family, exasperated, caused me to be sought
“ after, in order to secure my person; I am flying
“ from their anger: victim as I am, of a betrayed
“ love, I am looking for an asylum where I can pass
“ my days quietly, without feeling the resentment
“ of my cruel relations. My friends have not quite
“ forsaken me on this occasion; I can verify my story
“ by letters which relate to it. Here are some from
“ M. De ———, Lieutenant General, and from the
“ Marshal De ———.”

Dulitot saw nothing in these letters but proofs of the story which he had listened to with so much attention, and during which he had been agitated by a thousand different emotions. The interest that he felt for Nerval, did but increase; it appeared to him delightful to be able to relieve unfortunate beauty in distress, and injured virtue: his conversation expressed these sentiments to Nerval, who, touched by his generous offers, betrayed a confidence that charmed Dulitot.

They arrived at Lyons, where the friendly attention of Dulitot obliged the amiable and unfortunate lady to take a house more suitable to his person than to her situation, which he endeavoured to alleviate by the most generous behaviour. Every day he established, or rather strengthened himself in the confidence of Nerval; he thought he had gained her good-will, so far as to be able to confess to her how unhappy he was that she had already engaged her hand to a man who was so unworthy of it; and how transported he should be, if, by a method which he slightly glanced at, she could withdraw it in his favour. Nerval's delicacy appeared to be startled at a proposition to which she had herself brought Dulitot: it was only after some time, attention and perseverance, that she made known her resolution. As legitimate means were the only ones that she would employ, she told Dulitot, who was pressing her continually, that she was determined to get her marriage dissolved; and that for this purpose, it was necessary that she should go to Corsica to urge its annulment.

Dulitot, charmed at the project, provided every thing that was requisite for this voyage, and penetrated with

with grief at the absence of his mistress, it was only in consequence of her positive prohibition that he did not accompany her to the place of embarkation; he therefore tried to console himself, by indulging the flattering hopes which this step afforded him.

Debar, the intimate friend of *Dulitot*, of whom I have spoken at the beginning, was in his confidence; but he combated, with all his might, an inclination the end of which did not appear to him advantageous to his friend; he ventured to entertain a rather unfavourable opinion of *Nervalle*, and what he strove to persuade *Dulitot* to on this head, had a little cooled the latter. *Debar's* attachment however was not at all changed; he pitied his friend, and still cultivated his confidence in order to reserve to himself the means of being useful to him: so noble a manner of acting touched *Dulitot*, who came to himself, and listened to his advice, although he did not follow it when it counteracted his inclination.

Nervalle returned from *Corfica*; she informed the impatient *Dulitot*, that their wishes could not be accomplished, and that she had found insurmountable obstacles to the dissolution of her marriage. *Dulitot* was disconsolate; he found no alleviation to his grief, but in the part that *Nervalle* condescended to take in it; and this trifling comfort was unavailing.

During all this interval, *Nervalle's* family had not given up their researches; she learnt by letters which she always communicated to *Dulitot*, that her uncle had some suspicions of her being at *Lyons*, and that she would not be there long in safety. "You see, my dear *Dulitot*," said she to him in a tender tone, "with what animosity they pursue me; it

seems that frightful destiny envies me the comforts with which your generous esteem soothed my bitter troubles. Do not be surprised if some day an unforeseen warning should force me to a sudden absence. In case I should come to know that my relations are too well informed, and are taking measures accordingly, I would go to Toulouse to conceal myself in a convent, of which this is the address: however, you must not write to me there before you have heard from me, and I might possibly not send a letter to you for a month, on account of the necessary circumspection and precaution which I shall explain to you, and which you may already anticipate."

The tears with which she accompanied this speech, were followed by tender protestations mutually expressed, to love each other for ever in spite of their misfortunes.

Nervalle's fears were not immediately justified; the tranquillity in which she found herself in this respect, determined her to propose to Dulitot to go for her to Aix: it was on a business of some importance. Out of the wreck of her fortune, Nervalle had preserved a considerable sum in bills of exchange, which till then had remained in the hands of a friend and trustee, who had not had it in his power to transmit them to her before: these bills were drawn on the Marchioness de Vorson, at Aix. Nervalle knew no one, in this town, to whom she could entrust the commission of receiving the amount of them; Dulitot undertook the business, and set off to execute it. Arrived at Aix, he went, according to the address mentioned, to the Marchioness de Vorson's; she was not known: surprised, he made inquiry, hunted every where, and after the most diligent search, which prolonged his stay more than he would

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would have wished, he saw himself forced to return without having discovered any trace of this Marchioness. Vexed at a disappointment so unexpected, accusing only the dishonesty of Madame de Vorseu, who he supposed had quitted the town to avoid her engagements; and thinking only of the concern of his mistress on learning this unforeseen loss, he returned to Lyons full of sorrow and inquietude. His own situation contributed to afflicting reflections; his affairs were not in a good state; his trade neglected, the enormous expences that he had been at for Nerval, reduced him to a melancholy situation; he hoped at least to deposit and forget part of his cares at the feet of that adorable woman. He flew to her house on his arrival, to that house which he himself had furnished, where he saw comfort and taste, seconded by his liberality, embellish the abode of his dear Nerval: how great was his grief? Nerval, during his absence, had quitted her house and the city; no news that might tranquillize him respecting what could be become of her. What surprised him more, was, that not only the jewels, but even the most trifling articles which he had given her, had disappeared with her. However, Nerval seemed to shew her sincerity, by also taking with her a niece of Dulitot's; this was a child eight or ten years of age. But this circumstance was unnecessary to persuade Dulitot of the honour, the candour, and the sincerity of his mistress; he did not for a moment ascribe to her any views contrary to those which he had always discovered in her. His friend Debar, who was not blinded by love, did not think like him; he employed the best reasons to prove to Dulitot that he was deceived; but it was always without success: the latter opposed, to the reasons of

his friend, the motives of the researches of the family of Nerval, who, no doubt, had found herself forced on that account to make an expeditious retreat.

The adventure made a noise in Lyons, where for a long time past Dulitot's singular attachment had been remarked, and had excited the censure of all those who knew him. The derangement of fortune that had followed it, was at length the cause of his partners excluding him from the firm.

Here then was Dulitot, without establishment, without property, and forsaken by Nerval, for whom he had made every sacrifice. He was the talk of the city; every one questioned him, with an ironical air of interest, respecting the fate of that woman of fashion whom he had formerly brought: his friends made him secret reproaches; but he answered to all that he knew very well where she was, and that she had apprized him of this sudden step. He in fact expected to find her again at the convent of Toulouse, which she had mentioned to him; and till the expiration of a month, the period fixed by her to write to him, he kept himself as quiet as he possibly could. The month was elapsed, the wished-for letter did not yet arrive; his friend Debar advised Dulitot to at last forget a woman who was making a fool of him; he entreated him to avail himself of the few resources that he had left to retrieve his situation, and repair, by a prudent conduct, the losses which he had sustained. Useless advice! Dulitot could not profit by it; Nerval alone occupied him; he would inform himself of her fate: he set off for Toulouse; he flew rapidly on the wings of love and hope; his heart leaped, all his senses were moved at the sight of the
asylum

asylum that was to contain Nerville: he ran, approached, inquired — she was unknown — Grief oppressed him; his ideas were confounded, his feelings were at variance, scarcely did he know himself; no other resource remained than that of returning to Lyons, where tender recollections and a secret instinct called him. Then it was that Debar's friendship again strove to bring back Dulitot to reason; experience must have given him a lesson; events condemned him, and added to the strength of argument; but what can friendship, or reason, against the prepossessions of feeling? "No, my friend," said Dulitot, "nothing now can make me doubt the honour of Nerville; too many reiterated proofs would make it a crime in me to harbour the slightest suspicion: you know little of her, and your opinions provoke me. But let what will be the case, I must see her, and come to an explanation with her; I cannot live in such cruel suspense!"

Debar had too much feeling to forsake his friend in so critical a conjuncture; he judged that it was necessary to give way to his weakness in order to cure him of it more certainly, or to preserve at least a confidence that might serve to guide him on a more serious occasion.

Incessant inquiries at length informed them what people had assisted Nerville in the removal of her property, and by their means, what road she had taken on leaving Lyons. She was gone to Dijon. Dulitot wished already to be there. "Well! said Debar, I must go to Paris, I will, to oblige you, sacrifice some time and a little expence; I will accompany you as far as Dijon, and I will try to serve you effectually: your
error

error is not perhaps incorrigible, and my attention may restore you to yourself and to happiness."

Our two friends set off, and were not long in reaching Dijon; they arrived there, and sought every where for the object of their journey. No one knew Nerval; in vain Dulitot described her, he discovered no trace of her. When they were beginning to despair of the success of their inquiries, they at length found an inn-keeper, who thought he knew the original of the picture drawn by Debar, who was then alone at this investigation. The good man added, "that not only the lady had a young girl with her, but that she was accompanied by her husband, and that she even appeared big with child; they lodged some time at my house, added he, and liked their abode very well; but their affairs preventing them from staying, they set off for Langres about three weeks ago."

Debar, very glad of his discovery, and of the little circumstances which he had learned, returned to Dulitot, who, fatigued with having again run all over the town, had thrown himself on his bed in the greatest depression of spirits. He restored him to life by this intelligence, but when he specified that Nerval was not alone, and that she was with child; "Ah! heaven! exclaimed Dulitot, is it possible! but no, it is a mistake."—"What, replied Debar, you still believe in her virtue, and all her improper conduct does not undeceive you!"—"Ah! my friend, she is a woman so modest, so virtuous! If you knew her! Let us set off my friend, let us set off for Langres."—"I consent, said Debar; I will not forsake you till you are convinced of her perfidy; besides we must find out your niece."

Here

Here then were Dulitot and Debar once more running after Nerval, the one for the pleasure of seeing her again, the other to confound her, if possible. Being arrived at Langres, Debar, with his usual activity and intelligence, found means to discover the very place where she lodged; he took Dulitot thither, asked for a room for them both, and went up to it with him while their supper was preparing. As they were on the staircase, Debar perceived Nerval, who was coming down at that moment; he hid his face with his hat, slipped in dexterously betwixt her and his friend, and made the latter, who was not attentive to his motions, enter the room. When they were there together, Debar told him that the inn to which he had brought him, was that where Nerval lodged; that a young adventurer, who went by the name of the Chevalier Duval, and whom she made pass for her husband, accompanied her, and that she was really with child, as they had been told at Dijon. "Have you seen her?" warmly interrupted Dulitot.—"Yes, I have seen her; and your doubts are absurd and offensive to me." Dulitot confused, did not dare to answer. Debar took advantage of this moment of astonishment and indignation, to make him the warmest representations on the inconceivable error by which he had suffered himself to be blinded respecting this woman: then reverting to all her actions, to begin by her ready and suspicious acceptance of the two *louis d'or* on the Paris road, he evidently demonstrated the falseness of their principle, the meanness of their end, and the contempt which they deserved. The zeal of friendship, that pure, warm and affecting zeal, animated Debar's discourse; reason and justice gave him all the force and authority that he could derive from such supports; and he also seconded it by the obvious

obvious and pressing considerations of the misfortunes, the indigence and the contempt that had been brought on him by his weakness for a female adventurer unworthy of the countenance of an honest man. A salutary impression was made on Dulitot's mind; his silence and his tears were an eloquent confession of his faults; his whole conduct announced a man disposed to follow the advice of his friend, though it were contrary to an inclination which he began to blame. Debar, seizing this disposition, to which he had endeavoured to bring him, continued to move him, and thus concluded his exhortation. "I have proved to you how highly Nerval's conduct and person deserve contempt: you feel the sad effects of a love which you must completely banish: you see the necessity of an open rupture: this is the manner in which you must bring it about, and in a moment. Nerval's apartment is not far from this; you must go thither; I will accompany you: we will ask for your niece without any other explanation, and also for the jewels which you gave her, and which she cannot refuse to restore to you; this business must be done with boldness and dispatch; after that, we will think of repairing, by means of my friends, the state of your fortune, which your unhappy passion has so materially deranged."

Dulitot promised every thing; his courage was roused by the generosity of his friend, whose firmness seemed to have communicated itself to his heart: the resolution was taken; Debar fortified it anew with every thing that might render it immovable; he saw in Dulitot's air, an assurance of the sincerity of his promises; satisfied with his exertions, and daring to hope from them the wished-for success, he left the room with him. Nerval's apartment was higher than theirs; they ascended

cended to it, and knocked ; it was supper time : a tall young man, with a handsome countenance, came and opened the door ; Dulitot's heart was moved on approaching the place where his mistress was ; a confused agitation made him hesitate. " Come in then, said Debar, and remember your promises, and the conduct that you must adhere to, or else I give you up." Dulitot's tottering steps no longer answered the resolution that he had just manifested a moment before ; Nervalle appeared, and the sight of her completely disconcerted him. " How delighted I am to see you again !" cried she to Dulitot, accompanying this sweet exclamation with an enchanting smile, and with that seducing look, the power of which she had so often experienced over the too feeble Dulitot ; " grant me a moment's conversation in this closet." She opened the door of it at the same time, and was followed thither by Dulitot, who sighed, looking at his friend. The latter would have recalled him, but in vain.

Debar waited with impatience the end of this private interview ; at last it concluded ; the fatal door opened ; Dulitot appeared, with his eyes still quite swelled by the tears that he had just shed. " These gentlemen will do us the honour to sup with us," said she, looking at the young chevalier.—" I," answered Debar ; " no, Madam, I withdraw, and to-morrow morning early I set off post for Paris ; I see too plainly that my presence here is useless. Adieu." In saying these words, he went away. Dulitot followed him, in hopes of bringing him back, by communicating to him his illusion. " Ah ! What do you mean ? answered Debar ; must I remain to be the witness of your new follies ?"—" Ah ! my friend, you are ignorant of the truth : the young man who accompanies her is her husband ; I know

know the motive of all her proceedings, which have incurred from you so much blame. She is innocent, as I always thought ; and—" " No, said Debar, I can listen to you no more ; all that I can promise you, is to delay my departure till to-morrow at noon : you will have time to execute, between this and then, what you had promised me to-day ; and if your resolution is not more effectual, I set off, and nothing shall detain me."—" But, my friend, I cannot avoid going to sup with her ; a refusal on my part, after the invitation which she gave me before her husband, might appear strange to him."—" Go, said Debar, for my part I remain alone, but think of setting off to-morrow morning with me, or of renouncing my friendship for ever."

The forenoon of the next day was employed, by Debar, in exhorting his friend as warmly as the preceding evening ; the question was to come to a positive decision ; Debar wished to set off ; and after having fulfilled all the duties of the most affectionate friend, he was at the point of abandoning Dulitot to all the misfortunes of his passion, if he did not seriously comply with his wise advice. He exposed to him more strongly still into what difficulties he would fall, if he did not tear himself from this perfidious woman. " Ah ! my friend," cried Dulitot, " you are going to tax me again with folly and credulity, but you do not know her yet ; at the moment in which I am speaking to you, she is labouring hard to procure me a place of commissary in the war department ; I have seen the letters which she has written for that purpose ; it is in this manner that she wishes to indemnify me for the disbursements which I have made for her." Debar could with difficulty curb his impatience ; this last trait animating

mating him again, he continued the representations which it was proper to make to the feeble Dulitot ; but not seeing him as decided as he wished, he sent for his post-chaise, and prepared to quit him.

The approach of the departure of his friend, however, agitated Dulitot : the sentiment of all that he owed him operated on his mind ; friendship and gratitude were not extinguished in his heart ; he saw all that he was going to lose ; Debar perceived him hesitate and give way ; he wished to take advantage of this first impression, and prevailed on him to take the step which he had recommended the evening before. Dulitot promised, and went to execute it ; but his courage forsook him at the very moment. Debar, then feeling that it was better to content himself with what he might obtain than to require all, dreading besides the danger of a fresh interview, renounced his first ideas, and confined himself to deciding Dulitot to depart. He kept up, by his remonstrances, the ferment in which his friend was ; and contriving to wrest from him a sullen consent, he flew to bring his niece, whom Nerville resigned without much difficulty, since Dulitot, ruined, could no longer be useful to her ; and stepping with them into the post-chaise, he took them to Dijon, in order to place the niece there in a convent, and thence pursue his journey to Paris, where he reckoned to procure Dulitot resources which he could not hope to find for him at Lyons. Debar's own affairs also called him thither, and his money began to get low. At Auxerre they took the passage-boat ; here Dulitot was in such a situation as may be imagined, melancholy, thoughtful, seeing nothing of what was passing around him, lost in his own ideas, still in love, and persuaded of the honour of his mistress, accusing her

her of none of his misfortunes, which he imputed to his own evil destiny, and cursing his fate in adoring Nerville. Debar congratulated himself, however, on having removed him from so dangerous an object, and hoped that time and absence would alleviate his afflictions, and cure his folly; he exerted his attention to divert and enliven him. Among the persons embarked in this passage-boat, Debar remarked an officer clothed in a uniform similar to that of the Chevalier Duval. Struck by the idea that this sight awakened in him, he interrogated the officer. "Are you not, sir, of the regiment of Bourbonnois?" "Yes, sir," said the officer—"You come then from Corsica, I presume."—"I am just arrived thence."—"You must know the Chevalier Duval; he belongs to your regiment."—"No, sir, I am not at all acquainted with him."—"That is singular; he is a young man, much about your size, with a pleasing countenance; he has fine light hair, a soft voice, an agreeable look, but the most unpolished manners."—"No, sir, that Chevalier does not belong to our corps."—"But, surely, you know him; his wife went to see him in Corsica a few months ago."—"Ah! I see now whom you mean; the title of Chevalier had deceived me: does not she whom you call his wife, go by the name of Nerville?"—"Exactly so."—"But I did not think that, when she was with him, she went by that name."—"It seems to me that you are well acquainted with her."—"Vastly well; and this is her character, if you wish to know it. Nerville is a pretty Paris girl, who understood her trade very well; she fell seriously in love with an adventurer in a small way, who, after having enjoyed her favours at a cheaper rate than any other man, having

“ having grown tired of her, and having no resource,
“ enlisted in our regiment, and came with us to Corsica.
“ Last summer, this girl, through a constancy very un-
“ common in beings of her species, came to release her
“ lover : she had the appearance of a rich woman, and
“ as she said, her fortune was made at Lyons, no doubt
“ by means of some dupe, wherever he may be. She in
“ fact released her dear favourite ; they then both de-
“ parted ; I have not learned what is become of them,
“ nor do I trouble myself about the matter. That’s
“ the history of your pretended Chevalier Duval and
“ his respectable consort.”

During this recital, Debar fixed his eyes on Dulitot : he saw him all at once turn pale and red, with shame and despair. He would not completely overwhelm him, and therefore was silent. The next day, he thought that the night having left his friend time to make sober reflections, he might wholly undeceive him by warmer and more urgent remonstrances. These overthrew Dulitot ; he was unable to answer his friend : his despair was strongly depicted in his face. Debar saw at last that truth had made an impression on his poor friend, and not choosing to push matters to extremity, he went away from him, after having affectionately squeezed his hand, and manifested his pardon in his eyes moistened with tears. Dulitot also went away. A quarter of an hour had now elapsed since this separation, when Debar heard some cries : it was those of the persons who had just seen Dulitot throw himself into the river. Every one was eager to fly to his assistance ; but it was too late ; he was dead when he was taken up.

Such was the end of Dulitot ; the victim of an inconsiderate love, nothing had been able to convince
him

him of Nerval's perfidy : he ran through a considerable fortune in worshipping this divinity, who abused his passion; and when his eyes were open to the light, despair forced him to renounce a life which no longer presented him any prospect but shame and remorse. This is the most striking example of the excesses to which we may be led by a blind passion, and the fatal *bandeau* of Love.

ON SIMPLICITY.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1774)

OF all the images that can be offered to the mind, there are none that in general please it more than those of an agreeable Simplicity. Rural pictures carry with them something affecting, which penetrates the soul, and fixes it calmly on objects of a flattering nature. We love to recollect situations foreign to our ordinary mode of life, but for which nature seemed to have formed us. After having, at first sight, admired the brilliant show of courts, our eyes, fatigued by a pageantry which seduces but for a moment, dwell with delight on the beauties of a fertile country, and the simple graces of a shepherdes.

Pastoral manners, considered under their advantageous point of view, make, by their innocence, their tranquillity, and their pleasures, a delightful impression on persons the most indifferent. Hamlets appear to be the asylums of peace and sentiment. The tumult of cities presents nothing but an agitation, but affairs and troubles as real in themselves, as frivolous in their object. Prejudices and opinion set every engine at work to lead their slaves to a happiness which nature had placed nearer to us, and at the sight of which we still sigh. Authors as we are of our misfortunes, we insult nature by neglecting her blessings; yet their image flatters us; a secret instinct forces us to admire them: we feel that the *Rosière de Salency*, crowned with flowers, enjoys a triumph more sweet than must have been that of Pompey.

The less we depart from Simplicity, the more we approach happiness. Real wants are very limited, and very easily satisfied; it is those of opinion, which are numerous and tiresome. We complain without reason of the ills which besiege the human species, they are few in number; every thing is pleasure when we follow nature, every thing is pleasure among animals: every use of their faculties is a blessing which they have not learned to forget: to feel and to be happy, is to them almost the same thing, because unruly passions and a corrupted imagination have not created for them evils with which we are overwhelmed only through our own fault. We resemble madmen who, placed in a land of delight, see nothing there but the precipices and dangers with which their disordered brain is struck; stupidly insensible to the pleasures that surround them, they anxiously seek consolation for an imaginary misfortune. Every one knows the story of that prince who, through the most singular madness, fancying himself to be dead, caused his apartment to be arranged as he thought the gloomy abode of the departed ought to be, and obstinately persisted in not eating, because, said he, very properly, the dead do not eat. To how many people might not the apostrophe be addressed!

— *Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.*

— Wherefore dost thou laugh?
Change but the name, of thee the tale is told.

The mediocrity of our situation, the opposition which we find to vain pretensions, to ambitious vices, an obstacle to our amusements alone, nothing more is necessary

necessary sometimes to discomfit and afflict us; there is no longer any pleasure for us, we throw a veil over every object, we bury ourselves in sadness, and we fancy ourselves dead to happiness, as if we were in want of necessaries, or pain consumed our organs. What! Does the sun no longer rise to fertilize the earth, to light us still, to reanimate our being and afford his lustre to the good that we may do? Is the air we breathe charged with pestiferous and deadly exhalations? Does nature no longer present her productions and her favours?

Let us open our eyes, let us act, let us leave in our soul a free access to sensibility, we shall then find happy sensations to experience, sweet feelings to cherish and participate.

Competence, health, and content, what more, I would ask, is requisite to live happy? Do not coarse and wholesome dishes equally satisfy want, and agree better with the constitution than a high-seasoned diet, which must be prepared at a great expence? A common stuff protects us as well from the inclemencies of the season as those delicate tissues invented by effeminacy and pride; and content cannot be the offspring of a thousand superfluous possessions, rejected by nature, disavowed by reason, and to which ridiculous or unjust prejudices have alone attached any value. It is the love of the common good, it is our efforts for that, which must afford us the satisfaction, the feeling of which fills the heart, and embellishes our days. When I see a restless and greedy wretch bend himself to every shape, tire himself in intrigues, endure a thousand disgraces, and support the greatest mortifications, I say to myself, what then would this man be at? Can he not live quiet, independent, enjoy himself and some of the sweetest gratifications attached

to human nature, without giving himself up to this perpetual torment? No doubt he might live happy; but he wishes to acquire riches for which he has no occasion, distinctions which, in the mind of others, will afford a greater idea of his person; an interest the employment of which will procure him ingratitude and envy; these are the wants of his fancy and of his situation, and these are the misfortunes with which he pays for the frivolous appearance worshipped by a silly and vulgar crowd.

How infinitely more do I esteem that peaceable villager, cultivating the field of his forefathers, bringing up a family in which, through his care, concord reigns, and his virtues are perpetuated; receiving from his neighbours the homage of the sentiments to which he is entitled by his equity and his benevolence! The proud and vain citizen often sees in him only a common rustic; but the indigent man sees in him a comforter, the weak find in him a support, and the sage views in him the man of nature, the true and simple man, useful to society, and respectable in the eye of philosophy.

The model of this portrait is doubtless not common; however agreeable it may be to people in imagination the fields with this species of beings, we must yet confess that it is there very scarce.

He who, charmed with these beautiful ideas, should go and seek their real objects in the places where he supposes them, would be sadly surprised to find there often none but clownish peasants, as corrupted as the people of the towns, and whose vices, less dangerous because they are seen unmasked, are on that account only the more forbidding. Every where men are susceptible of the same passions; every where these passions are developed, when there are subjects to

feed them. Accordingly, it is not in the countries bordering on cities, nor in those where the luxury of the lord of the manor has conveyed their spirit, that we can expect to see any thing of that happy simplicity which reminds us of the golden age; for this we must quit the frequented roads, and penetrate into those solitary regions where, under a favourable sky, in a smiling landscape, and breathing a pure air, a small number of men assembled, knowing few wants, act only to satisfy them with the least possible disadvantage to others, and soften their manners by the easily acquired knowledge of the precepts of the gospel, and by the spirit of fraternity which it enjoins.

It is false desires and imaginary wants that produce excesses and crimes; therefore feelings will be regulated, and morals will be pure in that place where these superfluous wants are not known, and where there exist no objects that can awaken vain or criminal desires. But as the love of self, which we naturally carry to the extreme, gives rise to actions which may affect the general good, there must be a check to it; that of religion is at the same time the most powerful and the most suitable to men of simple life. I would ask, whether this is not the situation of those countrymen who, attached to the small properties which they improve for their subsistence, know not our frivolous distinctions and our idle effeminacy; whose looks, daily flattered by the most beautiful sights that nature can afford, have never witnessed the pride of our cities nor the pomp of our courts; who attending only to the voice of their pastor, feeling only the blessing of being beloved by their wives and of loving their children, having no other evils than those of physical pain, always rare when we lead a laborious life,

life, enjoy all the pleasures incident to their nature and by it avowed? There are then situations where happiness, nature, and virtue are united; our ideas in this respect are not chimerical; simplicity is not to be found in the eclogues of the poets alone; and although perhaps we never have had the satisfaction to contemplate it, we feel, by reasoning, that somewhere it necessarily exists.

Besides, I think that its empire never appears with more force or in a more amiable light than in those who submit to it from choice; it is among those persons cured of false pleasures, restored to true philosophy, that we can admire simplicity, embellished, improved by reflections on its own advantages, by all the motives which can be furnished by a just mind, a true taste, and a feeling soul.

We are so organized that we commonly owe the knowledge and the sense of benefits, only to the proof of their contraries; the man naturally simple enjoys the most happy state, frequently without thinking of it: the man of education who adopts simplicity, sees more clearly the value of his happiness, and follows it with more ardour. Their enjoyment, methinks, has only the same objects, but they relish them not in an equal degree: the merit of comparison and of choice occasions an essential difference. This is the reflection that I suggested to an austere man, very much irritated at the disorders of civil life, and regretting the state of pure nature. I forced him to admit that we at least were indebted to society for all that renders solitude charming, and a simple life perfectly happy.

ON SENSIBILITY.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1774.)

SENSIBILITY, from its very nature, is felt better than it can be defined; it is that happy disposition, which extends our existence by rendering us accessible through a greater number of channels, and causes us to find sensations, and ideas, from things which seem likely to be foreign to our nature. It renders us, in some measure, universal; and if in the social state, the happiness apportioned to each individual is estimated by the laws, only inasmuch as it involves the general good, it may be said that the man of feeling is the most excellent of sociable beings. Sensibility must be considered as a quality of the soul, or as the result of organization; in these two cases it always depends on education, qualified, I admit, by a few restrictions.

I say first that, Sensibility depends on education as a quality of the soul; for as our qualities, whatever they are, may be defined habits to follow such or such ideas, it may be perceived that it belongs only to education to give us these habits, since it is from that alone that we receive ideas, and learn to act consistently. I add, that it depends likewise on education also as a result of organization, because the education of the senses (which even should be the first) changes or modifies our physical dispositions.

It is flattering to have it in our power to inculcate in children that sensibility, the source of so many pleasures, and a virtue so necessary to general happiness.

It

It will, perhaps, be objected to me, that this quality, which I am thus extolling, is incompatible with that courage and that firmness of soul, which an austere and wise education labours to inspire.

I might answer this objection by experience, in quoting Turenne, as the mildest of men, and remarking that all heroes shew a truly feeling soul.

But I will go farther; I say that it is to sensibility alone that great men have been indebted for their heroism; I am of opinion that there is nothing but Sensibility that can form sublime and energetic souls; and *I believe* that reasoning will bear me out in the assertion. Nothing is done without a cause; no one acts without a motive. In every organized being, possessed of sensibility, it is the impression of feeling that directs and determines; the more the organization is perfect, and the feeling exquisite, the stronger is the impression and the quicker the determination. The nature of man appears superior to every other, by his conformation being more developed, more capable of receiving different impressions, and of transmitting and communicating them.

Accordingly, among animals, we might trace the shades of feeling, by the degrees of difference of their conformation from that of man.

Among quadrupeds, those which resemble us the most are those which feel the most; already among the feathered race this superiority of instinct (which is only a more extensive feeling) is hardly any longer to be perceived; it disappears entirely in fishes, which, as cold as the element that they inhabit, seem to have no more than the power of breathing.

Among animals, the portion of feeling which each species has received cannot be increased: the care of
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man may apply it variously, but cannot extend it. The animal is sensible of the present ; but it is doubtful whether he remembers, and certainly he does not foresee. The nature of man, on the contrary, is susceptible of improvement ; this perhaps is the only advantage that he has over other beings ; but indeed this advantage is of infinite consequence. It is this possibility of improving his nature, by reflection and mutual aid, that may be said to constitute the moral of man.

Feeling is the first cause of action. We live because we are organized ; we act, we examine, because we feel. To this cause may be added that of the ideas and reflections with which education inspires us, and by which our connections being extended, and our wants multiplied, consequently our actions increase in vivacity and in number.

The active capacity increases in proportion to the aliments with which it is nourished ; we are all born with the faculty of feeling ; it is the desires with which we are inspired, that develop this faculty, and extend our portion of sensibility. After physical wants, the violence of which depends on the perfection of the organs, the first want that man in society experiences is that of the good-will and esteem of his fellow-creatures. To these two things, in fact, are attached almost all those which can contribute to our welfare : accordingly, they always were a great spur, when a skilful government and a rational education, proposed them as the object and recompense of general emulation. It is to the pains that were taken to set off the advantages of these things, to cause them to be attentively considered, and thus excite desires, that several men owed that love of glory, through which were seen exercised

exercised the greatest virtues. This love, so powerful, to which we are indebted for so many noble deeds, was therefore, among those who were inflamed by it, nothing but an extreme Sensibility to the opinion of the public.

All great sentiments are allied; a man not susceptible of great passions is also not susceptible of great virtues; and he who should find means to raise his looks sufficiently high to attach his happiness to general esteem, to true glory, knows how to sympathize with the unfortunate, grow gentle with the weak, practise friendship, and feel warmly on all occasions. Never expect any thing sublime from a cold, though sound, soul; reason, wise reflections, a regard for order, may produce equity, and justice; but it requires enthusiasm to be great. Among elevated souls, who devote themselves to good, and love it for its own sake, virtue is a thing cherished with as much transport as a mistress. The Stoic himself, that mad, and at the same time divine being, owed all that was great in his outward affectation of insensibility, only to the sensibility which he possessed inwardly for the admiration of mankind. Feeling is the fire of the moral world: it is the active agent by which every thing is moved and sought for; it is the vivifying principle, the creative element. It is feeling, that more or less extended and developed, in every individual, distinguishes their capacity, particular or relative. It is through feeling that genius is inflamed and elevated, that man makes his way, that the hero encounters difficulties, despises dangers, and with the same eye that braves death, sheds tears of pity, beneficence and joy. In the signification the most generally received, sensibility is therefore the faculty of
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being moved; and as such, we cannot avoid admitting it as the universal principle, on the development of which depends the capacity, the value of every individual. In ordinary use, this denomination is a little limited; sensibility is confined to that disposition, which causes us to share the sensations and the feelings of others: certainly this is not the least advantageous point of view under which it may be considered; it even presents the essential object towards which it ought to be directed, and from which it receives all its value.

Man wishes to be happy; this is his primitive destination, but he is really so, and is good for any thing, only inasmuch as he renders his felicity dependant on that of his fellow-creatures. It is to this mutual intercourse that is attached the welfare of each party, and the beautiful arrangement of the whole; attraction moves all bodies, and keeps them in their place; in like manner sensibility renders their movements proportionate and general, and maintains harmony. Through it, every thing is arranged, every thing embellished; society is secured and improved, man enlarges his nature, and extends his existence; he raises himself to his Author by imitating what is shewn us by his sweetest attributes, his goodness, his clemency, his mildness, his generosity, and his beneficence.

Soul of nature, divine fire, celestial spark, come and inflame all hearts with thy holy warmth! Let all men living be united for ever in thy happy bonds; O! sensibility! reign over the world, it will then be the empire of happiness. I, who see all thy value, devote myself wholly to thee, and renounce all pleasures but thine.

ON LUXURY.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1775.)

WE frequently hear many rational people declaim against luxury; by their account, it is at least the corrupter of morals, and the destroyer of empires; but the most rational persons are sometimes mistaken: habit and prejudice have so much influence over most of our decisions, that they are seldom made according to our ideas alone, and still more seldom are they equitable.

In a question which is so intimately connected with morality and legislation, should we not pursue our inquiry a little farther; and ought we to take upon ourselves to pronounce an opinion, without having previously clear ideas of the nature of a subject, the advantages and the ill effects of which we have under consideration? Nothing would be more simple and more natural than this proceeding, and nothing however is so common as to neglect it. The idleness of thinking is the cause that we choose rather to take things on trust than to examine, and to decide rather than to acquire information. The moralist, who, in the morning, encourages and praises manufactories, exclaims in the evening against the places of public entertainment of a great city. These two objects, however, have one common aim, which is to attract the stranger, to make him spend his money in the kingdom; now, public places and actresses, the disbursements

bursements which they make or occasion, contribute to that purpose no less than manufactories, and are not one of the smallest articles of the trade of Paris.

What then is *Luxury*, this subject of such frequent declamation?

This word *Luxury* presents not to the mind any precise and clear idea; it is one of those comparative expressions, which has no determined meaning, except in the parallel between two nations, or between one class of men and another, or one individual and another. The English peasant, well clothed and well fed, is in a state of luxury, in comparison to the French peasant: the man clad in a thick drab is also in a state of luxury, compared to the savage covered with a bear's skin: every thing in short, even to the feathers with which the Caribs adorn their caps, may be considered as a luxury.

All nations are under the necessity of encouraging talents, and improving the military art, and the science of administration; and what mean is the most effectual for that purpose? Rewards. Of what nature shall be those rewards given to men distinguished by their merit, and by the useful employment of their talents? It cannot be the gift of necessities, but that of some superfluities: now, the possession of these superfluities places them in a state of luxury, with respect to other citizens. In these circumstances, luxury is then useful and necessary.

But in order to know its nature, might we not distinguish it into two species?

The first, which I shall call national luxury, is but little observable, and is founded on an equal distribution of national wealth, that places the citizens among themselves

themselves in a state of comfort, which is a luxury, in comparison to another nation less comfortable. The other, private luxury, results from the unequal distribution of wealth, among the inhabitants of the same country, by which, property collected in a small number of hands, makes some appear to wallow in superfluities, while others are in want of necessaries.

In here distinguishing luxury from its cause, it will be seen that it is the latter which is an evil.

I say that the cause of luxury is the unequal distribution of wealth, and there is the evil; but this evil once introduced, luxury is, if not an efficacious remedy for it, at least a palliative; it is the disbursements of the great that continually carry money and life into the class of the poor. Suppose a man in possession of every thing that is necessary; what is he to do with superfluous wealth? His natural wants are not more numerous than those of the poor man; he has caprices, and it is in the acquisition of superfluities to gratify them, that consists his luxury, and the resource of the indigent artisan.

The evil then exists only in the unequal division of riches; but might not a stop be put to the too speedy accumulation of them in a small number of hands? This is the business of the laws and of the government. There are, no doubt, a thousand means to accomplish it: for instance, what should prevent all citizens from being obliged to make an equal distribution of their property among their natural heirs? A people might also, like the Lucchese, establish imposts in such a manner, that beyond a determined number of acres, the tax should exceed the rent. In such a country there cannot be many purchases made, and no one can be tempted to encumber himself with

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an increase of property which is of no advantage. It is in an improved legislation, that preservatives must be sought against the evils unavoidable in ordinary legislation.

Luxury is accused of corrupting morals and overthrowing empires; but, I repeat the observation, luxury itself, as well as the overthrow of empires and the corruption of morals, are only an effect, the cause of which is the unequal distribution of riches: it is in this distribution that we must look for the principles of both, and in the despotism which favours them, by accelerating the accumulation of wealth in a small number of families.

That despotism accelerates the progress of luxury.

When a people once acknowledge a master, and this master can arbitrarily establish imposts, riches soon begin to be accumulated; the consequence is inevitable: the more a prince increases in power, the less he becomes accessible; under the vain pretext of rendering his majesty more formidable, the favourites veil it from every eye; they shut up the prince in a seraglio, or in the narrow circle of their society; truth never reaches the throne; interest alone surrounds it; and then it is that the greedy courtier enriches himself at the expense of the nation.

The despot, as a man, likes himself in preference to any other; he feels that his happiness depends on those who surround him; and as applications are incessantly made to him in the most barefaced manner, what mean has he of resisting, and exposing himself to the communicative vexation of all those who approach him? Few men have this courage: he therefore lavishes on them his favours, or rather, the substance of his subjects, and thinks he is only liberal when he is unjust.

That the multiplication of men is the remote cause of despotism, and of the corruption of morals.

Despotism, that frightful monster, whose poisonous breath destroys virtue in the bud, and causes happiness to vanish, is an almost necessary effect of the multiplication of men. To consider how it can arise, let us suppose that several families settle on an uncultivated island: their first care will be to clear the land; its inhabitants will all be cultivators. If there be more ground than hands to improve it, he will be the richest who shall work the most: in this society, few laws must at first suffice; they may be reduced to a prohibition of theft and murder: such laws will always be good, because they are established by general consent. If a chief be elected, it will be in order that he may direct the operations of the society, when the question is to repulse pirates who would land on the island and make themselves masters of it. In other respects, little distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants, his military employment fulfilled, leaves him no power; his property is not more extensive; perhaps it only affords him the advantage of choosing a spot for his residence. In this situation, equality subsists, with peace and good order; but the men continue to multiply; all the lands are occupied, what is to be done with this overplus? These superfluous men, finding themselves without property, seek resources in order to escape indigence; the one invents a fabric of cloths coarsely painted; if these take with the inhabitants, he settles on the bank of a river, the navigation of which is favourable to his trade; he collects as many as he possibly can of those men whose labour is to be hired;

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he forms a manufactory. The allurements of gain, which is considerable when traders are far from numerous, soon entices imitators round him ; new inventions appear ; other houses rise in the vicinity of the former, on the bank of that river, which becomes the centre of a town, where people flock from all quarters, because poverty there finds more resources, the rich man more conveniences and pleasures, and vice more impunity. A revolution necessarily occurs in the government ; the laws must be multiplied ; the inhabitants, ceasing at length to be soldiers and citizens, pay to the chief a tribute in order to subsidize troops. The authority of this chief soon increases ; he contrives to employ that which was destined for the maintenance of the army, in supporting himself, with its assistance, to consolidate his power and oppress the nation. From the moment that the people commit their interests to the hands of representatives, chosen for that purpose, they must expect to see them insensibly neglected ; the representatives, forgetting the interest of their constituents in order to concern themselves about their own, foment and keep alive discord. Process of time at length produces that direct opposition of private to general interest, which forms what is called corruption of morals. In fact, what is meant by a debased nation ? Is it that, all the men of which are without morals ? There is none such ; and almost every where, the class of burgher, often oppressed, never oppressive, preserves a taste for virtue. A debased nation is that in which the general good is reckoned nothing ; where the riches and the avarice of the great are extreme, and the interest of the man in power is independent of that of the public. Such is the picture afforded us by the government

of India : accordingly those nations are the vilest in the world.

By this hasty sketch, we discover that the multiplication of men is the remote cause of despotism and of the corruption of morals ; that the unequal distribution of the riches which accompanies them, is the source of luxury ; that these evils once established, the only certain and effectual remedy, would be a new division of lands, a mean almost always impossible, too violent and too dangerous, to be likely to be employed : a good legislation can alone prevent them ; but the problem of a good legislation is not yet solved ; and it is perhaps in this manner that is to shoot forth, rise, grow, and die the moral plant named *empire*. Despotism is its last period ; arrived at this degree by these different progressions, it now presents no more than a phantom of greatness : so the majestic oak appears still to extend its dominion over the forest, when its branches, grown old and become sapless, are every year shattered by the winds.

THE CLOSE
OF
THE DAY.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1776.)

How pleasant it is to find ourselves alone when we have had disagreeable company ! What a satisfaction to be able to rail at our ease, in our arm-chair, against all the fools that have teased us ! I believe that their number was increased to-day for my torment ; scarcely had I time to wake, when a very giddy-headed fellow, rattling away without reason, like the goddesses with a hundred tongues, about all the lies of the day, came, under the title of an acquaintance, to weary me for two hours ; in vain did I bustle about, breakfast, and pretend to have a purchase to make, in order to get rid of him ; he offered to attend me, and would still be here, but for the arrival of a tall thin man, the sight of whom frightened him. His grave and mysterious air, made it doubtful whether he was a physician or a lawyer ; he bowed, coughed, and took a chair ; then beginning a speech, in which I understood nothing but the words *government, police, legislation*, often repeated, he ended by taking a roll of paper from his pocket, saying : “ You have heard Madame T— speak of my plan for clearing
“ certain waste lands in my province ; here it is ; I

“ am very glad of the opportunity to communicate
 “ it to you, in order that you may present it to
 “ Madame de T——; she is rich; I think she is
 “ likely to favour this undertaking. I must have
 “ money; I should want two millions: it is true
 “ that I have already three hundred thousand livres
 “ belonging to several persons who have subscribed;
 “ but you see that the subscription is not full.” — “ I
 “ admit it,” said I to him, “ if I must judge from
 “ your pretensions; but I am not sufficiently ac-
 “ quainted with Madame de T—— to mention to her
 “ the commission with which you charge me.” —
 Upon this my man began to launch out the finest
 phrases, in order to prove to me that in an affair of
 this nature, I could serve him effectually with a person
 that I have seen only once by chance. Finding
 that he required a few promises, I paid him in that
 coin, at the cheapest rate possible, in order to contrive
 to send him about his business; I at length succeeded.
 I was making my escape into my room, to avoid visits
 of this sort, which an evil star might still send me,
 when pulling the door after me, I heard a strong voice
 exclaim: “ What, Ma’am, you hide yourself!” I
 reappeared, cursing in my soul the new intruder: this
 was that devil of an abbé who thrusts himself into the
 journals, and under a *calotte* and gray hair, appears the
 most impertinent fellow that ever existed in the world
 of coxcombs.

“ Well! you don’t come to-day to the concert at
 “ Mademoiselle de St. M——’s?” — “ No, truly,
 “ I have not time, (still less the inclination,” said I,
 muttering). — “ Ah! I shall never be able to pre-
 “ vail on you to hear a thing at which you would be
 “ enraptured!” — “ That may be; but I am one of
 “ those

“ those who don’t run about Paris in search of pleasure, when they can find it in their own apartment.”— “ Ah ! are you not apprehensive of contracting a certain rust in remaining thus shut up ? The mind, absorbed in study, becomes heavy ; and music, music, gives ideas pretty ideas : you will hear a girl who has a divine voice ; she plays, like an angel, on different instruments ; besides, there is a charming party ; they are all women of merit, all women who keep their carriage ! ” — “ I believe it ; but I cannot go out the whole day ! ” — “ Come, we must say no more of the matter. I came also to tell you a piece of good news ; I have Mademoiselle B — your neighbour for a scholar ; her father had heard of my philosophical method ; he came to me several times, and haggled a great deal about terms, although he is very rich : I would not consent for less than two *louis d’ors* a month : it is not too much for a man like me ; for, though I say it myself, I kept my carriage for twenty years.” — “ I remember the circumstance ; you have told it me at least a hundred times.” — “ Yes, I kept my carriage for twenty years ! But when we are young, we have adventures. Do you know that my lectures have not had a great run this year. I have only two female scholars. It was very different, when I opened my course on universal history, for I then continued them for a long time ; but it was very fatiguing ; there’s something terrible in following those Tartars in their excursions to subjugate Asia.” — “ Really, Sir, I can easily imagine that you are not accustomed to those excursions.” — “ Ah ! what labour ! But I hope that I shall make my way, this winter, and that I shall

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“ have

" have scholars in town for the languages. I have
 " just been speaking of you in a house where I
 " called ; I there praised you as you deserve, that is,
 " up to the skies." — " Sir, that is a task which you
 " might have dispensed with for several reasons." —
 " Ma'am, you should learn Italian: with your genius,
 " your capacity, it would not take you more than
 " four months, and for you I would lower my
 " terms." — " Certainly, I am very much obliged to
 " you for this proof of good will, but I shall not avail
 " myself of it." — " My method is a little abstruse : I
 " lately had two female scholars who were three
 " months without comprehending any thing of the
 " matter ; but at the end of that time, they exclaim-
 " ed : ' Ah ! how well it is explained, how well it
 " is conceived ! ' I make no use of that nominative,
 " nor of this genitive : for shame then ! a genitive ;
 " what does that mean ? Ah ! fye ! fye ! I make no
 " use of this genitive. Hold, Madam, tell me, for
 " instance, what is the French language ?" — " It is
 " an idiom of the Latin tongue, as are also the Spanish
 " and the Italian." — " Not at all ; it is an analo-
 " gous language : the French language is a language
 " analogous to our ideas." — " But, Sir, in this sense,
 " all languages are analogous." — " Oh ! no ! that's the
 " way those grammarians confound every thing. Tell
 " me what's a phrase ?" — " It is a thought contained
 " in a determined sense." — " Well ! what's a
 " thought ?" — " It is a modification of the soul, or
 " rather an action of the mind, inasmuch as it con-
 " siders some object ?" — " By no means ; a thought
 " is a body ?" — " What, a thought is a body ? — It
 " is not then as a logician that you define it." —
 " Ah ! Madam, I asked you this question in a logical,
 " gram-

“ grammatical, and metaphysical sense, all at the same
“ time, and you have not answered me; a thought is
“ a body.—But I hear it strike twelve o’clock; this
“ is the hour of my going to mass, I shall have the
“ honour of seeing you again: I leave you in good
“ company, for I see some one coming in ” Ah !
Heaven ! I shall go mad. I have not time to
breathe; it is the gallant St. F—— : an agreeable
person, a prepossessing countenance announce an
amiable man; and indeed he is a favourite with
many women; but, unfortunately, he has the habit
of speaking always with a tone of importance, and
of appearing not to understand what every one else
can say better: besides, he has a certain taste for
study; and notwithstanding he has attained the age
of forty-five, he has just taken a master to teach
him the violin.—“ Is not your father at home,
“ Ma’am ? ” —“ No, Sir.” —“ I came to give him
“ an account of our friend de M——; he is still in
“ India, and he begs me to solicit the minister for his
“ advancement.” —“ Sir, it is six months since he pre-
“ ferred to you that request, which was founded on
“ the promises you made him before his departure;
“ no doubt you have paid attention to them.” —
“ Yes, a great deal, but I have not yet been able to
“ do any thing for him: the ministers are tottering in
“ their places; they are besides very busy; the Che-
“ valier de L——, my intimate friend, came to dine
“ with me yesterday; he told me that nothing could
“ be brought to an end at court; he ran from one
“ office to another, without obtaining the object of
“ his pursuit: I shall wait some time, then I will
“ exert myself for our friend, whom I do not forget.
“ Ah ! ah ! it is late; I am expected to dinner at a
“ house

“ house to which I am invited, to console a little woman of twenty, who has just lost her father : I must make haste.” — “ You are in the right, Sir, the action is commendable.” — I thought, this time, to remain quiet ; but I heard a woman, whose shrill voice resounded from the foot of the stairs ; her husband, nearly connected with a great lord, formerly obliged one of my relations ; one must be polite to the wife who comes to invite herself to dinner. What a sad obligation ! Is it not enough to have paid, in ready money, the service that he rendered ? Come, here am I condemned to spend my afternoon with the greatest gossip on earth : I had occasion for all my courage to sustain this attack ; yet it is not so bad when she is at table ; as she eats a great deal, she talks less ; but this little relief is very dearly purchased. It is afterwards curious to see the animated gestures that set off her foolish conversation, and belie her dress, by which she would have been taken for a respectable woman, whereas she is only an upstart country girl.

At length I am alone by my fire-side ; what a happy situation ! I can then think without interruption, and employ myself according to my fancy. Ill humour has just made me take a pleasure in speaking of all these characters, because we can do nothing worse in regard to fools than to describe them ; but am disgusted at this revenge. I recollect an afflicted mother of a family, who came yesterday to ask me a favour : Come, I quit my tranquil solitude ; let me indulge myself in the pleasure of obliging ; if I perform this action, I shall still, notwithstanding all my misfortunes, be able to rank this among the number of my happy days.

A POLITICAL REVERIE.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1776.)

THE great Colbert has been reproached with having favoured industry at the expence of agriculture ; it is said, that he considered artisans as the only valuable subjects of the state ; in consequence, he lowered, as much as he could, the price of provisions, and the farmer was crushed. It appears that at this day we have adopted a very different system : a young studious prince devotes himself to agricultural details, and seems not much to befriend the arts ; calculating ministers consider agriculture alone as the sole basis of the wealth of a state, and take every method to encourage it : accordingly provisions have risen to a price by which the farmer grows rich no doubt, but which the poor man can hardly attain. M. Turgot is represented to us as a man who combines knowledge with good intentions : I wish this may be the case, and I even believe it in part ; his conduct as intendant at Limoges speaks greatly in his favour ; an intendant who comes out of office beloved and far from rich, may pass for a phenomenon.

But there are some very salutary views, which are not only thwarted, but even rendered dangerous by circumstances.

In a free state, the people are indigent without repining : if they lead a hard and laborious life, they are and consider themselves indemnified by the share which they take in the government ; the taxes that
they

they pay, they impose on themselves, and on that account these taxes are less odious : besides, they feel the advantage of them, because private is so connected with general good, that they do nothing for the latter gratuitously, and without reaping some benefit. But in every government in which the state and the people seem to make two separate bodies, these give not, without murmuring, their work, their sweat and their trouble ; they are not willing to purchase their livelihood twice over, by paying dear for provisions, after having already acquired them by their labour and the payment of taxes. Experience confirms all this. In republics, the imposts are and must be much heavier than in absolute governments ; according to these principles, I would ask what is at present the sort of government under which we live ? It is monarchical I shall be told ; and its intermediate bodies counterpoise the royal authority. The equilibrium, if I mistake not, is not maintained ; the intermediate bodies are the parliaments and the clergy, who, in their reciprocal opposition, give the monarch an opportunity to humble them the one by the other, and thus to remain master. There are fundamental laws ; but those who are the guardians of them, scarcely preserve the right of speaking of them sometimes for form sake. Since the last revolutions, the parliaments are become nothing more than courts of judicature and servants of the crown : the representatives of the people have vanished. Where are the organs of the public voice ? A confused murmur may be heard, and produce a few storms ; but these storms burst again on the places where they were formed, without reaching the upper region, where the tranquil prince remains surrounded by courtiers and cheats.

Odious

Odious spies and frightful informers extended their degrading sway over the close of the last reign: these horrors have seemed to be alleviated and to disappear; but since want has cried: *I am hungry*; troops are marched from one end of the kingdom to the other, and make it appear like a plain bristling with bayonets. Here then is established the reign of terror; this is the resource of a despotic government: did it ever produce any good? Alas! it can only nourish animosity, lead to despair, or bury every virtue. It is too much at once to lose both our liberty and the facility of living; slaves ought not to pay for their bread, they purchase it by their condition. The French may be sufficiently debased not to care much for political liberty; but on that very account, they are more alive to evils which are of a personal nature.

If this system last, if provisions remain dear as well as leases, and if the people continue to suffer, there will happen, either a violent crisis which may overset the throne and give us another form of government, or a lethargy similar to death. How melancholy it is to foresee such a futurity!

MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1777.)

I TAKE up my pen without knowing why ; I have no projects, no ideas, except a few trifling gleams which affect me not sufficiently for me to muster courage to commit them to paper ; but I am tired of sitting methodically at my needle ; I cannot walk, neither can I sing ; necessity, with her iron chains, confines me to my cage ; the feeling of constraint which she makes me experience, repels at this moment the fondness that naturally inclines me to music ; and then, to sing when alone, and without any object in view, what a foolish thing !

I have some female friends to whom I might write ; but they appear to me such devotees, and I am so little inclined that way, that I am afraid of making them set up their shoulders by writing to them my whims ; I reserve myself to correspond with them in a moment when I am more disposed to reason ; they would always take my little follies in good part ; but it seems to me that there would be on their side a certain effort which I should feel, although they were not to complain of it ; this idea embarrasses and stops me. I should wish to read ; I have no works the style of which is analogous to my present disposition ; I have an aversion to history ; every writer presents it and dresses it up in his own way ; a person must proceed in this study as in an enemy's country, where he is afraid even of his guide : we find nothing certain but the horrors which have been committed in every age, and I see,

see, under different names, none but rapacious conquerors, and senseless victims.

I am disheartened by metaphysics; it is a cheat whose discussions serve only to nourish scepticism; the fluctuations of the latter fatigue me; I endeavour to rest myself without knowing where to sit down. I keep where I am, no matter where. Poets and orators seem to me real quacks: I have little faith in their drugs, I will have nothing to do with them to-day. What's to be done then? Ah! I should not be at a loss if . . . Yes: if for instance I inhabited those rural abodes where, breathing a free and wholesome air, we may wander slowly, and gratify ourselves with the spectacle of nature; the country is really the abode of enthusiasm; we listen to ourselves when living in the silence of the forest: we feel that we are alive in the midst of those objects, each of which communicates a sensation and a pleasure. Sacred truth was ever solitary; we approach her by keeping alone. True happiness never existed constantly in the tumult of cities: it calls the sage under the peaceful thatch of the cottage. Like those trees which thrive only in the open fields, I find myself cased up in town, I do not wholly live except in a free air. I have no great esteem for those to whom the aspect of a landscape has nothing interesting and delightful: would their cold and torpid soul produce the sublime transports of virtue, being incapable of those first emotions which nature causes feeling hearts to experience? Nothing is to be expected from those to whom the most beautiful scenes appear dead.

I think that it would be a pretty good method of appreciating the turn of mind and disposition of a person,

to

to judge him by the degree of his sensibility for the true, the beautiful, and the simple. I have often made use of this scale, to the disadvantage of many people whom I saw very much esteemed in what is called good company, and who were only superficial, under the mask of engaging manners, and full of littleness and prejudice. Alas! would the study of mankind then make me acquire only the sad right of despising them! No one can relish more than I do the charm of paying a tribute of esteem to those who are distinguished by real merit; I am delighted when I meet with a man of an elevated soul, who forces me to admire and cherish him; it is my felicity; but how seldom do I enjoy it! I am sometimes disconsolate at the discoveries which make among persons whom I should have had a pleasure in loving. How greatly should I pity her whose first inclination may have been for a man of moderate abilities that she thought of a superior cast, and whom reason assisted by circumstances should suddenly enlighten in the height of her passion! Such a trial, with delicacy and energy in her who undergoes it, is equivalent to years of experience; it is calculated to leave in the soul a tint of sadness which leads to philosophy. It is a wound of the heart, entirely to the advantage of reason, which has only to congratulate itself on the enlargement of its empire, when it is not to be reproached with humiliating weaknesses; but the scar remains in the mind, and inspires it with mistrust; this is a painful situation.

For my part, I hate to put myself on my guard against those about me; nothing pleases me like confidence; it is my element and my life. It required all the serious observations that I have made on the duplicity
and

and levity of men in general, to render me reserved; indeed I am never so but with effort. It is this disposition that has made me experience so violently the want of a female friend; my heart scarcely knew itself, before it was eager to expand; I was oppressed by my sensations, I wished to console myself by sharing them; I was not then twelve years old; inhabiting a new world, I was transported at every scene that offered itself to my view; I felt happiness before I knew how to define it; I did not seek to interchange ideas, but to pour out the sentiments with which my mind was filled. They acquired new force within me, where I was obliged to concentrate them, owing to the few resources that I met with in persons of my age; I was alone in the midst of them, and I sighed after a female companion. I found one at last. An engaging and peaceable disposition, an even and easy temper, a contemplative turn of mind, produced an intimacy between us, and rendered her valuable to my happiness; mild, amiable, considerate, cool and quiet, she had every thing in herself, and had no need of a female friend; but she was perfectly qualified to make an excellent one. She reasoned with me; I felt for her; her thankfulness and integrity made me esteem and cherish her to excess: my burning activity of mind introduced into our intercourse the vivacity of tenderness, and at length caused to spring up in her soul, a sentiment, an attachment of which she did not even think herself capable. She loved me at first through complaisance, then through gratitude and necessity; she afterwards loved me through choice, taste, and pleasure. This union, the principles, the degrees and the form of which attest its duration, spread over my days an

inexpressible charm. A profound sensibility made me feel the want of it; fortunate circumstances favoured it; esteem, happiness, and reflection nourished and fortified it; nothing can any longer shake it: this union now softens my troubles and consoles my grief. Holy friendship! thou alone couldst still infuse pleasure into a heart torn by trials of the most cruel nature!

Without love, without any other passion, without remorse, with a simple taste, chaste inclinations, and sufficient knowledge to occupy my little place in the midst of society, I devour griefs which torment me in private. O! felicity, desirable peace! in what places do you then reside? Yes—I feel it, I find you again in calmer moments, at the bottom of my innocent heart which you will never wholly abandon.

ON OLD AGE.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1777.)

THE recollection of the pleasures which we have enjoyed and can no longer relish, is at once delightful and cruel, unless those pleasures have produced living effects whose charms afford us consolation.

In applying this observation to pleasures of a certain sort, we see the reason of the regrets and *ennui* of an old bachelor who has made the most of his youth. (I smile in writing this, because I am thinking of a certain old gentleman who has furnished me with this observation, and who would bite his lips if he read this Essay; but let us return to my idea.) Nothing is so painful as the feeling of our own weakness and indigence; this feeling is the more lively, the more dissimilar comparison we can make between the state to which age has reduced us, and that which was embellished by blooming youth.

Those cool men, whose relaxed constitution and imperfect organs never gave them more than half an existence, are old from their very infancy, and support with less pain the ravage of years. Time takes away from them less than from others, in like manner as nature had given them less. They have always felt so little, that they no longer have wherewith to feel the loss that they have sustained of the little they had. But those ardent souls, who, in the ebullition of the passions, had known all the value of a full and burning existence, see with pain the winter of years confine, en-

chain and freeze up those vivifying sources whence feeling and happiness issued with impetuosity.

When young, we are happy to exist; when old, we are no longer happy, but from the consideration of having existed.

I have seen none but narrow minded men and little souls, who have not appreciated all that youth was worth, and who did not regret the loss of it extremely. It seems that Nature has granted the privilege of being old without sorrow, after having gathered all the flowers of spring, to those only whose useful autumn ripens and trains up beings that are to supply their place.

The crown of hymen and the paternal sceptre, are the consolatory and glorious attributes of the man and the citizen; they dignify his life and gladden his heart. The sweet testimonies of filial love and gratitude support happiness in his enervated soul; his enfeebled eyes dwell with satisfaction on these cherished shoots that surround him with eager affection; the active attentions of tenderness remove or diminish the evils of decrepitude, and his last breath is gently exhaled, like the balmy vapours of flowers, gradually dried up and withered by the evaporation through which they are exhausted.

We see some old maids who vegetate in tranquillity and without regret, either because they belong to the common class of those who feel faintly, or because having made sacrifices only, they have lost nothing that is to be regretted. Yet there is more than one who bewails hope; these are not the most extravagant; for hope is perhaps the best thing that exists. I know such a person, who, if it were possible, would willingly make a bargain to renounce all the riches in the world,
for

for an exemption from real evils *, and the perpetual hope of all that she could not possess.

Illusions ! chimeras ! but for you, who would run after reality ?

Yet, alas ! every thing flies away, becomes obscured and disappears : the illusions of adolescence, the charms of youth ; every instant, with a portion of our existence, still snatches from us a pleasure, and too frequently substitutes an infirmity. We begin to lose, from the moment when we no longer acquire ; it is the full-blown rose which can no more than fade and cease to be. When the powerful hand of time imprints on us the wrinkles of age, blunts the senses, absorbs the vigour of the mind and body, what would be able to charm and dispel the grief of falling into decay ? Remembrance and hope ; the testimonies of a soul without reproach ; the hope of a future state ; these are helpful aids which soften the declivity by which we descend to the grave ; they embellish the road by the attractions of the prospect, and make us resign ourselves to the arms of death, as quietly as to those of sleep.

Amiable hope, why should I refuse to enjoy thee !

In the phlegm of argument, I doubt almost of every thing, I absolutely reject several ; but as soon as feeling warms my imagination and dilates my heart, I wish for a God, for a soul, for immortality. The desire I have that they may be, persuades me that they are ; I feel the force of the objections that may be made to the contrary, and I would willingly compare it to that gleam of a bright flash of lightning which shews the horizon for a moment, only to replunge it all at once into the most profound darkness.

The habit of speculations, and the indifference they
 13 inspire,

* Pain appears to me the only real evil.

inspire, very frequently throw my mind again into the scale of doubt, but the habit of the prejudices of infancy has still more power; the obligation of preserving these prejudices to outward appearance, incessantly retraces and renews the deep impressions which they formerly made. I feel myself hurried away towards the general declivity; it is so easy to give credit to that which flatters.

The idea of an excellent Being completes my happiness; I love to think that a beneficent Providence, superintends the order of the great machine; I hope to have him for my perpetual witness; I love to believe that he interests himself about human nature, and wills all the good that I desire. Firm in my conduct, uncertainty often agitates my mind; then, without bearing up against it, tranquillized by my intentions, I follow it till something fixes me. It is the flexible reed which, yielding to the efforts of the winds, dreads not their impetuous blast.

To make our actions compensate for our faith, appears to me a sure mean to avoid regret; if we never reach conviction, we miss not happiness; it always accompanies our sincerity with ourselves, and our docility in listening to sound reason. A man of an upright soul, inclined to scepticism, feels himself bound to an exact and rigid virtue: without the practice of the greatest justice, he would be afraid of having thrown off the yoke only from a culpable desire of giving way to his inclinations without restraint. This severity sometimes brings him back to persuasion: it is so pleasant to believe in a remunerator whose favour we labour to merit!

I have neither the power to appear a philosopher, nor the ambition to pass for such; compelled on the one

hand

hand to dissemble what I think, fatigued by this constraint; attracted on the other by those brilliant chimeras which accord so well with my inclinations and my natural sensibility, I perceive that I am bending imperceptibly under the common yoke. It would be a pleasant circumstance if I should one day become a devotee like *Julie*. (I have not however acted like her) I have neither a *St. Preux* to avoid, nor a *Volmar* to convert; but I have seen *Sophie* more devout than *Claire*, who strongly invites me to side with her.

To what purpose is this allusion? What a wandering imagination is mine! Alas! How it masters me! This then is what I have most to complain of in my whole self.

O thou! whose fascinating delusions by turns enrapture and overwhelm me, seducing imagination, who concealest truth under thy charming veil, whose glowing colouring and brilliant tints embellish Nature and lend her graces; if for me thou hast animated so often the scenes of life, far more often still thy treacherous art has pointed the shafts of grief; I fear thy deceitful illusions; by adding to the pleasure of the moment, they pave the way to future regret, and disturb the peace of our days.

Where am I? I was dreaming of the consolations of declining age, here am I talking of the dangers of mine: the transition is natural. It is however useful to be acquainted with the former, in order to know how to procure them.

The old age of the upright man is never sorrowful. The roses of hymen fade, his crown is sometimes composed only of cares; the pleasure of having done well is the only pleasure which is not susceptible of illusion, and the only one of which we pre-

serve the enjoyment, notwithstanding the decay of our organs. If we bewail the energy of youth, we regret not its employment: the satisfaction of having employed it well is its sweetest compensation. Thus the same thing that constitutes the reality of our present happiness, ensures to us its duration. A rational conduct, a beneficent disposition, a taste for truth and simplicity, render youth respectable, old age amiable, and both the one and the other happy, in spite of the differences.

Virtue! the only real good, the only support that we have left amid the ruins which are heaped around us by contradiction, uncertainty and error, how can we neglect thee?

Faithful to thy sacred laws, I have seen man bent with years, slowly crawling along towards his end, complete in peace a route from which felicity never deviates.

We must wed reason betimes, if we wish to have to our latter days an assiduous companion that will render them agreeable. With her we journey happily along; the involuntary uncertainty respecting subjects on which she dares not decide, resembles those clouds that hide the rays of the sun without concealing from us the light by means of which we pursue our career.

Long after this was written, I received some verses from M. de S. V. L. which describe well what I have often experienced.

*Lorsque dans les borreurs d' une profonde nuit,
L'aquilon furieux débainé sur la terre,
Excite la tempête et conduit le tonnerre ;
Que l'horizon obscur s'enflamme et retentit,
Que la foudre en éclats brille et s'évanouit,*

Au

*Au milieu des éclairs, dans le sein du nuage,
 Mon œil d'un Dieu vengeur croit voir l'auguste image ;
 Et quand le crépuscule au déclin d'un beau jour
 De son voile azuré couvrant notre séjour,
 Annonce à l'univers le repos et l'amour,
 Que de l'astre des nuits l'inégale lumière
 Répand ses premiers feux sur les cieux qu'elle éclaire,
 Et que la douce paix semble habiter la terre,
 Je crois, le voir ce Dieu, sourire à ses enfans,
 Sur le monde abaisser ses regards bienfaisans,
 Et partout animant la Nature embellie,
 Répandre le bonheur, l'existence et la vie.
 Mais quand le sentiment fait place à la raison,
 Comme un songe léger, je vois fuir ma chimère ;
 Le charme se dissipe ; et de l'illusion
 Mon cœur regrette en vain la douceur mensongère,
 Alors je vois les maux inonder l'univers,
 Le méchant couronné, la vertu dans les fers,
 L'homme en proie aux douleurs, aux passions, au crime,
 Immolant, immolé ; persécuteur, victime ;
 Et je dis : Un Dieu juste a-t-il fait ces pervers ?
 D'un être bienfaisant ces maux sont-ils l'ouvrage ?
 Non, non : le sort aveugle en créa l'assemblage :
 Un Dieu nous auroit fait heureux à son image ;
 Chef-d'œuvre de ses mains, en formant notre cœur,
 Ce Dieu n'eût pas en vain prodigué sa puissance,
 Le don qui nous distingue eût fait notre bonheur, &c.*

IMITATED.

When gath'ring vapours blacken all the skies,
 When through the gloom the vivid lightning flies,
 When thunders roll, when winds impetuous rage,
 And heav'n and earth a dreadful conflict wage,

I view

I view my Maker's image in the cloud,
And hear the God of vengeance call aloud;
When sober Ev'ning, in her robe of gray,
Extends her veil, to shade the face of day,
When the pale crescent sheds her glimm'ring light,
And all around is wrapt in peaceful night,
I see fair Nature in her modest vest,
The godhead smiling, and his children blest;
But, the dream ended, when my eyes I throw
O'er all this scene of villany and woe,
Mark Vice triumphant, Virtue drag her chain,
And man a prey to passion, crime and pain;
Slaying, and slain; a tyrant, and a slave;
I ask, if God those boist'rous passions gave?
No: Chance made all things, and made all amiss;
A righteous god had made a world of bliss:
With reason's light, felicity had giv'n,
And fashion'd man a master-piece of heav'n.

Alas! this picture is too true for me. But I find a sort of pleasure in meeting with any one who has the same feelings as myself; it is the charm of this conformity that reminds me of the above verses, and induces me to write them now at the end of these reflections, which, by chance, I have re-perused.

A REVERIE

IN THE WOOD OF VINCENNES.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1777.)

Alas ! Can the painful exercise of sensibility have weakened and extinguished it within me ? To my weary eyes, the magnificent scene of the universe appears covered with a veil. I know not what mist, similar to that of the mornings of autumn, surrounds and confuses the objects on which I would wish to fix my looks : I now no longer receive any but languishing sensations ; brilliant Aurora opens the gates of day, without exciting in my heart that delightful and melting emotion which she made me formerly experience ; the enchanting aspect of the country, leaves me cool and tranquil : the affecting lustre of the flowers, the verdure of the shooting grass, the cheerful shade of the woods, the interesting murmur of the water near a voluptuous lawn, the imposing silence of the forests, the majesty of an unclouded sky, the seducing gleam of twilight, or the softened gloom of a still evening no longer speak to my soul : my ideas succeed each other without warmth ; I exist without passions and without taste ; I am become a stranger to the raptures of enthusiasm, to the pangs of compassion, or to the transports of friendship ; man, and particularly the victim of misfortune, obtain my care and attention, without affecting or moving me. Nothing methinks, could, henceforth, occasion me astonishment

ment or terror: without hatred for mankind, without esteem for them, without desire, and almost without regret, I use life with indifference, and should lose it without pain. The sad fruit of reflection and of a knowledge of men! I am yet but three and twenty; already the sweetest illusions have vanished from me, before I have tasted all their charms. Too soon enlightened by afflicting trials, fortified beforehand against the sentiments that remained for me to conceive, I have, with my dearest errors, lost even the faculty of being deceived any more. I loved my fellow-creatures; I know them, and I no longer do them good but through pity: how could I possibly esteem one of them to unite myself to his fate? Nature has betrayed me, would love treat me better?

Insulated on this immense and tumultuous globe, in the midst of its inhabitants, whom interest draws together and renders enemies, all the enjoyment I have left, is that of living forgotten by persons whom I have made ungrateful!

Could I not at least once more find my tears? Thou, whom all animated beings avoid and abhor, O Grief! I invoke thee with loud cries: return to stimulate my powers, and exalt my courage; I prefer thy torments to the death of apathy; I feel thy penetrating poison kindle in my bosom and ferment in my veins; it overflows, surrounds and presses my heart. Inquietude and gloomy care, error and injustice have anew prepared the shafts with which thou piercest me; but in the trouble which thou revivest, I experience at least the want of a friend. From the moment that I wish, existence acquires a value; desire restores it a blessing, since it makes me think that enjoyments can be found. I see advancing towards me flattering hope half shrouded

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ed by a brilliant veil ; her step brisk and light, her carriage firm, she spreads a gentle lustre, like that of the conquering ray darting from between the clouds, which it colours with its fires. At her lovely smile the flowers seem to blow : their balmy perfumes are exhaled in the air, and impart to my senses a fascinating charm. Under a flood of tears, my softened eye surveys, with interest, a road which appeared painful to my savage sight ; the shades vanish, the picture brightens ; my soul is consoled, the earth is embellished.

Quiet and solitary wood, whither I love to direct my wandering steps, why cannot I ramble about thee, with a second self ! supported by friendship, reclined on her bosom, I should breathe with more ease in the stillness of thy walks.

Peace of mind and tenderness follow, and mutually assist each other ; the silence of the plains, their true and simple beauty, touch, move, transport, enrapture, and produce in the heart delicious and indelible impressions.

Multiply yourselves for me, happy ties, dear errors that can cement union and increase benevolence : I will see in men only good and weak beings, often unhappy because they are misled, always interesting and pardonable ; they shall be my brethren, I will be their friend.

If ever spleen and disgust should embitter my days and rend my heart, come thou, holy Friendship, beneficent divinity to whom I owe my happiness, and hasten to reconcile me with my fellow-creatures, with myself, and with life !

VARIOUS THOUGHTS.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1777.)

HAPPINESS! every one talks of it, few know it, and those who feel it, waste not their time in describing it.

I, who am meditating on it, I enjoy it not at this moment.

Feeling fills the soul, every enjoyment absorbs profound reflections; he, whose mind discusses matters coolly, is certainly not affected in a warm and touching manner. Such never wrote but from the want of something to divert his mind: how many others would have thought little had not active grief unfolded their faculties?

Beneficence has this peculiarity, that the more we exercise it, the more pleasure we find in its exercise. We attach ourselves to the unfortunate object that we relieve, and the assistance we give him becomes a want to those by whom it is administered.

He who has once caused the tears of gratitude to flow, and who can afterwards seek a pleasure sweeter than that, is not worthy of feeling all the charm of doing good.

It is useful to borrow the ideas of others; but the habit of consulting them, makes the mind contract a sort of sloth and dulness, which renders it incapable of
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ever determining by its own powers. Reading extends the judgment; to form it, is the province of meditation.

There are some people who are stupid from dint of science; so many names, facts and experiments are heaped up in their head, that natural genius has been smothered by them: their conversation is a repertory of what they have read, without ever being the expression of what they have reasoned upon: it does very well to make use of them as of a dictionary, but the thinking, contemplative being, must be sought for elsewhere.

Too much reading overloads the memory, and dulls the imagination; meditation, on the contrary, carried to excess, heats, exalts, and leads to madness.

I have read somewhere, and I have found it true, that experience is acquired less by dint of living, than by dint of reflecting on what we see and what we do. However, I must add a restriction: no doubt, of two men of the same age, who should have been in similar circumstances, the one might have acquired much more than the other by the justness of his observations; he would have more experience without having lived more: but the least intelligent of the two would still give good lessons to the most sensible man, who had not undergone the same trials, or not been a spectator of the same events. The most enlightened reason cannot perfectly compensate for real experience: old men are justified in making the most of it.

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I am not astonished that in certain favoured climates, gaiety should make one of the distinctive characteristics of the inhabitants: the moderate temperature of a wholesome air, the beauty of a pure and cloudless sky, the aspect of animated and smiling Nature, maintain the humours in a just equilibrium, flatter the senses, and impart to the soul delightful impressions.

The sun, the waters, the earth and its productions strike my eyes for these three and twenty years; the concourse of these grand objects is still new to me: never did a resplendent azure sky attract my looks without moving me, and putting me into a melting mood; a certain something, calm, sweet, and striking in that majestic vault, suspends, arrests, and dispels melancholy ideas, irksome sensations, and fixes me in a peaceful and agreeable state of mind.

The rapid course of a river pleases me in another manner; it absorbs my attention more, and plunges me into a deep reverie, which might become too serious; the country, wild or cultivated, attaches and interests me. Do you feel, in the middle of that landscape, on those lofty hills, in those tranquil forests, how light and easy respiration becomes? The head is regenerated, the ideas grow bright, the passions assume a graver accent, the spirits are refined, life circulates in our veins: we are happy, or on the point of becoming so.

I have often remarked, that the persons who passed for the most discreet, were not the most happy in the choice of their confidants.

There is a strength of mind, by no means common, in burying in silence what strongly affects us. Yet
prudence

prudence imposes on us a law almost equal to conceal the secrets of others and our own violent feelings; the passions mislead us to such a degree, that, blushing, after their crisis is over, at the blindness into which they have plunged us, we almost always regret our having communicated the opinions with which they inspired us. Besides, an excessive reserve, at least with friends, bespeaks a mistrust of ourselves, and a fear of examination, which are not very honourable to him who entertains them. Honest souls are unreserved; dissimulation, on the contrary, serves as a mask to bad intentions: it is the cloak of the courtier and the virtue of intrigue.

In affairs, there must be inviolable secrecy; in the ordinary commerce of life, a prudent reserve; and in the connexions of the heart, an unlimited confidence.

The last part of my precept is not without inconvenience, I know; but, for myself, I rather choose to run the risks of its observation, than to deprive myself of the pleasures that must thence result.

Virtue is not to be demonstrated, it is calculated to be felt; we must inspire it, and not preach it up: it is by far the best thing in the world, but it is for those who love it. Some one has said, with a deal of justness: *that we attach ourselves still less to virtue from the charms that we find in it, than from the sacrifices that we make to it.* I like this idea; it touches, flatters, and penetrates me.

In a constitution of things where natural order is perverted, where consequence, esteem, distinctions, exterior advantages, in short, are the reward of factitious merit, it would be a very improper idea to wish to cause virtue to be adopted because it is useful; we must

cause it to be cherished, because it is amiable: it belongs to those who possess it, to know all its utility, and to congratulate themselves on their choice.

Our morals are such, that it amounts almost to audacity, to undertake to rear new citizens; we must hope for many circumstances, and rely still more on the example that we feel ourselves capable of affording.

The commerce of the world affords us the facility of expressing ourselves readily and gracefully concerning the objects which present themselves; but it cannot contribute to improve the judgment, except of those who have theirs already well formed.

Men, in general, lose part of their natural character by being in continual company, and we are never less ourselves than in living much with others. It is hardly any where but in solitude that we learn to think strongly: there it is that the mind is improved and enlightened, that the ideas are extended and strengthened, that the feelings become refined and fortified, that moral man acquires a consistency, and assumes those qualities which he afterwards exercises among his fellows.

There are persons who cannot endure solitude; and it is so much the worse for them: I know some of these; I see only the more reason to pity them.

We may cherish solitude without becoming misanthropes; none are less susceptible of attachment than dissipated people; feeling souls withdraw from the crowd.

I am tired of those amphibious beings whom we cannot define, who do not know themselves, and whom

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we find every where dragging along their incapacity : they make me impatient for retirement.

If we understand by thinking, the action of the mind, inasmuch as it considers its own ideas, combines and rectifies them, I state it as a fact that the most contemplative man has not thought the quarter of his life.

Our wants are so numerous, the necessity of satisfying them occurs so frequently, engages so much of our attention ; continued sensations occupying us in such a manner, by the mere images of objects, or tyrannizing over us so much by their presence, that it is still surprising that we can employ ourselves about so many things. What a considerable portion of time lost to the mind ! In representing to ourselves the species as a great individual being, ought we to be astonished at the slowness of its progress in every way, and at the almost eternal infancy in which it seems to remain ? I am frightened at the immensity of time that has been required to bring us only where we are.

Enter into details ; see every man, always confused by varied and successive impressions, he acquires without enjoying, adopts without examining, and judges mechanically. Inattention and habit maintain and encourage ignorance and error ; every thing counteracts the discovery of truth, and dilatory experience cannot cause it to be admitted but in the process of time.

ON LIBERTY.

(Taken from the Manuscripts of Madame Roland, of the Year 1778.)

INSULATED and tranquil, in the stillness of the night and in that of the passions, I dare think, I dare write, without presumption and without fear. Silence, son of repose, it is in thy profound bosom that my wandering ideas are heaped up and collected. The shades spread on the theatre of illusion stop its prestiges: all is confounded: all is silent even to my heart: this is the moment when victorious reason commands, and acts with liberty. What have I said? What implies that great name, whose imposing and confused object by turns astonishes, misleads, and inflames the imagination? What is liberty?

I cannot consider it so generally; I distinguish, liberty of the will, that of the actions and that of the mind. I doubt whether the first exists; the second appears to me very uncommon, and the third belongs but to sages. Metaphysical liberty is a problem on which I endeavour to exercise my ideas: political liberty is a blessing the image and utility of which I love to recal to mind: philosophical liberty, the only liberty, perhaps, that it is my province to know, is a treasure which I wish to acquire.

Political liberty, for each individual of a society, consists in doing every thing that he judges proper for his own happiness, in what does not injure others. It is the power of being happy, without doing harm to any one. Is there an advantage that can be compared to it? Nothing in the world can supply its place: delicious

licious fruit of the laws, it gives the human soul all the energy of which it is susceptible.

The reign of the general will is the only reign that maintains public felicity: from the moment when power secures independence to some parts of the state, corruption introduces itself, and soon becomes manifest by the misery of the oppressed.

Slavery and virtue are incompatible*. Slavery breaks all the ties that connect man with his fellow-creature: it relaxes and destroys the two springs that contribute most to the development of our faculties, the esteem of ourselves, and glory, which is only the result of public esteem; it suffers nothing to subsist but odious force and degrading fear.

Tyranny equally debases him who exercises it and those whom it enslaves: with it all lose the sentiment of truth, the idea of justice and the taste of good.

It is to him who knows the extent and the limits of his rights, that we may look for a respect for those of others, a generous intrepidity in their defence, and the noble care of their preservation.

True courage belongs only to the free man. Of what can those be capable who are nothing except by the will of the master? And to what obligations would he

* Ἡμισυ γὰρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνεται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὐτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δέλιον ἡμᾶρ ἔλῃσιν.

ΟΔΥΣΣ., P. 322.

Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

Pope's version, Book xvii. l. 392.

So said Homer near three thousand years ago; and so have all sages said since that time; a slave, as Madame Roland justly observes, loses the great incitements to the practice of virtue, self-esteem and the hope of reputation. *Transf.*

he believe himself restricted, who must fancy himself of a nature superior to that of the people he commands ?

The enjoyment and the inviolability of the first rights of social man, personal safety and property, with the power of claiming them in case of an accidental injury, properly constitute the essence of liberty. This is the master-piece of legislation ; but so many things prevent its being carried into execution, or counteract its being brought to perfection and concur in its ruin, that very seldom is it seen to subsist, even for a short time, unimpaired.

All nations are not capable of enjoying liberty ; the same nation cannot support it equally at all times.

The climate, the soil and the species of its productions, the situation of the places, their extent, &c. pave the way to it or estrange it from its inhabitants, according to the spirit, the wants and the resources which it affords them. Liberty is for the most part the companion of poverty ; the fertility of a country abounding in superfluities, stifles it in a manner by its richness. And indeed it is pretty generally true, that the finest countries are those which have the worst government.

Bare competence, or comfort acquired by labour, make man honest and the state happy ; in this, it is with the nation as with the individual, too many wants excite cupidity and engender corruption.

The English are said to be free, and I believe they are so more than their neighbours, more than most of the nations of Europe, except the Swiss ; but commerce and the love of gain, riches and luxury, by weakening their morals, insensibly sap their constitution, or render useless a great part of its effects.

People are often mistaken respecting the word liberty : I give not this name to the anarchy into which
fell

fell again certain Republics, such, for instance, as Syracuse, after the death or expulsion of the tyrants who had governed them by intrigue or by violence, and whom they had given themselves through weakness. Liberty suits none but simple men, who have few wants. When we consider the infinite care, the continual vigilance which the maintenance of the laws demand in a free state, the time required for the acts of sovereignty which regard each of the citizens, we are sensible how few of them remain for other occupations. If we reflect, besides, that industry and the arts open the first door to inequality, insulate those who profess them by affording them extraordinary means of acquiring property, and offering them resources independent of the common good, we shall perceive how great was the wisdom of the legislators who banished them from their states.

The Lacedemonians were nothing else than husbandmen and soldiers; but they had *Helots*. It would be very astonishing if, in the same government, the slavery of one part of the species should be absolutely necessary to the perfect happiness of the other. This idea makes me shudder, I dare not investigate it.

I hasten to arrive at what suits me much better: I leave metaphysical reveries and political speculations to the more able, I prefer what more nearly concerns action, and I think that is my element. I understand by liberty of mind, not only that sound view of an enlightened judgment which is not disturbed by prejudices or by passions, but also that firm and tranquil temper of a strong soul, superior to events. I call it philosophic, because it is the fruit of wisdom and one of its most unequivocal proofs; it is under these titles that I regard it as a treasure. I add that I am deter-

mined to labour to acquire it; nothing is more true nor more easy. With reason sufficient to appreciate things at what they are worth, we may suffer ourselves to be affected too warmly by some of them, for want of having contracted the habit of conquering ourselves by courageous and daily exercise. The same vivacity of feeling which on many occasions elevates us above ourselves, often sinks us again below our level, by the frequent revolutions of which it renders us the sport.

The empire over ourselves is the finest of empires, that of which the conquest costs us most, and the possession of which is the sweetest. We think we have done much when we have familiarized ourselves with austerity, let us speak more correctly with grief; it seems that it is it which, acting on our organs in the most immediate manner, must principally disturb the liberty of the mind. Yet if it be true that the value which we attach to things makes almost their whole importance, and that the force of ideas and the power of imagination are capable of diverting us from the actual impressions which they make on our senses, it must be acknowledged that physical evils are not the most dangerous for an elevated and delicate soul. It is not precisely in undergoing such and such trials, that our courage is manifested, but it is in supporting the loss of what is dearest to us, and this too is where it generally fails. Alas! we are so constituted for pain, that all the efforts employed to bear us up against it, serve only to render it more acute in certain parts. The better we have known the variety of those things which fix the desires of the mislead vulgar, and the more we have diminished the objects of our esteem, the more too do we remain violently attached to those which we preserve and which we think we ought to distinguish.

distinguish. Reason, virtue, every thing draws these ties the closer: if cruel necessity chance to break them, what dreadful torments! The disorder of the body is nothing; the rigours of fate scarcely deserve to be mentioned; but in the pains which proceed from the heart or which strike at it, I can do no more than wrap up my head and waste away in silence. O sensibility! delight and torment of our days, how much do thy sacrifices exercise and fatigue our philosophy! It is with the greatest justice that has been established, as the first principle of happiness, that secret enjoyment of virtue, which consists in the recollection of having done well, and in the resolution of continuing to do so; beyond that, every thing is full of illusions and falsehoods, and the sweetest accessories to this first pleasure are crossed by poignant and bitter afflictions. Where is the man who has learned to content himself with this satisfaction and dispense with every other? His felicity is independent and unchangeable: that is the true sage and my hero; he alone can preserve perfect liberty of mind.

We have so perverted the use of the blessings bestowed on us by nature, that we have reduced ourselves no longer to find, but in their voluntary privation, the peace that ought to accompany them.

We must love mankind sufficiently to concern ourselves about their welfare, and esteem them so little as not to expect any return on their part.

Judgment appears to me to consist in discovering that we can accomplish our own happiness only in labouring at that of others; reason seems to me the firm resolution of acting always agreeably to this principle; the highest degree of virtue, is to do good with enthusiasm, because it is honourable and delightful.

ful. Sublime delirium, by which the exalted soul finds unheard-of strength, and puts itself on a footing with the gods! Happy he who knows its transports and renders himself worthy of ever enjoying them! Exact calculation and cold reasoning never make us capable of doing so; it belongs to feeling alone to inspire us with them. Reflection sometimes damps the ardour of our efforts, as repose cools courage; in point of morals, as soon as we are certain of having adopted the best, we must follow them blindfold. But it is to the fascination, to the enchantment of virtue alone, that it is allowable to subject the liberty of the mind.

I touch lightly on these subjects; how many things concerning each of them do I perceive confusedly in my mind, and which a little application would draw forth! But I will not labour: I rapidly sketch the most prominent ideas, and I wait for the others to become clear.

January 4th, 1778,

Three in the morning.

I smile to see myself write so gravely, when I think of the life which I have led to-day, that is, yesterday. I dined in a family way at Mademoiselle de P—'s. We were excessively gay and merry, and I freely gave into the humour of the company. Jokes of every sort, and the most playful games occupied us by turns. Madame Trudé was of the party, and did not a little contribute to animate it; elegant dress, sprightly conversation, ready laughter, good humoured countenance, she had every thing that bespeaks a taste for pleasure, and

and the art of inspiring it; to-night she will read Nicole, to-morrow she will hear the sermon of her curate.

Equally frolicsome, but a little less noisy, with a more simple air, I made pauses, by changing the cast of her joy; singing too had its turn. In short, the two cousins kept up the ball, and one had as little the appearance of committing to paper a few metaphysical ideas before she went to bed, as the other of saying her prayers. I came home at eleven o'clock, and I have been scribbling ever since midnight. I am going to bed for your sake; for a little more of *Jean Jacques* would make me pass the night very well; but you would scold, and I will not make you angry.

I shall sleep till half past nine o'clock; that is long enough, and I lose nothing by it at this season; every one is so lazy here, that if I rise earlier, I can find nothing to do.

I must pay a visit to Mademoiselle A——. I will go in great ceremony with my father, that will be the means of my avoiding a conversation on certain things; then I shall no longer fear any thing, because so great an interval is worth all the *noes* in the world.

Good morning, my dearest, adieu my friends, a happy new year, health, peace and friendship.

ON SOCRATES.

July 26th, 1778,
in the Morning.

I CANNOT, my dear friend, resist the pleasure of giving you an idea of the memoirs of Xenophon.

At all times and among all nations, the men superior to the great number of their fellow creatures from their talents or their virtues, became the victims of persecution: in the bosom of the republics of Greece, where merit shone most, where it could be more useful and better felt, all those whom history distinguishes excited envy, hatred and ingratitude.

The standard of revolt had been raised against Lycurgus: Solon had been forced to feign madness; Miltiades died in prison; Aristides was banished; Themistocles ended his days under the protection of a foreign prince; Socrates drank hemlock; the accusation preferred against him contained two articles, namely; the one of ridiculing the gods of the country, and the other of corrupting the Athenian youth.

Xenophon begins by expressing his astonishment that the judges of Athens could have suffered themselves to be blinded by similar imputations; he studies to demonstrate the falsehood of them from the conduct and the doctrine of his master, of which his memoirs are the exposition.

Faithful to the religion of his country, he acknowledged the gods of Athens, by sacrificing to them in his house and in the common temples of the city; he even sent, in doubtful cases, to consult the oracles, thinking that we ought to do in our best manner what we knew, and that

we

we ought to apply ourselves to those things which the Divinity permitted us to learn by art and study, but that it was prudent to consult him respecting those which were concealed from human foresight. Was it possible to prescribe juster limits to the presumptuous and unenlightened confidence of those who claim from heaven what is to be the result of their efforts and labour? This reminds me of an answer that I made, in his time, to De L. B——, the day of a certain visit which I have mentioned to you: after having enlarged on the difficulties of his situation, on those which still threatened him, and which, besides, it was not impossible to avoid, he said, with an affected bluntness, “that he “trusted to Providence.”—“It is very well for you, “Sir; for my part, I leave to Providence only what “he has not allowed me to foresee.” This speech envenomed by malevolence, might perhaps have brought me into a dilemma in a country where was established an inquisition: the excellent precept of Socrates, maliciously represented by the voice of envy, became one of the causes of his condemnation, or rather one of the pretexts on which it was supported. Socrates declared that he had a familiar spirit with whom he always conversed before he took any important resolution, or gave any opinion. (I confess that it vexes me a little to meet with these little tricks of demons in the life of great men: I find it is the same with the demon of Socrates, as with the mysterious consultations of Moses in the tabernacle, the conferences of Numa with the nymph Egeria, and the pigeon of Mahomet). Very far from an impious word having ever escaped Socrates, he maintained that the gods took a part in the affairs of this world, penetrated the most secret thoughts, and that they, by their inspirations,

inspirations, assisted well-intentioned men. Deeply impressed with the importance of morality, the object of all his solicitude and of all his exhortations, was to recal to the study of virtue, to the search of happiness, the attention that was bestowed on frivolous or useless sciences. He was not, like most of the philosophers of his time, heard to discourse on the origin of the world, the formation of the universe, and the secrets of nature; but he never conversed with any one, without labouring to inspire him with a taste for honourable things, by giving just ideas of virtue, and of the advantages that might accrue from its practice. Sober, chaste, patient, content with little, he at once gave both the example and the precept. Alcibiades and Critias, who had been his disciples, and whose ill conduct his accusers made the most of against him, had behaved themselves with propriety, as long as they lived near him; and his particular friends of every period, were always honoured by the public esteem merited by their virtues.

In a conversation, reported at great length, with Aristodemus, Socrates maintained the divine Providence and the excellence of the human soul, not by profound or subtle metaphysical dissertations, but by those reasons of analogy, which strike the generality of people, taking great care, in all things, to refer these ideas to useful practice. He was sensible that, in a country where legislation has not sufficient force to maintain morals, the props which might support them could not be too much multiplied. According to his doctrine, temperance was to be placed as the foundation of virtue; of which it alone promotes the study and exercise.

Disputing one day with the sophist Antiphon, who reproached

reproached him with his poor manner of living, he skilfully unfolded its advantages by various considerations, from which it results that he who, diminishing his wants, learns to dispense with many things, bears the most resemblance to God, and is more the type of his felicity and perfection.

An enemy to the half-witted, to the mercenary philosophers who sold their lessons, he lost no opportunity of censuring them warmly, and this doubtless was what procured him most enemies. Thus it was that the son of Mary, condemning the Pharisees by his life and lessons, excited against him their hatred and persecutions.

“ In like manner as others delight in their possessions, I rejoice,” said Socrates, “ and I place my pleasures in my friends ; I am anxious to communicate to them the good that is within my knowledge. If I know any one capable of advancing them to virtue, him do I present and recommend to them ; examining in common the treasures which the ancient sages have left us in their writings, if we perceive any thing excellent, we eagerly avail ourselves of it, and we think we have gained great advantage, if we become better and more intimate friends.”

Effeminacy and voluptuousness are as little calculated to maintain the body in good condition, and render it vigorous, as they are to adorn the mind with any science worthy of esteem : labour, accompanied by perseverance and patience, can alone lead to great actions, as is asserted and proved by good men. Thus was it attested by Epicharmus ;

*Les Dieux desquels tous biens dépendent,
Au prix des travaux nous les vendent.*

IMITATED.

IMITATED.

The Gods, on whom for blessings we rely,
Decree, man's labour shall those blessings buy.

Prodicus writing the history of Hercules; relates that at that dangerous age, when careless infancy is succeeded by uneasy adolescence, Hercules, wavering between the sollicitations of vice and the precepts of virtue, solitarily seated in a retired spot, was comparing their advantages when two women presented themselves before him; the one, clad in white, adorned by her natural graces, modest in her looks, noble and impressive in her carriage; the other, affected in her manners, loaded with the ornaments of art, endeavouring to preserve the appearances of youth, contemplating herself, looking if any one admired her, and frequently turning round towards her shadow. The latter, quickening her pace, came first up to Hercules, and said to him: "I see that you are at a loss respecting the road that you are to take; suffer yourself to be guided by my voice; come in my fortunate steps to enjoy repose and pleasure, while solicitude and fatigue overwhelm those who addict themselves to labour and study; you shall intoxicate yourself on my bosom with the charms of voluptuousness. If my enemies have designated me by the odious name of *vice*, my subjects acknowledge me under that of *felicity*; it is to happiness that I will conduct you, by the shortest and most agreeable road."

Virtue had approached; a look full of dignity had silenced her enemy, and imposing truth thus issued from her lips: "I also come to you, knowing to whom

“ you are to belong : attracted by a disposition, the
 “ fruit of the instruction under which your infancy was
 “ reared, I hope one day to be proud of your actions;
 “ I announce to you that every thing good and ho-
 “ nourable, is the reward of research and application.
 “ Whether you wish to obtain the protection of the
 “ Gods, the attachment of your friends, the goodwill
 “ of cities, or the honour of celebrity, you must de-
 “ serve them by serving the first, obliging the second,
 “ doing good to the others, and rendering yourself
 “ commendable by your services and talents. In vain
 “ are you promised pleasures, by being led to meet
 “ them : Nature caused them to be preceded by want;
 “ whoever anticipates the latter, never attains the
 “ former. See weakness and disease attack the youth-
 “ ful years of the children of effeminacy ; and inutility,
 “ shame, and oblivion, finish by spreading affliction on
 “ their gloomy old age. I am the friend of the Gods,
 “ the companion of good men : he who follows me
 “ will reap the just praise of his actions : supported by
 “ the Divinity, cherished by his fellow-creatures, ho-
 “ noured in his country, his memory, still rising be-
 “ yond the fatal hour, shall make him live for ever.”

Such is nearly the discourse of Prodicus. “ So,”
 continued Socrates, “ recollect, friend Aristippus,
 “ the truths which it sets forth, and amend your life for
 “ the time to come.”

Lemprodes, his eldest son, had become exasperated
 against his mother, who had warmly reproved him :
 Socrates, with his usual benignity, spoke to him, in-
 terrogated him, and, by his questions, made him sen-
 sible of his wrongs, and acknowledge his fault. The
 ungrateful are unjust, as he evidently proved to him ;
 ingratitude is the more enormous, as the benefits re-

ceived are the greater; now, there is no one in the world to whom we are more nearly allied than our fathers and mothers; ingratitude towards them, is therefore of the most detestable nature. It is a sort of ingratitude to fail in the respect that is due to them, to take in ill part their representations, and not do justice to their intentions. This republic has wisely established penalties against persons of acknowledged ingratitude; they draw on themselves the anger of the Gods and the scorn of men.

“How do you act towards those from whom you wish to obtain good will?” (said he to Cherecrates who was complaining of his brother)—“I begin by shewing them good will”—“Why not then towards a brother, have recourse to that charm of friendship of which you know the power? It seems to me that the Gods have made brothers to be of much greater reciprocal utility, than the members of the human body are to each other; for the hands could not at the same time do things very remote, the eyes cannot perceive at once opposite objects; but two brothers closely united, may render each other the greatest services, even at considerable distances.”

The excellence of friendship is extolled by all and known to few: we see many persons eager to acquire various property, and to amass riches; very few bestow their time in making friends. I daily hear people complain of having been deceived; yet I have never seen good slaves on sale, nor true friends forsaken. (I like this expression, and I find in it a very comprehensive meaning.)

I pass over an infinite number of excellent things, concerning the qualities required in a war chief, politics

and

and the government of states. I remarked with satisfaction a dialogue in the 3d book, in which Socrates endeavours to prove to Aristippus that his goodness exists but relatively; that the name of *good* is only a comparative expression, and is appropriate to no object whatever, but inasmuch as it is applied to another object, and can be to it of some utility. Great metaphysical truths, the consequences of which are very important, and which occupied me very seriously, in my meditations, two years ago, as you will be able to see in my collections.

Being one day asked whether valour was a natural or an acquired virtue: "I am of opinion," replied Socrates, "that as we see bodies more robust than others, there are also souls more or less vigorous in comparison to each other; for I perceive that those who are bred under the same laws, are however very different in point of courage. But there is no disposition that cannot become better by culture; not only do men naturally differ between themselves, but they are susceptible of a much greater difference from education; which proves that the most happy dispositions, as well as the less favoured, have need of instruction and study in order to excel in any thing whatever."

Besides, he placed no distinction between knowledge and wisdom. "No one," said he, "hesitates to choose that which he judges the best and the most advantageous; we never act otherwise but through ignorance, and our faults are nothing more than errors."

He gave the name of idle, not merely to those who do nothing, but to those who employ themselves in useless things.

Some one complaining of an incivility which he had received, and at which he was extremely angry: "It

“ is a ridiculous thing,” said Socrates to him, “ to take
 “ more offence at meeting with a deformed mind, than
 “ we do at meeting with a deformed body.” Montagne
 and Pascal have made the same reflection: the latter
 adds, “ that a lame person does not make us angry,
 because he admits that we walk straight; but that one
 of a lame mind irritates us, because he says that it is
 we who limp.”

“ It is shameful for a stout man,” said Socrates
 again, “ not to know, on a pinch, how to work as
 “ much as his servant.”

As I proceed, I feel still more sensibly the difficulty
 of abridging subjects which are essentially connected,
 and to which explanation alone can give clearness. Sa-
 tisfied with having agreeably passed a few moments in
 entertaining you with them, I should particularly con-
 gratulate myself on having done so, if my specimens
 can excite in you a wish to examine the excellent work
 whence I have taken them. It abounds throughout
 with sense and reason, and there may be frequently
 distinguished those great general ideas, collected by our
 modern doctors, who make a display of them as the
 productions of their own growth.

In a dialogue with Hippias, in the 4th book, So-
 crates defined justice, the exact observance of the
 laws, thus establishing the general will as the principle
 and the rule of what is just.

The 5th book is a detailed treatise on housekeeping:
 every thing that can serve for the regulation of a family,
 for the management of domestic affairs, and for the
 felicity of private life, is there collected with exquisite
 sagacity.

I there read the truest panegyric on agriculture,
 founded, among other proofs, on an advantage which
 has

has always struck me ; this is, that differing from the other arts, which keep men apart and insulated, agriculture brings them together and unites them, by the community of labour, the necessity of assisting each other, and thus fosters that benevolence which promotes simplicity of manners, and all its attendant blessings.

I own that, for myself, as a woman and an obscure female citizen, devoted to the occupations of my sex, formed only for the peaceable and domestic virtues, this 5th book of the Memoirs of Xenophon is the most interesting of his works, and that which I should like to take for my manual. It is followed by a particular *apology* in favour of Socrates, in which are described his defence, his condemnation and his death. Firm and tranquil before his judges, he replied to his accusers with the confidence and moderation of innocence, without choosing to solicit the former, or consent to pay the fine.

At Athens, as Madame Dacier somewhere remarks, when an accused person was found guilty, and the accuser demanded that he should be condemned to die, the law permitted the accused to sentence himself to one of these three penalties : perpetual imprisonment, fine, or banishment ; and the law had established this in favour of the judges, in order that they might have no scruple in condemning a man, who by condemning himself, declared himself guilty from his own confession. Socrates took care not to fall into this snare ; and indeed Xenophon says that he did not condemn himself, and that he did not allow his friends to do so, saying, that this would be to acknowledge the crime.

Appollodorus, a man of great simplicity, very much attached to Socrates, began to exclaim, as he re-

turned to the prison: "Socrates, what grieves me most is to see you die innocent." Socrates putting his hand gently on his friend's head, said to him laughing: "My friend, would you prefer to see me die guilty?"

The departure of the ship which was annually sent to carry presents to Delos, and during the voyage of which it was unlawful to put to death any malefactor, was the cause that Socrates remained thirty days in prison after his condemnation. He passed them peaceably in conversing, as usual, with his friends, whom he consoled for his loss.

Montagne says, on this subject, with a great deal of justness; "There is nothing, in my opinion, more noble in the life of Socrates, than his having had thirty whole days to consider on the sentence of his death, and his having weighed it all that time with a perfect hope, unaltered and unmoved."

Plato has preserved us the discourses which he held during this interval, and which always contain the same presence of mind, the same strength of judgment.

Xenophon concludes his apology by the following words: "I am of opinion that his death was agreeable to the gods: and indeed he then displayed the full vigour of his mind; for having understood that death would preserve him from the most melancholy part of his life, he went to meet it with a firm step, beheld its approaches with gladness, and died happy. When I reflect on the wisdom and magnanimity of this personage, I cannot forget him, nor remember him without speaking in his praise. If any one has associated with a man more useful to others than Socrates, I consider him among the blessed."

The

The people of Athens were divided into ten tribes, from each of which were taken alternately fifty men, who governed for thirty-five days: these were called the *Prytanes*, that is to say, the *Senators*.

I cannot better conclude this rhapsody of good things strung together in my way, then by a maxim of Solon, which I often recollect; "We must endeavour to acquire knowledge at every period of life, and not foolishly persuade ourselves that old age comes to us accompanied by prudence."

ON 14 OCT 1963
The people of the world were divided into two
groups of which one was called the
majority and the other the minority.
The majority was to win the war.
I cannot better describe this tragedy of good
things being done in my way, it is a tragedy
which I have recorded. We fight
to acquire knowledge in every period of life
but not to acquire knowledge in the old way
which is to be discarded.

14 N033

T R A V E L S

O F

JEANNE-MARIE PHILIPON ROLAND.



JEANNE MARIE THOMAS (1814-1891)

TRAVELS

OF

JEANNE-MARIE PHLIPON ROLAND.

 JOURNEY TO SOUCIS*.

June 9, 1778.

A SWEET sleep has just closed my eyes for a few moments; my senses, agitated by exercise, are refreshed by this gentle repose; the sun, in the decline of his course, remains enveloped in some light clouds; the air is fresh and pleasant; on waking, I feel a tender emotion and breathe happiness. Friendship! This is thy work! Thy affecting charm has diffused itself over every hour of the days, the first of which were consecrated to thee; thy power has caused the obstacles of distance to be surmounted; thou hast brought back to me that cherished half into whom I take a pleasure to transport my whole existence; her presence has banished the painful sensations which my heart often experiences; sentiment has made consoling tears of joy succeed the bitter tears of sadness. How flattering and impressive it is to find ourselves again near a being to whom virtue alone renders us similar and valuable. Every look

* Although this little journey, or, if the reader please, this excursion, presents not a degree of interest comparable to the two following narratives of Travels in England and Switzerland; it yet appeared to me that it ought to find its place here, on account of the lively and graceful details which it contains. (*Note of the Editor.*)

that

that we direct to each other is an exhortation to good, and a reward for having done it. All the troubles which escape us, dictated by confidence, without art and without effort, pourtray a truth, the expression of which consoles him who utters it, interests him who hears it, and encourages both, to multiply alternately this reciprocal pleasure.

Regenerated, in a manner, by these delightful emotions, become tranquil and solitary, I feel a freedom of mind which I had not for a long time enjoyed.

I had not seen the country, where I passed the first two years of my life, since the loss of an adored mother of whom I was become the faithful companion. In more happy times we had rambled together about these rural and affecting spots, which her presence rendered still more affecting; deprived of my guide and my support, I remained with the father whom Nature had preserved for me, without having it in my power to quit an asylum to which I was attached by the sole comfort that I had left. Three years are elapsed; they are the periods of revolutions the remembrance of which cannot be effaced; at length the reiterated intreaties of respectable relations, rendered necessary an absence which to me appeared new. I therefore quitted my residence in town, in that brilliant season, when the renovated earth presents pictures so flattering to those who can feel their value. I stood in need of those gentle shocks which take off our attention from ourselves; change of place was beneficial to me; and I could have wished that the journey had been longer. I was agreeably occupied with these little observations, which we must never neglect when we are determined to turn every thing to advantage: nothing is indifferent of what is true; it is from a crowd of sensations, that
arises

arises the multiplicity of ideas, and it is from the combination, from the comparison of the latter, that result opinions and knowledge. We so-gratuitously load the memory with a considerable number of things uncertain or false, that I am always astonished why we do not take more interest in distinguishing those whose existence we can ascertain. Had I children to instruct, I would not fatigue them with the names of towns, kingdoms, rivers, and other geographical details, before the development of the taste and the first notions of history inspired them with the want and the wish of these instructions; but in frequently walking them out in the country, I would habituate them, by way of amusement, to distinguish and recognize every object that offered itself to their eyes; the difference of the grounds, that of the trees, the species of these, the nature of those; and, shortly after, the property and the use of both; I would endeavour to interest them in the disposition of the spots, and in the talent of representing it; I conceive that with a stick on the sand, or with charcoal on the floor, they would divert themselves before me in tracing maps of geography before they had ever seen any. These, no doubt, would be very imperfect: but they would grow ambitious of rectifying them, and at least I should hope to gather this fruit of my care, that these children, grown up, and capable of travelling, would not foolishly fly from one place to another without having noticed every thing that was deserving of remark.

After an early walk in a friend's garden, I set off, on one of the finest days in May, at seven o'clock, to go to a country-house, belonging to my relations at Soucis. At some distance from the hamlet of Linas, I took a cross-road, in order to repair to the place of
my

my destination ; my friends having come to meet me, I alighted, and travelled two leagues on foot. I arrived in time to dinner, at an old ruinous castle, the environs of which are extremely agreeable. The side towards the park presents fewer views than walks ; a very bushy copse, pierced with long, narrow and covered alleys, quincunxes of old elms and ashes, every where a downy moss, a flowery turf, and a lively verdure, the useful *simples* mingled with the brilliant flowers of spring, sheets of water surrounded by woods of lofty growth, some cattle grazing in the spacious avenues, and the continual song of a multitude of birds, made this retreat in my mind a charming habitation.

The squire, a rich financier (Audry, farmer-general) who loves to make a display of his opulence, has established on his estate workmen of every sort ; I do not believe that this man has very extensive views ; but vanity sometimes produces as much good as the desire of being useful : besides he may be supposed to have generous inclinations. He inhabits a country-seat in the vicinity of that which is the residence of my good relations ; the building is by no means considerable, but the apartments have much neatness, taste and elegance ; the gardens are kept in the highest order, and are laid out with judgment. He has awakened industry in this little country ; here are to be found masons, carpenters, locksmiths, turners, stocking-weavers, and tile-makers, &c. ; but the communications are distant, the passes far from easy ; these establishments depend on the existence of the master, and will end with him. Besides, the good that is done is counterbalanced by the losses ; these artisans, called from towns, have imported the manners of them ;

them; the prudence of the girls is equivocal; their faults no longer occasion such great scandal; virtue does not enjoy the same respect as formerly; it seems to me also, that, all things considered, rich people do more harm by their mode of life, than good by their money; the squires who visit their estates to display magnificence and pomp, drag after them a crowd of corrupted servants, whose conversation and example mislead the homely rustic; he soon makes comparisons which hurt his vanity or inflame his avarice; he insensibly conceives a disgust at his situation and the prejudices which disparage it; this would not happen indeed, if the taxes were more moderate, and did not rob him, with the comfort which he was entitled to expect from it, frequently of some absolute necessities; but the mere moderation of the taxes diminishing greatly the number of the great private fortunes, would bring back the country squires to a mediocrity which would render their existence less burdensome to the state, and less to be dreaded by the farmer.

The air of Soucis is not very sharp, but it is pure and wholesome. The attentions of friendship, exercise and pleasure made me enjoy perfect health and satisfaction. The natural and lively fondness that I have always had for the country increases more and more; it is there that I fully exist, that my faculties and my feelings are developed and exalted, at the same time that my ideas become clear and my reason is strengthened. Rural labours and productions please, occupy, and interest me; I could live in the midst of them without regretting the loss of any other object; with me they supply the place of study, and make me better feel its charms when I am inclined to enjoy them. In the country we can lead an active life,

life, without ever fearing tiresomeness, because the nature and variety of our occupations dissipate, enliven, and keep up the attention without fatigue, employ the mind and fill the days, without leaving regret or void. In the country too, meditation is sweet, application easy, and study free from interruption. I never conceived any thing more desirable than a life divided between domestic cares and those of agriculture, spent in a healthy and plentiful farm, with a small family, where the example of the master and mistress, and common labour, maintain concord, attachment, morals and ease.

Arts insulate men; they place the interest and advantage of every one in the misfortune and incapacity of his competitors; the labours of the fields bring them together; these are done in common, they require reciprocal aid, and alike multiply mutual wants; thence, more simplicity, frankness, equality, union, confidence and happiness. How pleasant it is to come and rest ourselves under the shade of these bowers, with Plutarch or Virgil, after having bestowed our attention and care on the felicity of those who surround us, and to return to receive their caresses, and witness their gaiety, when the close of the day brings them back fatigued and happy!

A female relation (my cousin Trude) whom I love, having come to join me in the country, recollected that she had a debtor in a town which was only six leagues distant, and resolved to make an excursion thither. Charmed at being able to give up a day to her, when she sacrificed several in order to accompany me; pleased, besides, at the idea of seeing a place that was unknown to me, I proposed to go in her suite. Having enquired about the persons to whose house we
were

were going, and finding that we were to return the same day, I reflected that every thing would end in travelling twelve leagues, to dine and get moped, for three hours, among people that I had never seen. I took it into my head that, dressed as a country girl, and passing for a servant, I should alike keep my cousin company, and that I should have, besides, the liberty of walking about alone, while she was transacting her business. It is true that I should be obliged to remain in the kitchen, and to eat with a *Saint John* and some nymph of the scullery; but of what consequence was that to me for a few minutes? I got my plan approved of as a joke; the retinue was prepared: my mistress mounted a horse, while I placed myself on an ass, in my borrowed clothes, and we set off in high spirits at four o'clock in the morning, in delightful weather. The still and serene sky as yet shewed, towards the east, only an orange-colour shade; the wakeful lark soared straining her tuneful throat; the humid plants exhaled an enchanting perfume, presently the horizon seemed to be in flames; the shining luminary burst forth like a blazing fire, his brilliant face rose, and his growing rays coloured the pearly drops of dew spread on the opening calyx of the flowers. Moved, melted, transported, in my enthusiasm, I vented this exclamation:

*Que je t'aime, ô simple Nature !
Toujours belle, sans imposture,
Tu plais en tous tems, en tous lieux :
Non, il n'est que toi d'immortelle ;
Toujours vraie et toujours nouvelle
Tu charmes le cœur et les yeux.*

IMITATED.

Simple Nature, thee I greet;
 Thou art fair, without deceit:
 Nought immortal do I see,
 Lovely Nature, nought but thee:
 Thou new joys canst still impart,
 Charming both our eyes and heart.

More lively and more gay, my companion mingled her voice with the song of the nightingales and the linnets: at ten o'clock we arrived at Estampes. This town is not peopled in proportion to its extent; it is a league long, exclusive of the suburbs, and yet contains at most eight thousand souls. No squares, no buildings of any kind, that are deserving of notice. The market-place of St. Giles is pretty large, and that is all. Notre-Dame, a dean and chapter with a parish church, an old gothic edifice, which on the whole is tolerably ugly, is not worth the trouble of description. The canons were in the choir; I played the part of an awkward wench of a peasant; I entered here as if in amaze, seeking, nevertheless, to decypher some ancient inscriptions which taught me nothing. Having entered by the great door, I went out by one of the side doors, making before the altar a very slight curtsy: the canons eyed me a great deal without saying anything to me, a degree of toleration at which I was surprised. In the town are seen several houses bearing inscriptions, which announce that Lewis XV. stopped here, in passing through this place to go to Fontenoy: here is also seen a cross, on the steps of which the people insist that Ravailac sharpened his knife.

There

There are five tanneries at Estampes ; I went into one of them, in order to chat with the master, who took me for a farmer's wife : I made a pretext of wanting some peat, which I well knew was to be had only in the next house, whither I afterwards went, and where I am expected next week, to carry away some hundreds in my cart, with which I am to come for them. I made some trifling purchases at a haberdasher's, whom I questioned concerning the town : this man thinks I am in business, and pretends to have seen me at Limours, where I never was in the course of my life.

It was past twelve o'clock ; I was in a violent perspiration ; I had run all over the town, with one arm a-kimbo, the other swinging by my side : having nothing more to see, I went back to join my pretended mistress, whom I had left at her debtor's, and who without having stirred as much as myself, was not as well pleased.

It was dinner time : my cousin's host insisted on our staying : I went into the kitchen, where I found a *Dame Julie*, who in five minutes told me what she was, what she had done, how long she had lived in this family, how good her master was, how tender-hearted her mistress, though she was a gossip, &c. &c. I was fatigued, I fell half asleep on a chair ; I did not say a word, and I thought within myself that it was as much worth while to attend to this conversation as that of the mistress, who would have stunned me with her fashions, or with Mr. Mayor or Madame such a one.

I admired this girl in her glory ; she did her needle-work, gave her orders to her laundry-maid, spoke to

the man-servant, and also entertained me with her talk. At length the parlour dinner was over; I ate mine with a good appetite, inquiring into the price of provisions and other things of this sort within the capacity of my entertainers, who, perceiving that I neither spoke to them of myself, nor of my master and mistress, assumed a ceremonious tone and an embarrassed air; this did not last long, for we set off immediately. My cousin, very anxious to know how I had spent the time which she had been obliged to give courageously to etiquette, and which I should have lost as she did, had I not chosen some character, wished to set out on her way back to have an opportunity of questioning me; I wished it as much as she, in order to laugh at my ease at my little adventures, and communicate to her my observations. Our return was as pleasant as our departure. I had reason to congratulate myself on the expedient, and I resolved that if I had some day the time and the means to travel, I would do so dressed either as a country girl or as a man.

This little party will be considered, by many people, as a flight of imagination, and I confess that it would not become many young girls to make similar excursions; but I do not think that any one can blame those who should make them through motives such as mine, nor that any thing could, in such a case, be apprehended, from their being carried into execution. I staid but six days longer at Fontenoy; I came with my cousin, and took the coach for Paris at Arpajou.

We had no other company, in the carriage, than women; and from them nothing is to be learned, except their own affairs, which are commonly very tiresome: still we might think ourselves fortunate would they

they hold their tongue. I pretended to sleep in order to obtain silence, without being able to succeed.

The air of Paris suffocates me; yesterday I experienced the uneasy sensations that I had left behind me on setting off: friendship restores to me the full enjoyment of health; friendship is my saviour, my deity, my consolation, my support, my delight, my joy, my all, since it is one with virtue herself.

TRIP TO ENGLAND.

July 1st, 1784.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

To whom, better than to you, my dear child, could I address my observations? Is it not for you that I collect them? I acquire only to enrich you; ideas, knowledge, every thing useful or interesting that can be imagined, my heart brings to you, and makes me seek in it your interest and the means of adding to your improvement and happiness. I have mustered resolution to leave you, I did it with effort; but far from you, my thoughts are still bent on you. Near your faithful nurse, whose care makes my security, in the midst of the sports of your age, taken up with the fugitive sensations which make you exist only for present enjoyments, you scarcely think of your mother! Ah! when sentiment shall one day animate those sweet caresses which your childish joy lavishes on me, think not that I will lose, a single instant, that recompense of my tender solicitude! It is with you that we shall then be able to enjoy the pleasures of travelling; previous to that time I will relate to you my excursions, or rather you shall read what they have given me occasion to remark. I seem to take you with me, and to see nothing in which you do not share.

I left

I left you this morning in that town which will ever be dear to me, since I there brought you into the world: you will leave it, too young as yet to preserve the remembrance of it; we will teach you to know it, and though much may be said in its praise, never will the country and the family of your father, to which you are going to be taken, give you reason to regret Amiens.

I embarked in a barge, or passage-boat, which descends from Amiens to Abbeville by the river Somme. This conveyance, though far from expensive, is very slow, and sometimes tiresome, when the company that is on board is ill assorted; but it is necessary to know the different manners of travelling, and, particularly, to learn to accommodate ourselves to all, if possible.

I shall not describe the countries of France which I traversed. Having arrived at Boulogne, we went on board a vessel that was lying in the road three quarters of a mile from the shore; this was a very neat packet boat, with two cabins and six beds, commanded by Captain *Cornu*, a worthy man, who took eighty-six prizes in the course of the last war, in which he had two fingers shot off. The weather was *such as the Gods grant in their serenity*; the beauty of the sky, the smoothness of the water, the vast extent of both, presented a spectacle at once agreeable and striking. Led to meditation, we feel ourselves drawn into an amiable reverie; the undulations of the waves attach our looks, keep, in a manner, our reflections suspended, and impress on our mind a certain melancholy from which we would not wish to be disturbed. Never have I been so far separated from you; it seemed that the sea established between us a more absolute division; this idea moistened my eyes: I quitted the deck, where I had remained a long time, and went to lie down; heat

and fatigue overwhelmed me, and set me to sleep. I felt no symptom of sea-sickness; nor did any one of our party. At length, after the smoothest passage, we arrived at Dover, at two o'clock in the morning, having been ten hours on the water.

The town of Dover is not very large, neither is its harbour, which however is better and more agreeable than that of Boulogne, not only from its easy entrance, but also from the basin which it forms, and in which vessels may lie in safety.

The soil of the environs perfectly resembles that of the *Boulonnois*; light, poor lands over a bed of sand or chalk; the country hilly, entirely broken into sinuosities which diversify the face of it in a singular manner: here and there, it is absolutely the same thing. But a traveller has soon occasion to observe the best understood and most improved culture. Sheep of the small species were straying on these hillocks; they are already very different from ours; the legs short, the body compact, a great deal of wool even under the belly, the head crowned with a ruff from which it seems to issue as from a cowl, small ears thrown back into this tuft of wool, this is what characterises them and makes them distinguishable at first sight; their wool covered with dust had lost its brilliant whiteness; but no adherent dirt impairs it, and the white that is peculiar to it is restored by simple washing. The prospect of the country becomes constantly more agreeable; all the lands are divided by quickset hedges; small patches of wood are reserved here and there in order to form roads and enclosures; thence result compartments which give to the whole the enchanting appearance of a vast and magnificent garden.

The

The houses of the villages, built either of brick or wood, announce neatness and comfort; the smallest garden appears cultivated with assiduity by its peaceable possessor; here the agreeable is always blended with the useful, and seems to form but one with it; there is not a plant that is unaccompanied by a flower; every cabbage has its rose-tree, and all is laid out in this taste. The roads, kept in good order, are not as wide as several of our highways,; but they are lined with hedges neatly clipped and trimmed; and in the places less easy to pass, paths have been made, and sometimes raised like pavement, for the convenience of people on foot. It is evident that man, whatever he may be, is here reckoned something, and that a handful of rich does not constitute the nation. The gardens of the country-seats which overlook the high roads, are terminated in slopes planted with shrubs and flowers in the greatest variety, which might be said to be there only for the satisfaction of the traveller. These quickset hedges, or small wooden fences, neatly made, are the sole protection of the fields; but a man who should break through these three feet hedges, would be as severely punished as he who, with us, should scale a wall twelve feet high; and in a country where the laws keep people in awe, much more than punishments check them, property is respected. He who possesses, quietly enjoys estates the sight of which is forbidden to no one; it is necessary only to open our eyes on these beautiful fields, to judge of the nature and influence of the government, and to say, in spite of our agreeable fellows: *happy England!*

Canterbury is the first town that is met with on the road from Dover to London; it is situated in a plain which is also not the best possible land, but which is covered

covered with the finest crops, owing to the great attention of culture. This town must probably contain eight or ten thousand souls, and not have much other trade than that of consumption; the entrance of every house is commonly decorated by two pillars crowned by a pediment; this is the general taste; here are not to be seen our large gateways; all the entrances are small, but ornamented and kept particularly clean. All tradesmen's shops partake of this taste; even the shambles are kept in a style of neatness bordering upon elegance.

The cathedral is the only remarkable monument in Canterbury; the nave and its aisles are in the good, bold, and light gothic order; no image, no statue, change the simple and sublime idea of the First Cause; two books on the altar and all its ornaments. We were here shewn the place where *Thomas à Becket* suffered martyrdom, or paid the price of his intolerable obstinacy and haughtiness; his monument is to the left of the choir; that of the famous *Black Prince* is to the right; he is there represented lying down, and clad in armour; above his monument are still suspended, in kind, his cuirass, his shield, his gauntlets, his helmet and his sword. The chapels contain a great number of tombs, interesting to the private history of the nation, but very indifferent in point of execution.

On leaving Canterbury, the country opens still more, the soil becomes excellent, the prospects extend and present one of the most magnificent pictures that I have ever seen. The eye embraces a diameter of perhaps eight leagues by an immense circumference in the form of an amphitheatre, finely cultivated; large hamlets and country-seats appear in the midst of this superb garden, terminated by the Thames which is seen flowing in the distance, and which is also commanded

manded by lofty hills obscured in the vapours of the horizon.

We alighted from the carriage to enjoy this delightful spectacle, to which I can only compare that of the course of the Soane and the surrounding plains, viewed from the top of the mountain of *Thésée*, in the *Lyonnois*. In traversing this beautiful country we reached the three united towns of *Chatbam*, *Rocheſter* and *Stroud*; which describe a femi-circle on the *Medway*, a river that empties itself into the Thames, after having formed at *Chatbam* a very remarkable king's port, where we saw about eighty vessels, frigates and ships of the line, ready for service, or requiring only a little exertion to be in a condition for sea. We rowed about in a small boat in the middle of these ships, but at a little distance, for it is not allowable to go near them, without exprefs permission. We were desirous of going on board a 74-gun ship, and we wished our boatman to take us to her in order to ask at least if the officers would admit us: he warmly protested against this, because the prohibition to approach the men of war subjected him, he said, to be fired upon.

Extensive barracks, and a great number of buildings necessary for the works of the navy skirt the right bank of the *Medway*, and with the contrast of the fields of the other bank, of the masts of the ships at anchor, and all the furniture distributed along the shore, form a picture of the grand kind, extremely lively and interesting. We landed on the left bank, ascending the course of the river by charming walks, behind some powder magazines, in the vicinity of which we saw sentinels of a Scotch regiment in their old native dress; a bonnet on the head, no breeches; a piece of woollen cloth, folded on the hips, and falling short of the knees, supplies

supplies their place ; another cloth, checquered of different colours, and resembling buskins, surrounds the leg to the height of the calf ; the knee and its adjacent parts are seen naked.

Corn, strong and full, beans in prodigious quantities, cover the lands of this district ; no part is suffered to lie fallow : under the hands of free men, the laboured soil repays the toils of man, and yields abundance. We were accompanied every where by a native of *Guernsey*, whom the pleasure of hearing French spoken had brought to us ; we were no less delighted to find a *Cicerone* of our nation, in a country whose language we read better than we know how to speak it, and where we meet with very few persons who thoroughly understand ours. Already had chance however led us to converse with a man belonging to Rochester, who, though he has never quitted his native town, explains himself tolerably in French, German and Italian, makes verses, amuses himself with painting, and all this, with the most simple exterior, in one of the lowest classes, if ever the lover of the fine arts can belong to them ; the enthusiasm of this man was truly singular, and formed a contrast with the sort of rusticity which his person appeared to preserve.

Sun-set brings us back to our inn, the Crown, the master of which speaks French a little ; the house is large, fashionable, and exceedingly clean. The English who travel in France must, by comparison, think us terribly filthy.

Till now I have not remarked any difference between the plants and trees of this country and those of ours ; the climates are no doubt too similar to afford a variety that can strike the eye at first sight ; but the vegetation is vigorous, and this is the finest period
of

of its display. Hops are here much cultivated; the plant is supported by high poles, round which it ascends; at some distance the hop-grounds might be taken for vineyards. In our walk, and on the road, we saw burying-places, the arrangement of which does not disparage their neatness. The rich erect monuments or tablets, in marble or stone, or only a flat slab, buried in the ground by one of its ends, and bearing a simple inscription. The poor, who have not the means of erecting any, preserve the earth which covers the body of the deceased, in the form of a sarcophagus. The turf is taken off in squares in order to dig a ditch; the grave is covered over with this turf carefully arranged, it is then encircled with naked branches of pliable wood; the earth confined by all these hoops adheres together; its turf takes root again, and this verdant carpet covers the modest grave, which keeps its form for a long time.

Ten or twelve miles from London, we passed through the little village of *Wellen*; it is agreeable and neat, as are likewise all the villages; pavements of flat stones are laid along before the houses, for the convenience of foot passengers; it is evident that every where the welfare of the generality has not been forgotten. The women never go out without a hat, which is mostly black for those of the common class, often gathered in behind like a bonnet, and projecting like a penthouse in front; it is worn in this manner by the country women; in the towns, it is more commonly round, and kept in that form; tied on like ours, but always over a sort of hood or cap. The lower sort of women have generally a black stuff petticoat, under their coloured cotton gown; large silk handkerchiefs, commonly red or brown, well extended, and
entirely

entirely covering the neck, the shoulders and the back. They have almost all an easy and lively air, and appear neat and modest. A certain degree of smartness seems to characterize the inhabitants of this country.

The public carriages, kept in good order and very clean, are also very well served; they are all drawn by horses of the country, which partake, in a singular manner, of that free and nimble gait. All the roads, kept in good repair, are made with coarse gravel covered over with sand; there is not a rut to be seen. Large villas announce the environs of the capital; at a distance is perceived, on the right, the proud Thames, with its forest of masts, the houses of London, and the dome of St. Paul's: we passed through a charming place where there are taverns in great numbers, three or four miles from the capital, which is also announced by high roads that are handsomely divided, and intersect each other in a common centre, where an obelisk has been erected.

Arrived in London, where we found a friend whose honest heart for ever ensures our common connexion, the first business was to procure a lodging; we have taken up our quarters at the house of a Frenchman, where we board and lodge, at three shillings a day for the apartments, and two shillings a head for each meal.

We first went to visit St. James's park. It answered not entirely the great idea that I had formed of it; it is certainly extensive, the walks are handsome and majestic, the lawn very verdant and kept in good order; but within these few years, these lawns have been railed in by fences; people must walk in the alleys, the gravel of which is rather coarse and disagreeable to the feet; in short, notwithstanding the rural and unrestrained appearance

pearance that prevails there, I saw none of those solitary and charming parties which melancholy or studious walkers are so fond of making.

The king's palace is situated in the park to the right; there it is that he gives his audiences and goes through the ceremonial of his public character; he lives and sleeps at the Queen's house, situated at the extremity of the park. In the same quarter of St. James's stands the old palace of *Whitehall*, which *Charles I.* occupied at the time of his imprisonment, and from which he stepped out to be beheaded. *Cromwell*, who dreaded the uproar of the people, had given orders for the construction of a gallery which led from this palace to the spot where the execution was to take place, from a window to the scaffold; the window by which the king came out having been walled up, and being found too remarkable on that account, three others have been walled up on the same story. The statue of that prince has since been erected, at no great distance from this place, by his son, during the short time that he sat on the throne: it is one of the best that are to be seen in London.

The street called the *Strand*, which leads to St. Paul's, is one of the principal streets in London, and one of the handsomest in the world, owing to the neatness of the houses erected on each side, and the richness of the sight presented by the shopkeepers who inhabit them. Broad pavements of flag stones, run along before the houses, and afford people on foot the facility of walking without being in fear of the carriages. Every thing showy and brilliant that jewellery, fashions, cloths, and the arts which employ them can offer, as well as cutlery, and a thousand articles of consumption, is placed to advantage in the shops, behind beautiful glasses that protect them from every inconvenience.

Even

Even fruit, pastry, fish, and butcher's meat are set out with this luxury of cleanliness; the climate no doubt, and the smoke of the pit-coal make this necessary; but whatever may be the cause of it, the effect is so agreeable that a person is tempted to congratulate himself on the first that occurs.

St. Paul's announces itself by a majestic peristyle; its dome, which is of a vast circumference, has a most imposing effect; in France we have nothing that can be compared to it; I have not yet been able to examine it throughout: I shall therefore visit it again: The statue of Queen Anne, on a pedestal, round which four nations are represented, occupies the middle of the inclosure, formed by an iron railing in front of the peristyle of St. Paul's; it is a pity that the place where this beautiful edifice stands, is not more extensive; it is rather too much confined.

The *Royal Exchange*, the *Bank*, the *Mansion House*, the *Guildhall*, a court of justice in which the *Lord Mayor* presides, are in the environs of St. Paul's; all in the city properly so called. The Exchange is a large square building, of a somewhat heavy style of architecture, although good for the time in which it was executed; it forms a large gallery occupying the four sides of a square entirely enclosed by it, and where men of business walk and chat; each nation has its adopted place in some part of a gallery, so that the French must be looked for at such a pillar, the Dutch at such another, and so on; these are points of union without which an enormous portion of time would be lost in seeking for those to whom a person wishes to speak, among the astonishing crowd that is often met with in this place. The *bank* affords still more particularly the idea of a powerful nation, in which every thing

thing that concerns the public is treated with consideration; it is a magnificent edifice, of such a kind that in it might be given entertainments which, from the sole beauties of the building, would be far superior to our *Coliffée* and other trumperies of that sort. A tolerably large dome forms the centre, where terminate several vast halls, themselves formed of one or of several principal domes, surrounded by cupolas, under each of which is an office: the order that prevails here is Corinthian; the ornaments are delicate, the execution is neat, the details are graceful, and the whole truly in the Italian style.

The name of the *Temple* is given to a considerable pile of buildings where the law is studied, and where reside the counsellors and generally all the lawyers.

This day was concluded by a charming excursion on the Thames, in one of the small boats which are here in great numbers, and which might be overfet by the smallest movement, were they not managed with much address and safety by the London watermen.

One of the most striking things in the situation of London is the number and the distribution of its squares, all ornamented with lawns, and the greater part of them with statues; the latter, although well gilt, in general, are as indifferent as the lawns are beautiful. We visited five of these squares in quarters very contiguous to each other; *Grosvenor Square* is very large, and the lawn which occupies the middle of it is intersected by very agreeable bowers of the most lively verdure. The automaton chess-player that was to be seen in Paris, also attracted our attention; this singular machine is truly astonishing; it may be conceived how such a piece of wheel-work can be wound up to execute a particular movement;

but, to determine this movement according to the play of a second, his will, and the numerous *data* which all the combinations of chess produce; more than all this, to determine this movement, without any visible action on the machine which receives it and is modified by it—that is truly surprising. All the outward parts of the automaton, the inside of the table on which it leans, and which contains the mechanism, are shewn; a spectator may convince himself that there is no communication with external objects. The game that your father had undertaken to play was also won by him against the automaton, who defended himself well, and appeared to lose only through inadvertence.

The inventor of this beautiful machine shewed us another, which has nothing more than the appearance of a pair of bellows, terminating in a small square box, in which the author puts his hand to make it play and give very distinctly articulated sounds. The sound may be compared to the voice of a child, and can be modified without end, since the author makes it pronounce whatever words he pleases in different languages; for a number of years past he has laboured at this prodigious piece of mechanism, which he hopes to improve to such a degree as to add to it a set of keys that may be fingered like a harpsichord.

We rambled about several streets of London, while the society of the men of science assembled at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, welcomed the enlightened and laborious author with whose works they were acquainted, and your father thus received that recompense so flattering to a man who, by his labours, has devoted himself to the public good, and can find countrymen among all nations.

Sir

Sir Joseph Banks, who went round the world with Cook, and brought back to his own country a great many interesting articles, with which he has enriched the British Museum, is President of the Royal Society of London; he is in the country in this season, but he returns to London every week to spend one or two days; the principal members of the society go to his house in the morning; there they drink tea and coffee, and modestly talk over interesting subjects: there are to be seen all the journals foreign and national, all the public papers; the company read them at pleasure, or consult the library; this is truly a rendezvous of enlightened men, of sages, communicating to each other their knowledge with that sort of moderation and dignity which characterize Englishmen.

All the great, all the rich people are in the country at this season; there they pass eight months of the year; and there it is that they display their consequence, that they receive and spend, that they *live*, properly. London is no more, in a manner, than a temporary residence, or rather the centre of political intrigues, and whither return most frequently those who make it their business to follow them.

In the city, beyond St. Paul's, is erected the famous column in commemoration of the terrible fire which ravaged London in the last century, and had like to have destroyed it entirely; this fatal event is attributed to the fury of the Catholics, and although authors are not agreed as to its cause, the inscriptions on the monument are not on that account the less positive.

The *British Museum* is one of the most interesting objects in London; antiques in very considerable numbers, particularly a great many vases in fine preservation;

fervation; various articles used in the sacrifices of the ancients, are contained in the first room, as well as some mummies which were found in their cases, and hieroglyphic paintings on which are very fresh and well preserved. Suits of armour, dresses, cloths, and articles of household furniture, in use among the savages, are in the following apartments; the cabinet of natural history, rich in mineralogy principally, and the very extensive library, occupy the others. A more brilliant, but not a more convenient arrangement might be wished for; the animals are classed according to the method of Linnæus; the insects are placed within reach of the eye.

Such an establishment is particularly remarkable, when it is recollected that it was not founded by the prince, who can employ large means, and make enormous disbursements, the effects of which are not always happy; here, the whole is the work of private individuals, and it is for the sciences that they have laboured. The building was a palace belonging to the Duke of Montagu; the antiques were furnished, in a great measure, by Sir William Hamilton; Captain Cook and Sir Joseph Banks gave a number of interesting articles, and so of the rest. The collection of manuscripts is valuable; under a glass is shewn the original of the charter, called *magna charta*; a great many original letters of the kings of England are collected in a folio volume: among these are to be remarked the style and the hand-writing of Elizabeth, which appear to great advantage. We examined the admirable works of the famous Maria Sybilla Merian. Her portrait is in the museum, as well as that of a crowd of great men, princes and celebrated persons.

Our

Our day was concluded by going to the little theatre in the Haymarket. It answers exactly to our *comédie Italienne*; here are performed comic operas and little pieces. The music pleased me; it is simple and harmonious. Morals are very far from being respected at the theatre; great liberties are taken there in the dialogue, and even in the action; never with us, are seen given on the stage kisses so lascivious as those which are represented at the Haymarket. I hear that the opera and the great theatres, which are not open at this time of the year, are not more refined; but it must be observed, that people of a certain rank very seldom frequent public places, and go there only when the best pieces are performed; there are some women who pass six months in town, without visiting them, which I know particularly of Lady Egremont, married to Count Bruhl, her second husband, and well known under the name of *Lady Sensible*, in the periodical publications of Madame de Beaumont, who brought her up. However, all the public places, and there are a great many, are always very full; there is such a crowd, and so much luxury, in such a brilliant capital as London, that there must be a great many indolent people; but we must not judge of the morals of *the nation* by the scum of this crowd. There are neither guards nor muskets at the entrance of the public places, nor in the inside, and there is not any bustle and confusion as is seen in ours; the audience call out *encore* as we cry *bis*, and they frequently make the actors sing over again the songs that please. As people in London dine very late, commonly at four o'clock (and at six among the great) the public places hardly begin till between six and seven at soonest, and are not over till late in the night; we came out of the

Haymarket theatre at eleven o'clock, and we left the afterpiece just begun. A person must take care of his pockets, and look about him in the evening, when he happens to be in the streets. In London there are a great many robbers; they assemble together to a certain number, and even stop carriages; they never assassinate, unless in case of an obstinate resistance, as happened three days ago, near the Opera-house, to a musician, about midnight; he attempted to defend himself against several, and he was killed; if, however, a passenger can escape from their clutches by calling stoutly for the *watchman*, they are frightened, and he thus gets rid of them.

The *watchmen* are men, sometimes old soldiers, set to guard the streets of London; there are so many assigned to each parish; they walk about with a rattle, a lantern, a long white pole, and call the hours as they strike: they have places of rendezvous, and small watch-boxes in several parts. Persons in easy circumstances, who leave town in the summer, carry with them their plate, and what they have most valuable, or send it to their *banker's*; on their return they expect to find their house robbed: frequently travellers take the precaution to carry what is called *the robbers' purse*, that which is meant to be given them in case of being attacked. A great talk has been made about taking methods to put a stop to these frequent robberies; but some opposition has always been started. It is here nearly as it was in Lacedemonia: to the vigilance of every individual is left the care of avoiding these little daily losses; besides, it would be apprehended that every well-armed guard, every means of police or of rigour at first established for the safety of the citizens, would shortly become an instrument of oppression and tyranny.

In this point of view, it is, perhaps the extreme of wisdom not to persist in annihilating the abuse. In the town there are quarters well known, where the thieves assemble and hold their consultations. However, they are hung, without mercy, when they are caught in the fact, or the crime is evidently proved; the mere deposition of a person robbed would not be sufficient, for here neither the liberty nor the life of men is sported with; it is necessary to prove; the judges examine the proofs, and the law alone pronounces the penalty. Scarcely a month passes without an execution of thieves taking place, by ten or twelve at a time, more or less.

Here Sunday is rigidly observed, the shops, the public places are shut, and games of all sorts are prohibited; in the morning people go to church, in the evening they take a walk: it must not be imagined, however, that the crowd is as great at the one as at the other; the inhabitants walk still more than they pray. We entered a church during divine service, at which were present a dozen women: two priests clad in a white robe, in the shape of a Roman rochet, were one on each side of the altar, standing up, holding a book of the scriptures, from which they read alternately in a grave and emphatic tone. The Lord's prayer in English, other prayers taken from the scripture, and engraved on large brass plates, placed above the altar as a picture, constituted the sole decoration. Loaves were distributed to the poor at the door of the church, on stone tables arranged for this purpose.

St. James's park is very brilliant on a Sunday evening; three principal walks, at least three times the length of those of the *Tuilleries*, are filled with people in easy circumstances, and women neatly dressed:

these are in general all tradesmen and citizens; the men are dressed with the greatest simplicity, in a plain cloth coat, and a white waistcoat, with their hat always on their head. The women wear, in general, white gowns, of very fine muslin, made exactly like those which we have borrowed from them, but generally drawn up in festoons by strings that pass underneath the train of the gown, and suspend it a little above the skirt of the petticoat; they all have large or small caps, under the hat; the latter is very diversified in its form, and often overloaded with a quantity of ribbands; except in the very small number, there is not to be found an elegance and taste any thing like ours; but it is often a reason that we appear more elegant and tasteful from the women being otherwise in this country; and if the vanity of some makes them run after our fashions, the general spirit of the nation disdains them, and affects to shun them. A dutchess who had made her appearance with French lace, was finely taken to pieces, a few days ago, in the public papers, and it was considered as shameful of her to seek articles of dress from abroad, in contempt of the national manufactures. I had remarked in the provinces that the women scrupulously cover their neck; the capital is less austere; here the neck is not exposed as yet, but the veil is so thin, that the eye sees every thing, and the spectator can form an accurate judgment of the rest.

The race is vigorous; the children are charming with their fairness, their open bosom, their head bare, ornamented with fine hair in natural curls, falling carelessly on their neck, which powder has never soiled. The women, who are well educated, have a maiden and affecting look; their fair, but rather pale complexion,

ion, a soft and melancholy look, inspire an interest very different from the sensation excited by our smart figures and sprightly air; these entice, the others soften: a man would be tempted to amuse himself with the one, and to love the other. The women above the middle class are very few in number at this walk; they are distinguished by footmen, and by their gowns being longer and always trailing.

There is not here any body of nobles distinguished as among us by privileges which oppress the people; the nation is classed into *masters*, *squires*, *knights* or *baronets*, *lords*, *dukes*, and *peers*; the title of *master* answers to our *monsieur*, and is given generally to every man, tradesman or any other. A man may be elected a knight of a shire as soon as he enjoys six hundred pounds sterling a year in landed property. These squires are considered as the principal members of the House of Commons, the representatives of the nation. The king can make whomever he pleases a lord, but he selects lords only from among the gentry of this description. There is none but the eldest of a family that preserves the title of lord or of lady *, the other sons are all masters and nothing more; they often engage in trade, for the estates are also collected on the head of the eldest son. Between the *squires* and the *lords*, are the *baronets*; this is a distinction granted as a recompense to men who have deserved well in some way; in speaking to them, the title of *sir* is given them with the addition of the surname: otherwise this appellation of *sir* is given them through politeness, only

* The English reader will readily perceive that the authoress has here fallen into an error. The title of lord and lady is given, *by courtesy*, to all the sons and daughters of dukes and marquises, and to the eldest son and all the daughters of earls. This observation will also apply to a subsequent passage of the text. *Trans.*

only in writing to any one. The title of *my lord* and *my lady* is given in speaking to those who are invested with the rank, only by their domestics, or those who are very inferior to them; people in a respectable situation and their equals treat them in the third person, and say *your lordship* or *your ladyship*.

The wives of *misters* are *mistress*; this appellation is given them with the constant addition of the family name. The wives of *baronets* are called *my lady*; the name of *miss* is that of unmarried ladies even of the youngest daughters of lords, who cannot be called *ladies* by courtesy; it is also given to women of the inferior class; but there are none but female servants that a person can call *miss* without coupling to it their christian name; the latter must always be added. *Ma'am*, an abbreviation of *Madam*, derived from our word *Madame*, is made use of towards any woman who is a stranger, and of whose rank no idea can be formed; it is even given to children, to little girls whom it is wished to treat with politeness. As for the title of gentleman, it is generally employed in the third person in speaking of any civil, decent man; it is the *uomo di garbo* of the Italians; it is the same in regard to that of *lady*, which is made use of in speaking of a woman; this is a politeness, a mark of consideration which is universally granted to every person above the common class.

The peers and bishops, or lords spiritual and temporal, form the upper house of parliament; their number is not determined. The king may also raise commoners or lords by courtesy to the rank of peers; but, independently of his will, it is possible to be so by right of birth, and such are the eldest sons of these peers.

I am

I am this moment informed that the last murder has made a change; none had been committed in London for a long time; some pains have been taken to devise a method of preventing in future such accidents.

In our excursions, we met with a funeral procession; the retinue was composed of three mourning coaches, one of which preceded, and two followed the hearse containing the body of the deceased. This hearse, of a long shape, is shut close, covered with black cloth, and ornamented with large plumes of feathers placed all round it: some men on horseback went first; men on foot, bearing poles covered with a scarf, accompanied these carriages on both sides; they were most numerous by the side of the hearse. This has given me occasion to recollect what happened, a month ago, at the funeral of a former lord mayor, who died in debt: his creditors seized his body; the march of the procession having been stopped by them, all the aldermen who had passed the chair, that is themselves filled the office of lord-mayor, and who, according to custom, assist at the funeral ceremony of one of their own body, inquired into the cause of this proceeding, and became responsible for the deceased. They opened a subscription, the very next day, in order to obtain the sums necessary for the payment of the debts which the deceased had contracted only in consequence of his liberality; for he had conducted himself very well in his office, and he might have grown rich in it had he been less generous; money poured in at such a rate, that there was not only enough to pay the creditors, but also to secure an income to the widow and the children of this honest man who had left them in distress. This trait of
national

national generosity, instances of which are not uncommon, has made no more sensation here than a thing quite simple and perfectly regular; scarcely has it been talked of; foreigners alone who have heard of it by chance, are astonished, and cannot withhold their admiration. Let him who is capable of appreciating similar traits, judge of the character of a people among whom they are not remarkable!

Westminster abbey, venerable from its antiquity, is still more so from the monuments which it contains. A whole morning has been devoted to visit it, and this first examination gives us a wish to return. Here are shewn a great many tombs of kings and queens of England, their models in wax in several glass cases, and other things of that sort, which have nothing interesting in point of art or of the objects, if we except the history both of the art itself, and of the objects; but there are a vast number of monuments erected in honour of the great men, of every class, whose memory is dear to the nation, and to mankind; many others raised by conjugal affection, or by filial piety, whose touching expressions still add to the effect of an agreeable execution; it is by this crowd of things that we are moved, attached and softened; a sweet admiration, the calm of composure alternately succeed each other, and finish by throwing a person of sensibility into that disposition of mind of which Gay's epitaph may convey an idea, or to which it leads:

*Life is a jest: and all things shew it.
I thought so once; but now I know it.*

We will sometimes talk about the ingenious composition of the monument of *Newton*; of the grand effect

effect of that of General *Wolfe*, killed at Quebec; of the highly-finished workmanship of that of Major *André*, whose history is connected with the history of the last war; and above all of the great monument, the composition of which is not marvellous, I mean that which the king and the parliament have caused to be erected to the famous *William Pitt*, afterwards Lord *Chatham*, with the inscription the most honourable to a patriot and statesman. Four Frenchmen, *St. Evremont*, *le Courayer* and *Casaubon*, as well as *Chardin*, are honoured with a monument in Westminster.

The queen's palace offered us beauties of a very different kind; without, it bespeaks the greatest simplicity; it is a remark which I should frequently have occasion to repeat, that the public buildings here are constructed with a magnificence which is absolutely confined to them; all that belongs to the prince falls far short of this grandeur, and would appear to us nothing more than a large and modest hotel of a private person.

The library of the queen's palace astonished us from its immense size; it occupies some vast rooms and a long gallery terminated by a pavilion in the form of a dome, of the most agreeable effect; the finest editions, the scarcest books in different languages, ancient and modern, render it doubly valuable. It is in this palace or at Windsor, that the queen, entirely employed in her family, passes her life, which might, in some respects, be compared to that of the princesses of the heroic times of which Homer makes mention.

The queen has not a handsome face, but she has the look of a sensible woman, and is so in reality; she is generally esteemed and loved. She sees little company, displays her dignity only on occasions of ceremony,

mony, and gives no other entertainments than two balls a year, on the anniversary of the king's birth and of her own. These balls finish at midnight: some minuets are danced, and a few country dances; in other respects, no supper, no show, no expence.

In general, the women in England employ themselves a great deal about their children, and lead a very domestic life. The two sexes here live much more asunder than in France; by this, morals are improved, and the happiness of families is more secure. The men form among themselves what are called *clubs*. There are some of lords, some of porters, some of men of science, and some of lawyers; the Royal Society have their club, and so on. When the men have dispatched their private business, they repair to the club, there they read the public papers; first they converse on politics; this is the subject of most general interest, the affairs of the state being also those of every one; they then talk over matters which more particularly concern the persons who compose the club. The women therefore remain most commonly alone; they visit each other, play little, take a walk, and are not diverted from the management of their family; the house and the children are in their department; to these they confine themselves. The boys are sent to the public schools, and to the universities; the girls scarcely quit their mother, and are brought out but very late into company. Till the age of fifteen or eighteen, they continue with their hair out of powder, falling in natural ringlets, and covered with a plain hat. They wear flat-heeled shoes, and generally a white dress; they pay no visit, and do not make their appearance on ceremonious occasions. It is during these years of retreat that they are formed under the eye of a mother entirely

entirely devoted to the care of instructing them in things within their sphere, and in such agreeable accomplishments as may be added. The women being of a sedate turn, they read a good deal; they are not in want of information, and yet make no display of it; for they are not spoiled by the vain encomiums of a crowd of idlers, and every thing fosters in them serious and prudent inclinations.

Freedom and cleanliness are the two laws of their early age; the children are washed, every day, from head to foot, they are suffered to do whatever they choose that does not hurt others; we should be quite astonished to see at the table of a duke his children, eight or ten years old, push their plate forward on the table, put their elbows on it and lean their head on their hand in order to rest themselves, or otherwise. No attention is paid to these trifles; it is well known that, at a future period, the child will remark that no one does thus, and will correct himself from a wish to do well. There results from this method, taken in the gross, that the children are before their parents what they are in reality; they do not feel themselves restricted by their presence, and their parents on that account know them the better. Thence also results that the children have a certain something free, easy, and bold in their motions and in their countenance, which is imprinted for ever, and is happily blended with the pride of a republican and the independence of a man. The children of the great are not much urged towards the sciences; but pains are taken to instruct them in the laws of their country, to understand their language correctly; to inspire them with the social virtues, to make them men, patriots, and even heroes. The people are in general enlightened. There are schools
well

well kept, where the mother tongue and French are taught, and notions given of the most important things ; even the women know their language very well by principle, and speak and write it correctly.

The energy of this people is very singularly manifested in some circumstances : if a thief happens to be caught in the fact, a mob collects round him, and seizes hold of him ; he who has most warmth or facility of expression, or is better acquainted with the particulars, steps forward and states what has just happened, the votes are successively taken, and the majority of these determines the treatment that the malefactor is to be made to suffer : in general he is roughly handled, he is placed under a pump and copiously drenched with water, or ducked in a pond, and afterwards pelted with mud, every one is eager to give his blow ; sometimes he is left either dead or very nearly so. There are in London old harridans who make a trade of kidnapping little girls in order to sell them to houses of ill fame : the people break out into a rage at the sight of women whom they suppose such, and do justice on them with incredible animosity. What a diversified spectacle is the manners of a city containing so much wealth, so much luxury, where reign laws so wise, passions so warm, so many sources of crimes and of virtues ! London is no less singular from its outward appearance than from its morals ; the national cleanliness and public order which are peculiar to it, are almost always at variance with the climate and certain customs. The weather is commonly cloudy, the fogs there are extremely thick and of long duration in winter ; in summer, the air is always darkened by dense vapours, and it is necessary to go at sun-rise to St. Paul's in order to discern the city and the horizon.

The

The pit-coal, which is used in all the houses, without excepting the apartments of the queen, and of which an immense consumption is made in the brewhouses, the workshops of dyers, and others, diffuses a thick smoke which surrounds the city with a cloud, penetrates every where, and quickly blackens the outside of all the buildings.

Few beggars are met with in London; they ask charity only through fraud, by presenting nosegays or other trifles; or else women suckling their children, solicit the pity of the public by their silence, and with a sort of petition which they carry at their breast, or affix to their children.

In all enclosed places dogs are prohibited; these animals are far from being as common in London as in Paris; the trees, the flowers are respected in the most exposed situations; we had occasion to remark this in all the gardens in the town, and in those of the houses of public entertainment in the environs.

On leaving the queen's palace, we went to see *Kensington*; this is a country-seat belonging to the king, situated at a short distance from London. The house is spacious, convenient, neat and plain; the gardens are large and fine, not in the manner of ours, well cut out, traced and divided into stiff compartments, but in the English style, where every thing bespeaks nature, free, noble and beautiful. There are throughout lawns, fresh, green, soft, elastic, nice and short, which extend under the trees as in the open places: large alleys of vigorous trees of different species; the elm, the horse and common chesnut-tree, pines, a few oaks, and fewer maples; some groves of very variegated shrubs; large sheets of water; flocks of sheep and herds of deer, equally tame, cover certain parts, and animate the picture.

We have yet to see the arsenals, the magazines which are connected with the tower of London; they form a considerable and interesting assemblage. We were first conducted into a hall filled with pikes, halberds, bucklers, swords, &c. for the most part, taken from the Spaniards by Elizabeth, whose figure in wax is represented under a canopy, near a horse which she is on the point of mounting, and which a page is holding by the bridle. There are shewn with a sort of complaisance partaking of the aversion which is preserved for the Spaniards, the destructive implements that were taken from them; padlocks for tortures, poisoned pikes, masses of iron nearly in the shape of the bludgeons that are found among the savages, bucklers armed with pistols, with which aim may be taken in looking through a little grating made near the centre of the buckler.

From this hall, we passed into that where are contained helmets in prodigious numbers, cuirasses and all the furniture of horsemen, in the days of chivalry, before the invention of gunpowder. A somewhat singular thing, is the representation in wax of all the kings of England, from William the conqueror, clad in complete armour, mounted on horses equally equipped for war in the ancient dress. George II. the last reigning prince, appears there clad in the same armour, although it was out of use long before his time, and that of some of those who preceded him.

But what most fixed our attention, is the armoury of the weapons in use at this day, arranged in an order and with an elegance of which no idea can be conceived. This immense hall is decorated with columns in the middle, with pilasters and ornaments on the walls, all formed by muskets and pistols disposed in a hundred different ways; I shall never forget this magnificent
and

and imposing spectacle, and we will sometimes amuse ourselves with the details of this singular arrangement ; I shall content myself with observing that this hall alone contains wherewith to arm 100,000 men, and that there is not a pistol or musket that is not in the best condition and the highest state of cleanliness. An adjoining workshop is appropriated to armourers continually employed in visiting and cleaning the whole. Workmen are now engaged in increasing this hall, the space of which, however, has been doubled, in some measure, by the walls and the colonnades of muskets that are there erected. The vast gallery where are the field equipage of the artillery, and every thing that serves to carry the baggage, &c. of the infantry, is kept in as good order, and is as amply provided. Visitors are conducted by one of the warders of the Tower ; they pay, on coming in and going out, according to a fixed tax, and write their name and country in a register kept for that purpose. In one of the adjacent buildings, is pointed out the place called the *Bloody Tower*, where *Edward V.* was confined, and put to death.

We devoted the afternoon to visiting *Chelsea*, an hospital for invalided soldiers, situated near the Thames. We could not help admiring the order and cleanliness which prevailed throughout, and of which we have not even the shadow in France ; situation, buildings, gardens, courts, every thing is selected, executed and kept up, with intelligence, and that degree of attention resulting from the respect which is paid to every thing that concerns the public.

We afterwards went by water to *Greenwich*, a magnificent hospital for invalided sailors, also situated on the banks of the Thames, but down the river, a few miles from London. We took one of those light

little boats, called *wherries*, which will not hold above five or six persons, with two watermen : the tide was coming up, and was contrary to us ; but the passages under the bridges are on that account less dangerous, because the stream, which is extremely rapid, is thereby slackened. A very noble spectacle is presented by the Thames, the rendezvous of ships of all nations bringing to London their commodities and riches. We were first astonished at the sight of the Custom-house, which extends to a considerable distance on the quay, where every thing is in the greatest bustle and the most singular state of activity ; the Tower terminates the city on this side, and sixty-four guns levelled on the quay gives its entrance a respectable appearance. But admiration still keeps increasing, when we continually perceive new fleets arranged in tiers in the middle of this river, leaving a passage only by their separations, and vessels, workshops, storehouses, succeeding each other on the banks, and forming, in a manner, only one vast magazine from London to Greenwich, on the one side, and on the other *Blackwall Dock* a large ship-builder's yard, extending again two miles farther. Through the midst of these ships lying in groups, going, coming, arriving, and the number of which may be estimated at eight or ten thousand, we reached *Greenwich*, the largest and the finest edifice that I have yet seen in this country. Two superb ranges of buildings, with great colonnades of the Doric order, form the mass of it ; the common halls are extensive and magnificent ; the small apartments are agreeable, and very airy ; cleanliness, order and attention give life to the whole. The council chamber, which is large, and terminated by a cupola, is ornamented with allegoric paintings, in praise of the princes who have contributed towards

towards this establishment, raised by subscription, and which is properly the work of the nation. How much is the soul elevated and softened, when we see these magnificent establishments formed by the will of the citizens, offering their fortunes towards the relief of their defenders!

We have some fine things in France, but all done by the prince at the expense of his subjects, arbitrarily imposed; while they, at the extremity of the provinces, weep at the good in which they participate only by the sweat of their brow and the severity of their distress.

The school for young sailors and the infirmary for sick invalids, are two separate buildings. The Thames winds and forms an elbow, in the convex side of which stands the hospital; it seems to be there to receive the homage of that crowd of ships which all run into this elbow or bight, and pass under the eyes of the old sailors, who thus enjoy the sight of the objects which to them have been most interesting.

This is one of the days in which I have seen the most sights, and concerning which, comparatively speaking, I shall write the least; there would be too much to say, and so much time employed in seeing, leaves very little for description; but I have fixed the objects in my memory by this sketch, and we will enter into a detail of them when we come to talk together. I remember to have passed some winter evenings, with a tender mother who entertained me with those objects with which she was acquainted; if I can, my dear Eudora, afford you the same pleasure, I shall have paid a part of my debt. We returned, as we went, by the Thames, in the middle of those vessels near which our little skiff had the appearance of a blade of grass bearing a few ants.

The parliament house was the object of a new excursion; at eleven o'clock we went to the old palace of Westminster, where are assembled the representatives of the nation, where are decided the questions the most important to it, and all the affairs the influence of which often extends even beyond Europe. Several halls compose the whole of this place, the most remarkable part of which are the house of *Peers* and the house of *Commons*.

I love to recollect their situation, when I think of the importance of the subjects which are there investigated, of the wise constitution that is there defended and supported in a perpetual struggle with arbitrary power. The commons were to assemble this very day between twelve and two o'clock, for the grand affair of the India bill. The question is to take away from the East India Company absolute power, which they frequently abuse, by making peace or war, without the consent of the government, and on the simple decisions of their secret committee. This establishes one state within another state, and gives birth to a thousand inconveniences which recoil on all nations. Mr. Pitt, the prime minister, who is indebted to the enthusiasm still inspired by his father's name, for being already at the head of affairs, although he is but six and twenty, (1784) would draw the power into the hands of the king: Mr. Fox, his celebrated antagonist, a man of a bold genius, of a firm temper, of a manly and vigorous eloquence, proposes a commission to be elected by the parliament, and to which should be referred the management of the affairs of India, for a few years only. The interest of the nation and that of the prince are equally involved in this business, which at present occupies every mind.

From

From the parliament house we went to St. James's palace, where the king gives audiences, holds his court, receives ambassadors, and goes through the whole display of royalty. This miserable edifice has nothing remarkable about it, the whole is as simple, antique and gloomy, as can possibly be imagined.

From this palace to the cabinet of Mr. Townly, the transition is abrupt and the contrast striking. His house is situated near the park, on the opposite side to St. James's palace; it is plain, like most of the houses in London, the outsides of which are remarkable only for their extreme neatness; but the inside is decorated in the best taste, and enriched with a fine collection of very valuable antiques. We distinguished several of the specimens which *Winkelman* and *Lens* have quoted or described; we admired several others which, notwithstanding restorations, all bear that inimitable character of the chisel of the Greek artists. Saloons, cabinets, vestibule, every place is filled with their works snatched from the outrages of ignorance, or wrested from the scythe of time; vases, statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions are distributed with judgment in these apartments, the roofs of which, painted in lively and light arabesques, the chimney-pieces incrustated with antique specimens, the colonnades in stucco imitating porphyry, correspond with the beauty of the articles with which they are furnished, and which Mr. Townly has procured in Italy, whither a taste for the fine arts has induced him to make several journeys.

We concluded this day by going to *Ranelagh*; we went there before nine o'clock, in order to be able to examine the gardens; the company does not crowd thither till between eleven o'clock and midnight; every

one retires about three. The gardens of *Ranelagh*, although agreeable, are insignificant, and do not constitute the essential part of this charming place, the principal building of which is a rotunda of an elegant form and ornamented in the best manner. The music animates in a singular degree the concourse of a considerable number of persons; it is entirely in the Italian style, although the words of the airs are English. The women go there dressed; they in general take each other by the arm, and walk in this manner, several together, without any gentleman. Every thing there breathes the air of liberty, the ton of decorum, and of the greatest tranquillity; no noise, no crowd, no confusion: it is the same in all the places of public assemblies, even among the populace and in the markets. The people display every where a prudent character; they take their enjoyments quietly and with voluptuousness: warmth, energy and passion, are manifested only in elections, or against acts of injustice.

St. James's park, which I had seen in the evening in its splendour, presents in the morning allurements of another kind; people go there in order to drink milk which is taken before them from the animals grazing on the lawns; tea and bread and butter are also to be had there in the little neat room of one of the porter's lodges. After having rested ourselves, we went to see *Somerfet-house*, a considerable building, which is not yet finished, and which may be compared to our *Louvre*, although the mass of the latter is more extensive, and nothing here can vie with its beautiful colonnade.

Somerfet-house, situated in the Strand, near the Thames, is the assemblage of all the schools of the fine arts, of the Academies of Sciences and others. A square

square court, flanked by four buildings of a style of architecture analogous to the interior of the old Louvre, but more light, conveys an idea of the whole of this edifice, the farther part of which, erected on the bank of the Thames, will serve as a general depot for goods belonging to the East India company. For this purpose, have been made some very spacious vaults, so that the goods landed from the barges, will be instantly deposited in these magazines.

Newgate is the name of the principal gaol of London; it is a large square building, so substantially constructed, and so closely shut, that it must make those who are taken thither, lose the hope of ever effecting their escape. We intended to examine the inside of it; but we were admitted no farther than the entrance hall, the door of which the sentinel guards. Chains, handcuffs, weights, and irons supply the place of furniture, and must strike terror into the soul of the criminal who here sets his foot. The keeper, a man of colossal stature, strong and proud, a true Englishman, told us that he would not let us go farther, because there were some prisoners who were not in irons, and who might do us a mischief: he offered to admit us at an hour when they would be more closely confined, and when it would be possible for him to escort us in person. I had seen enough of this terrible apparatus not to wish to return thither. We went to the Sessions-house, the tribunal where criminals are tried, and which is immediately joined to the prison by a stone gallery, entirely enclosed, that serves as a passage for the culprits who are taken from the prison to the court, and *vice versa*.

The hall of the judges, in which the *Lord-mayor* presides, is divided into rows of steps, forming seats with

with a back, surmounted by a winding gallery for the accommodation of the public. The criminals are brought into the middle, to a sort of bench, surrounded by balustrades breast high; and as the day-light strikes in principally at their back, there has been contrived, to the sort of bar in front of which they advance, two posts bearing a swinging glass, which is so disposed as to reflect the greatest possible light on the face of the criminal under trial. Thus, the judge sitting at a distance, but facing the offender, can discern the smallest alterations of his countenance, while the latter, free in the space that is left him, answers the questions that are put to him. There it is that the man, abandoned to his conscience and to the laws, is tried by them alone. The witnesses are admitted, between the judges and the culprit, in front of the latter whom they cannot see. This court has a venerable and gloomy appearance, calculated to inspire awe.

Executions now take place in front of the prison, whence the criminals issue by the debtor's door, and walk straight forward to the scaffold; which is moveable, and is made to drop a little time after the condemned convicts are tied up, so that their own weight at once terminates their punishment and their life.

When malefactors were executed at *Tyburn*, a place at one of the extremities of the town, the relations of the convicts were permitted to come, after a certain time, and take away their bodies, and strive to restore them to life, if it were not entirely extinguished; I saw a beggar who was thus saved from death: at present the bodies are taken back into the prison, and are not given up to the relations till the evening of the day on which the execution takes place.

Our

Our attention was diverted from these details of justice and police, by the brilliant entertainment of *Vauxhall*, whither we went at ten o'clock at night. The gardens are the essential part of Vauxhall; they are large, very pleasant, and admirably illuminated; trees, of an extraordinary height, form the walks, cut into groves and ornamented with flowers; a transparent perspective, an obelisk, cascades, lights concealed in the foliage, every thing is there contrived with an art so much the greater, as it recedes less from nature. Vast galleries made with light pillars, which support a common roof, prevail at the entrance of the gardens, where they form an immense square, in the middle of which is placed the orchestra, in a very lofty and very elegant pavilion; trees, and tables occupy the space from the sides to the centre, without interrupting the communications or the passages. Beyond the galleries, the circumference is closed by open boxes, each furnished with a table ready set out. When it rains, the company withdraw to a large and very brilliant rotunda, preceded by a square saloon, ornamented with fine pictures, the subject of which, honourable to the nation, and rendered with warmth, is well calculated for nourishing, in every individual, patriotic enthusiasm. One of these pictures represents the English general, to whom the unfortunate inhabitants of Quebec come and shew their misery: this general receives them with the kindness of a generous conqueror, and orders provisions to be distributed to them. Analogous subjects relative to India, &c. make companions to this; the execution of them is bold and correct. This is the present of a private individual; a remarkable circumstance, but which frequently recurs here in the finest establishments.

The

The music performed at Vauxhall is the same as every where in London, entirely in the Italian style; the words of the songs are in English, and a stranger is astonished at the pliancy and facility with which this language bends to the music; more accented than ours, having a more distinct prosody, perhaps it is really better adapted to it; what is very certain, is that the English not having like us a claim to a music of their own, they have on that account rather adopted the Italian music, and by this they have been gainers. This enchanting art is singularly cultivated among them; they have doctors in music, whose body forms a faculty. *Handel*, their most celebrated composer, has obtained the honours of a monument in Westminster abbey. About a month ago, the anniversary of his funeral was celebrated with the greatest splendour and concourse: the number of performers assembled for this purpose at Westminster was six hundred. The court and all the town were present; workmen were employed for a long time beforehand, in order to erect, in the church, all the scaffolding and accommodations necessary for this ceremony.

In all the places of public assemblies, for entertainments or diversions, there is music, both vocal and instrumental, and always organs. Notwithstanding the concourse of people, at Vauxhall as elsewhere, every thing passes with equal tranquillity and decorum; the eye of a modest woman is not shocked by those lures, which are thrown out, by those loose scenes which occur at our *Redoute Chinoise*, and other similar places. All the women here, even those of the most contemptible order, put on the reserve of their sex; those who seek to seduce, seem still to do it with an air of bashfulness; and although a great many of them
cover

cover their neck only in a manner calculated to make it more remarked, not one shews it entirely bare.

The crowd never makes an inconvenient throng, and occasions no accident; people advance slower, they stop, and extricate themselves quite naturally, without constraint and without confusion. There are a great many constables and watchmen scattered about the public places; but they are there much more from precaution than to intimidate, except it be pickpockets, who are very common every where.

It would not be seeing a nation, to neglect the places of entertainment where the lower classes assemble, and where the people must shew themselves what they are: we therefore went to *Sadler's Wells*, a public place which answers to that of our Boulevards, the real *Nicolet* of London. There are little comic operas of the low kind; songs are sung, then dancing dogs are introduced, and rope dancers and tumblers wind up the performance. It may well be supposed that the composition of the first is rather indifferent, and that the actors are no better; but the music is easy and harmonious, and the songs are sometimes agreeable, and always very lively; the tune of *Marlbrouk*, the overture of our *Déserteur*, the march of *Les Avarés*, accompany the dance of the dogs, where, here and there, are seen little allusions to French follies. The rope dancers have all the grace, talent, power, and suppleness of ours. The people give way to laughter with singular energy and frankness; here it is that they ought to be examined by those who think them so melancholy; but the transports of their joy are followed by no dispute, or any thing of the kind, and the lowest of this nation, sailors even shew much respect to foreigners; we every where found them civil and obliging, and they all rightly judged that we were French.

For

For the first time, since our arrival, the weather has been bad; it has rained a great deal, and we had made a party for a country excursion, which we have just executed with more pleasure than it should seem that we were to expect in such weather. *Chiswick*, a villa belonging to the duke of *Devonshire*, is the first to be visited on going out of London by the great western road; it is small, of a heavy and slovenly style of architecture; the inside partakes of this bad taste; the spectator is overwhelmed with riches heaped one upon the other in this *cassino*, which, in other respects, is truly respectable from its superb collection of pictures by the best masters. We had it in our power only to take a glance at them, owing to an assemblage of circumstances which did not admit of a more particular examination. The gardens are regular, and adorned with a great number of statues; but it is at Kew, a country-seat belonging to the king, that we stopped with the greatest satisfaction. The buildings are nothing; simple and neat, they are like the common houses of individuals in easy circumstances, and do not deserve to be visited. The gardens, spacious, and kept in admirable order, in the English style, are the most interesting that I have ever seen; the most skilful art cannot be better disguised; every thing breathes nature and freedom; every thing is grand, noble and graceful. The lawns extend on all sides their soft and elastic carpets; vigorous trees shoot up and cover them, here and there, without affecting their beauty. The walks, seldom in a straight line, perfectly insulate the visiter from all that surrounds them. In every one of these he thinks he is in a place favoured by the gods, and unknown to the rest
of

of the world; they are formed, on all sides, of a great variety of trees, to the depth of five or six feet on the lines described by the alley; the least lofty of them are the nearest the border, which is terminated by shrubs intermixed with flowers; the fir and the *acacia*, the oak and the lime, the holly and the tulip-tree, the ash and the cypress interweave their branches; while the plane tree and the pine rear their head to the most remote row, the little shrub trefoil, and the dogwood flower by the side of the rose-tree, and look down on the herbaceous plants which terminate the border, always a little more elevated than the middle of the alley; the latter is rounded in the middle, with drains on each side for carrying off the water under the borders; it is made with gravel rolled and crowned, so that the path is smooth and firm, and fit for walking on in all weathers, without dirt or dust. These beautiful walks, which cross each other in a hundred different ways, lead to those fine lawns where the sight extends, settles and seizes some charming vistas, which are embellished by canals of running water. How awkwardly and ridiculously have we imitated the English gardens, with our little divisions, our ruins, which have the appearance of children's baby-houses, our affectation of gloominess, that assemblage of contradictions and monuments only fit to be laughed at! I have seen the celebrated Ermenonville, with its little *tour de Gabrielle*; its temple, where six persons could scarcely stand upright; its blackish waters, its prospects which often present melancholy and interesting solitudes, without ever relieving the mind by smiling nature; and I wonder more than ever, that in that place, of an immense extent, all the edifices

edifices which it has been intended to represent have been built on so small a scale. *Kew* has its temples, but they do not shock improbability by their smallness; *Kew* has a pagoda, but it is a hundred and ninety feet high; this pagoda has five or six stories; it is from the upper one that must be seen the magnificent plains of the environs; the eye discovers the whole horizon as far as the sight can extend, as far as *Windsor*, at the distance of ten or twelve leagues on one side, and so forth. The spectator sees but one superb garden, watered by the Thames, where the land never lies idle, and the smallest space of which is not lost. After having surveyed this fine picture, let him run through the details of it; he will not find there a miserable house, where the stubble and the dirt, dung and indigence, are heaped up, and attest, as in the greater part of our villages, the state of the people and the nature of the government under which they groan. But I return to *Kew*, to the part of the gardens particularly set apart to botany; richness of soil, beauty of arrangement, every thing is far superior to the *Jardin du Roi*, at Paris. True it is that it is not destined to lectures which a professor causes to be given, while he is walking regularly round borders where the plants are put for a fortnight or three weeks; no particular system is followed in their arrangement in *Kew* garden; those whose assemblage can afford to the eye the most agreeable effect are merely brought together, whenever a similar soil suits them. For those of the *sedum* family, borders have been formed of flints and stones, among which this species of plants commonly grows; these stones, half buried in the earth, serve to support the raised borders, and even to contribute to the agreeableness of the effect.

The trees stand apart in a large circular space which they surround in the form of an amphitheatre; the middle is laid with turf, intersected by groves of shrubs: the green-houses have an elegant neatness, of which we have no idea; large leaden cisterns, filled with water, contain all the aquatic plants; the varieties of the *magnolia acuminata*, the *tulipefera grandifolia*, &c. grow and flower in the open ground; the orange-trees are dispersed on all sides, in large tubs, in which they grow to a great height. The pomegranate, the myrtle, the most delicate trees are trained as espaliers, on the walls of the botanical gardens. We admired a variety of the cypress, unknown in France, of a charming effect from the delicacy and colour of its foliage, which it sheds every year; a great many rare plants agreeably fixed our attention, but it would be necessary to spend days at *Kew* to see the whole, and weeks to make notes of what is to be seen. The under gardener, a civil and intelligent man, shewed us every thing with as much exactness as complaisance. I shall never forget this enchanting place as long as I live. It is evident that it is in the middle of this majestic nature, that the genius of the English authors has risen to those lofty conceptions; that their soul has indulged in those sublime flights which we admire in their writings. The beauty of these gardens is allied to a profound sentiment of the beautiful and the sublime; the beauty of ours, more allied to wit, to its agreeable sallies: we are pretty, delicate, regular or pleasing in this kind of decoration; the English are proud and fascinating.

A few miles above *Kew*, stands *Richmond*, another royal residence, the gardens of which are laid out in the same taste; but it is the prospect afforded by the

situation of the place, that is particularly admired here, and we enjoyed it with delight.

Hampton, beyond *Kew*, attracts travellers to whom the works or the name of *Shakespeare* are not indifferent. The celebrated *Garriek* had at *Hampton* his country-house, in the garden of which he has erected a monument to *Shakespeare*. *Garriek's* widow still occupies this charming villa, where art seems to have multiplied the ground by distributions which have the appearance of having left every thing to nature. Like the gardens of *Kew*, it is laid out in the English taste, but in a small space. The *Thames* skirts this garden; a stranger is ignorant of this for a long time, but he perceives the water under the arcade of a grotto; he thinks that he will be able to view only a part of it, he advances, he passes under this supposed grotto which is nothing more than an arcade, and he is surprised to find himself on a charming lawn, which, on one side, is terminated by weeping-willows, whose venerable branches project, bend over the river, and ruffle its surface by their foliage; on the other, a clump of pines, cypresses, and other evergreens, near a temple of a circular form, preceded by an Ionic peristyle. He enters; the statue of *Shakespeare* (standing up, with a meditative air, one hand leaning on a table on which he is writing, and holding the pen, his eyes raised, and turned to the other side) placed on a pedestal, alone occupies this temple, in a niche made facing the entrance. It is to be regretted that Mrs. *Garriek* has not erected a similar temple to the memory of her husband.

This day is the most agreeable of my tour, from the vivacity, the renewal of the happy sensations afforded

forded me by so many interesting objects: by turns enraptured by the master-pieces of art, or the productions of nature, I fancied that my fondness for them was still increased.

To run from shop to shop, may sometimes be an amusement to the idle; but it is not in London that it would be most gratifying. You have seen the handsomest articles before you go in; the cloths or muslins of the best taste, of the finest effect, are displayed behind the glass windows; this is the choice of the warehouse; attracted by this rich appearance, you enter, thinking to have to choose among numberless varieties; you have nothing more to admire; this rule is not without an exception however; there are some houses very well assorted, the show of which is, on the contrary, inferior to that of the small shops, and where eternal fancy can exercise itself at pleasure: but the remark is very true in general, and as far as concerns myself, it is supported by some proofs. Civility, complaisance, are the same among all the tradesmen; and here, as at Paris or Lyons, it is backwards, in rooms or warehouses, that any goods whatever are shewn and sold.

Living is much dearer in London than in Paris, and workmanship, consequently, is dearer also. The Englishman works with ardour for the little time that he appropriates to labour; but he takes his round of pleasure, and is at not a little expense.

We made a dinner entirely in the plain English style; I there found, in due form, the manner of serving the table, that I had already had an opportunity of remarking. The knife and fork, which never quit the inside of the plate, are renewed as often as it. The cloth is taken off for the desert, that is set on the

naked table, which is always of valuable wood, of the most beautiful polish; small glasses are then placed before each person, with a little napkin, folded like the *lavabo* of our priests; and there are introduced different wines, after which come tea and coffee, but a long time after, for a great deal of conversation takes place at the desert. In the course of the repast, it is, as in our well regulated houses, the servants who bring drink to the company. At the desert, no one pours out wine for another; the bottles are passed round, and every person helps himself as he pleases. I listened attentively to the details given us by one of the party, on the criminal law, and the manner in which a culprit is brought to trial; they appeared to me exactly conformable to those which *M. de Lolme* has given us, in his excellent work on the constitution of England; a work of which he has just published a new edition in English, which no doubt will be translated into French, as the first which I saw several years ago; a work held in such high estimation, that the English even quote it sometimes in the discussion of affairs in parliament.

Meeting a man with a coffin on his back gave me occasion to remark the singular luxury of the English in this way. Their coffins, of wood more or less valuable, are covered with cloth, ornamented with nails, and plates of silver or brass loaded with inscriptions, and frequently lined with lead. This refinement is not merely the effect of the fancy of a few individuals, it is general among people in easy circumstances. Few persons are interred in the churches; there are burial grounds in the outskirts of the town, and in the town are some adjoining to the churches; it costs dear enough to be buried in the latter; this has

has been contrived in order to render more uncommon the choice of that ground.

I have said that, in the suburbs of London, were a great number of pretty taverns or tea-houses, surrounded by large gardens, very agreeably laid out and kept in order, whither the people repaired in crowds; it is also in these suburbs that are situated houses of a very different kind, and far superior to ours established for the same end, boarding-schools for young ladies. Many women take on themselves the education of their daughters; but there are some also, who, not choosing, or not being able, or perhaps not daring to undertake it, place their children in these houses of public instruction. They are generally kept by persons of distinguished merit, of rigid morals, and of a well established reputation. They scarcely take more than ten or twelve young ladies; it is properly a family, whose common mother, the mistress, can know the character of each individual, and direct the whole with advantage to each pupil in particular.

The price of the first boarding-schools, in general, is a hundred guineas a year, for board and lodging, without reckoning any master, the number and the choice of whom are left to the relations.

The reserve and modest silence, which so well become the sex, are here particularly inculcated in the young girls of family, who commonly bear the marks of it all their life, and who, notwithstanding a great fund of information, never betray that tone of confidence, that decided or giddy air which disfigure every grace.

In this country, the men do not behave to the women with that little gallantry, so common with us, which is reduced to some grimaces and insipid compliments;

they shew them attentions which proceed from respect, and are connected with the high idea they form of the virtues that they ought to possess, with the affection that they deserve, and with the regard that is their due. The impression of these sentiments is also to be found among the people, and in the most common customs. A woman is respected in the streets by a man of the lowest class, who would take care not to run against her, but, on the contrary, would make way for her. Twice, on foot, taking hold of a person's arm, and being, by chance, on the outside of the pavement, it was remarked with scandal, and it was hinted to him who accompanied me; the same thing happened on the river, in a boat in which I had left the best place to an old man of consequence. These facts are trifling; but it is a shade which forms a connexion in the picture of manners.

We saw the lord-mayor in all the pomp which usually accompanies him; he was going to *Guildhall*, the court-house, the principal seat of his civil jurisdiction. Six fine horses of the country drew his coach, which is very large, extremely rich, and gilt, in an old and rather heavy taste, adorned with sculpture, like the state carriages of the king of France. The lord-mayor had his hair in a bag, and wore, over an embroidered coat, a long purple gown, open in front, with large sleeves. Five or six servants, in purple liveries, trimmed with broad silver lace, followed him, on his alighting from the carriage, to the entrance of the second hall; a gentleman carries before him the city sword, the emblem of his jurisdiction, which never quits him in all ceremonies and all his functions; it has its appointed place in all the tribunals where the lord-mayor sits: it is placed there on his arrival, in
+ order.

order not to be removed till his departure, the sword-bearer carrying it constantly before him. We entered into a hall where he first stopped to sign some papers that were presented to him, and we followed him into a court of justice, whither he afterwards went, and at the entrance of which, copies were put into our hands of the *petitions* of two persons whose claims were going to be investigated. But although we had not passed the bar, the usher of the court came to tell us, with much respect and politeness, that there were to be discussed some city affairs, at which strangers could not be present, and that he was very sorry that the standing orders obliged him to beg us to withdraw. We returned into the first hall, always open to the public, where we remarked a monument erected to the famous *William Pitt*, afterwards *Lord Chatham*, in the name of the lord-mayor and citizens, with an inscription the best calculated for elevating and warming the soul of every Englishman. After a glorious enumeration of what the country owes to this celebrated man, it is there expressed that this testimony of gratitude has been erected in this place, in order that all citizens, while attending to their affairs, might continually recollect that *the glory of a state lies in the virtues which animate the heart of great men.*

On finding every where these monuments erected to the country, calculated for promoting a love for it, on seeing the majesty of *the man of the people*, of the lord-mayor, their first magistrate, we applaud the reason and the justice with which the English have inscribed at the *Mansion-house*, "*Senatus populusque Londonensis*;" and we must admit that, of all the inhabitants of the kingdoms of Europe, there are none

but the English who have a right to express themselves in this manner.

It was well worth while to see in London the man who has made so much noise in France by his writings, the persecution which he has undergone, and the publicity which he has given to the latter, by revealing the odious mysteries of the Bastille. After some visits paid and returned, we were invited to dine at his house to-day (25th July): I had not seen him in the preceding visits; I expected to find in his person and in his conversation, something of that tart vivacity which seems to characterize his pen; I saw no other than a mild man, of easy and agreeable conversation, and whom I should judge likely to be very engaging in society. We readily represent, to our imagination, authors, as we do heroes; when we have seen only their portraits, taken at the moment when they began to have some celebrity, we always fancy them thirty years old, I was almost astonished to find M. Linguet with the figure and the appearance of a man verging upon fifty; besides, a few months confinement in the Bastille must make a man look several years older. M. Linguet is of the middle size, rather thin, with an ugly face, but with that air which belongs to men of talents, and which carries with it an excuse for ugliness; he has little eyes sunk in his head, and sharp like those of the elephant. His opinions and his expressions concerning France and the French, are modest, reserved and circumspect; he is, in this particular, more than decent; he is extremely cautious. There was a great deal of conversation about the balloon of St. Cloud; the fall of the new Phaeton, and the Parisian witticisms on this occasion; he considered the opinions trifling, and the raillery cruel; and he put a stop to it.

It. He appears to have more esteem than admiration for the English, whose good and bad qualities he equally mentions. I should not imagine that he is very fond of them, and I should be much mistaken if he would not prefer residing in France, on the supposition that he might do so without fear. This does not surprise me, though I am more inclined than he to admire the English. A person may live very agreeably in France, although a foreigner; as there are no citizens in that country, the difference is hardly worth notice; but in England, a foreigner settled feels that he is nothing in the state, and finds so much heavier the weight of the taxes, and of the public burdens; he has his share of these, without being able to interest himself in every thing that occasions them to be cheerfully borne by those who impose them on themselves.

We were served in the French style as to the fashion, but in the English as to the dishes, which were well chosen, clean, and abundant, without ostentation; fish in the first course, roast-meat afterwards, then side-dishes, pastry, &c. The house occupied by M. Linguet is in a good part of the town, out of the bustle of trade; it is large and in good order, furnished with English simplicity, as to the quantity of the furniture, and with all the neatness that is peculiar to it; the apartments are spacious and elegant. He lives alone with a French woman who has been handsome, who is very well still, and who passes for his friend: her air and her manner are quite genteel; she expresses herself with grace and judgment; her age and her respectable look render this name of friend probable; it is said, however, that this connexion has done M. Linguet some harm here; which almost signifies, that it has
prevented

prevented him from receiving, in point of women, a society like that he has of men; he sees persons of distinction and people of merit, is well with the ambassador, &c. He leads a very busy life, constantly writing his *Annals*, the printing of which gives him a great deal of trouble: and indeed, in order to diminish it in part, he intends to have them printed in his own house.

Morande, the editor of the *Courier de l'Europe*, is always at daggers drawn with *Linguet*, whom he contradicts and disparages on every occasion. He was the author of the *Gazettier cuirassé*, and of a work for the sacrifice of which *Madame du Barry* obtained him a pension from the crown of France, by a negotiation, which the Count de *Lauragais* and *Beaumarchais* were charged to conclude with *Morande*, in London. He is well acquainted with the great men and the gay ladies, says that all those people are fit to go together; and himself, with a big face and a big tone, giving some very severe rubs, laughing besides at every one and every thing, appears very fit to keep them company. It is pleasant enough to hear him relate, with his rather cynical air, in what manner he was thrown into the career which he now pursues. In other respects, he seems not much esteemed here, and this is by no means astonishing.

Being on the eve of my departure, the preparations in consequence have employed a part of the morning; the rest of the day has been devoted to that distinguished man of science, to the estimable man whose society has so much augmented for us the pleasure of being in London. I shall ever remember, among other things, the interesting details which he gave us concerning the person of *Lavater*, about which chance led us to converse.

This

This learned minister of Zurich is very well known throughout all Germany ; he there enjoys the highest consideration ; he has there universally inspired extraordinary veneration and love : though still young, as a husband and father, he is adored at Zurich, of which he is the example, and where nothing interesting to the happiness of families is decided without his being previously consulted.

He was in the habit of keeping a journal of all his actions ; a great part of this manuscript was stolen from him a few years ago, and it was printed in Holland, without his knowledge. This singular collection spread among the public, who received it favourably and it became in request. The author there betrays a soul so gentle, so pure, so ingenuous and so expansive, he inculcates a moral so sound, a philosophy so affecting, that he has gained every heart. Lavater is as modest as he is virtuous ; for a long time his taste and his genius for observation had made him study men even in the smallest features of their faces, their most insignificant gestures, and the very shape of the characters which they trace, and which constitute the handwriting peculiar to each. He was far from wishing to write any thing on *physiognomy* ; he does not believe, and he says it, that it is possible to make a science the principles of which shall be infallible ; but an extraordinary nicety of penetration, and a delicate feeling, improved by the discoveries of a just and discerning mind, had led him to make some remarks and collect some facts so astonishing, that his friends were continually urging him to follow them up and to augment their number. Doctor *Zimmermann*, in particular, his worthy friend, was one of those with whom he indulged himself most in the pleasure of observation. From Lavater's

water's window, they viewed together a detachment of guards which one day happened to pass beneath it: Lavater examined the different countenances, and communicated to Zimmermann the opinions with which they inspired him. One of them struck him so forcibly, that after he had exclaimed about every thing that it seemed to announce in point of fierceness, he would go out to examine it again, so much did it appear to him to characterize a violent and atrocious passion; he returned to his house, still more moved at the expression of this countenance; the same night, the man whose face had inspired Lavater with so much horror, assassinated his captain. Doctor Zimmermann availed himself of this new fact, in order to determine his friend to collect and digest his observations; at last he published them, with the numberless engravings, all the drawings of which his great facility and his equal talent had enabled him to make. Written in German, this work has all the energy of the various idioms of that language, which has its moods as the Greek had, and which leaves men of genius the faculty of composing the names that they want; a faculty that Lavater has much employed in order to express things absolutely new, which it belonged to him alone to render. It is this work which has recently been translated under the title of *Physiognomie*; but this translation is necessarily so imperfect, it so disfigures the original, that Lavater himself, who has revised it, and who knows no more of French than is necessary to understand it, says that it is quite a different work from his. The engravings have also been reduced, and altered, in order to reduce the price of the work, and render it more within the purchase of a great number of persons.

Anecdotes of the Prince of Wales, which would not make bad companions to those of our Count d'Artois or of the Duke de Chartres; some details concerning the court, others about the learned, filled up the conversation, and completely let us into the secret history of a great many people; a pretty long visit from Linguet, ever mild, witty, and amiable, also took up some time. I forgot, of Lavater, that in the publication of his work, a periodical German writer took the field against him, and undertook criticisms to which the modest Lavater never thought of making any reply; in the mean time he continued his observations, and often made journies in order to go and contemplate celebrated persons when dead; he even sometimes gave his advice, when it was asked of him, in regard to children or simple profile shades, but he is become very reserved respecting this last kind of consultation, in order to avoid being imposed upon.

The journalist who had criticized him, contrived, in order to puzzle him, and be justified in laughing at him, to send him a profile shade, composed of the forehead of one person with the nose of another, the mouth of a third, &c. joined together with the greatest possible nicety, asking him earnestly his opinion in regard to this head. At the very first glance, Lavater was astonished, he studied the more before he decided, and finished by acknowledging that he could say nothing of this face; that it was out of nature, and contrary to her laws; that this forehead could suit only a nose of such a form; that this nose must belong to a forehead designated in such a manner; in short, it happened that he gave the proportions of the other parts of the face of the persons of which some only had been taken. The critic, disconcerted and conquered, is become as
great

great an admirer of Lavater as he had been an enemy.

Continual rain, thunder, and lightning accompanied our departure from London (July 27th.) from five o'clock in the morning, and on all our route as far as Dover. We should have gone to Dunkirk by the Thames, had there been any vessels bound to that port; but we must wait the opportunity, we are pressed for time, and we have returned by the same road. Terrestrial paradise would have appeared gloomy in such bad weather; yet I again found these beautiful plains rendered so by culture, and which are merely disfigured by some commons still uncultivated, that is to say, in meadows overrun by furze and juniper. Except the poorness of a great part of the soil, which makes this route the least beautiful in England, I again saw the image of comfort and prosperity. We dined with some Frenchmen really Frenchmen, complaining of all the customs which are not their own, seeming to value nothing but their own conceit, little men and loud, true praters on whom foreigners are fully justified in setting no esteem. The most rational of the same party felt the ridiculousness of the others; I congratulated them within myself, and on that account I have a better opinion of them.

Note of the Editor. The manuscript contains a few more details respecting the passage from Dover to Calais, and the road travelled from Calais to Amiens; but as they relate to countries well known, I have thought that their suppression would not form a blank in the collection of the works of Madame Roland.

TOUR THROUGH SWITZERLAND.

1787.

IN the silence of the country, I shall recall to mind the interesting objects which have struck my eyes and touched my heart. In the bosom of peace and composure, I shall recollect my fleeting sensations; I shall run over in my imagination some majestic scenes which have charmed it, and I shall nourish my reason with every thing that was offered me by nature and man in a country of mountains and liberty.

I will not write for any one; the idea of being read would excite my self-love, cramp my ideas, fetter my expressions, and no doubt lessen the charm of feeling to which I love to abandon myself.

Happy in having it in their power to improve their understanding, women are not bound to communicate what they acquire.

What could they say that others do not know better than they? Their sex and their duties keep them equally under a veil, where they more certainly find happiness than in the midst of the illusions, which lead them to shew themselves.

May you, dear and tender object of my solicitude, feel these truths! You, who alone will one day be able to run over these collections where I with confidence trace my affections and my ideas, may you often remember

your

your mother, and always fortify yourself in the principles which are to constitute your happiness!

The departure from a small town has nothing remarkable in itself.

I pass to Lyons, whose beautiful situation, proud quays, picturesque points of view, commerce and opulence, are well known.

Indulging in the hope of the fine sight that would be afforded me by that Rhone which runs past Lyons so proudly, I was not a little astonished to find it so dull above that city. An uneven and flinty plain, washed here and there with a water which appeared stagnant; such is the bed of the Rhone, ever winding, ever divided, exhibiting only an air of ravage, disorder and infertility.

After having traversed a part of La Bresse, of Bugey and of the Pays de Gex, which present nothing very interesting to describe, we arrived at *Geneva*.

The mountain of Salève limits this town on one side, conceals the view of it, and offers nothing but bald rocks and dry brambles, and fatigues the observer who would wish to remove or embellish it. But this charming lake, whose clear and limpid waters flow over a gravel which maintains their transparency; but these fields, these delightful habitations, adorned with a taste that reminds me of the neatness, the comfort of the English, and which seem placed on the banks of the lake for the gratification of the eyes, as the lake seems to wash these grounds in order to enliven them; but Mount *Jura*, which rises in the form of an amphitheatre, the glistening *glaciers*, and the sun silvering or gilding the snow which penetrates between the mountains that they crown; but the hill of Chablais, which voluptuously extends to one of the banks of the lake, ornamented

mented with country-seats ; this assemblage of objects renders the situation of Geneva one of the most interesting that can be imagined.

As to the town of which Voltaire formerly said that the town of Calvin was become the town of Socrates, and that its inhabitants were a nation of sages, it is very much altered in this respect. The active and industrious people are no longer any thing but a collection of workmen and shopkeepers, between whom fortune alone establishes any difference. Its leading men are become aristocrats ; to-day oppressors and to-morrow oppressed, they accelerate corruption, by means of which they have enslaved their fellow-citizens. Geneva is a French town : language and manners, every thing assimilates it to our nation. It has a theatre, a citadel, barracks and luxury ; taste, and the sort of delicacy resulting from some of these things, will still be improved here ; but it has no distinctive character : it is no longer any thing in point of liberty, morals, and all that can be remarked estimable and happy among a people that are not debased. The privileges of the citizens are only a shadow ; perhaps, it is true, that five or six thousand souls, penetrated with a republican sentiment, would be capable of a desperate blow, if the yoke were made too heavy and too galling for them ; but the leading men possess power with authority ; they will be sparing in the use of it towards the present generation : that which shall follow, quite accustomed to the yoke and enervated by the enjoyments of luxury, will behold its chains without astonishment, or become the prey of a neighbouring government.

If the constitution of Geneva no longer presents to the philosopher the happy combination of the powers, which maintains equality, elevates the soul, fosters vigilance,

gillance, inflames emulation and preserves morals, the abode of this town still offers to foreigners, with the sight of the most active industry, the pleasures which can be found among men generally enlightened, in a place where learning flourishes, and distinguished professors reside. An amiable society, the pleasures of comfort and the resources of the mind, are also powerful allurements, particularly in a country delightful from its situation and the pureness of its air.

The women commonly appeared to me fair, rather pale, and of that complexion which the English would call *delicate*; their dress is like ours, as well as their air, and probably their taste is the same as that of all the countries where the two sexes, living much together, have a particular wish of pleasing each other, and study to succeed. Play is common in the higher circles, and cards figure there more than in the female coteries. In a few families are still to be met with some traces of the latter, and in these a female may partake of those collations which are animated by the frankness and gaiety of playful youth; but the admission of the other sex is neither uncommon nor difficult, and this shadow of ancient manners must also vanish. Trade, which enlivens and enriches Geneva, is incessantly militating against republican austerity, and must have contributed to make it disappear; it may be considered as the first and preparatory cause of the last revolution. A democratic and at the same time trading state, is a moral contradiction, the existence of which cannot long be maintained; for the essence of democracy is incompatible with that of commerce; they necessarily destroy each other.

The entrances to Geneva by the lake are all barred by chains; of the three land gates, two are agreeably decorated,

decorated, as well as the barracks, the citadel, the guard-houses and the theatre; these are the works of the present administration. I saw, not without being piqued, the date of 1785 on the edifices, which recalled to mind the epoch of their establishment with that of oppression. A garrison of eight hundred men, in the pay of the magnificent council, that is to say, of the nation, like all other public expenses, occupies most of these places: true it is, that the greater part of these imposts falls as yet only on the rich; the principal taxes are divided in proportion to the servants, horses, &c. Whether this advantage be owing to the justice of the administration, or whether it result from the remembrance of the ancient constitution, and the fear of exasperating new subjects; still it exists, and can it be hoped that prudence will preserve it for any length of time?

Of the five churches at Geneva, the ancient cathedral, under the denomination of St. Pierre, is the only remarkable one. This is a gothic edifice, the portico of which, in the modern style, is formed of four marble columns of the Corinthian order. Its inside contains the monuments of two contemporaries, each celebrated in his way; *D' Aubigné*, the historian, the scholar, and the warrior; and duke Henry of *Roban*, son-in-law of Sully. The mausoleum of the latter also covers the ashes of his unfortunate son *Tancred*, whose history no one will recollect without lamenting the affliction of his mother, and devoting to execration the memory of the unworthy dutchess his sister. It were to be wished that we could somewhere procure the copy of the epitaph which she contrived to get effaced: however, the knowledge of the facts is sufficient for posterity to establish their opinions, and do justice to every one.

The church of St. Pierre, simple and noble, is also the place of assembly of the citizens for the election of the syndics. It was within its walls that during the time of the late troubles, such of the citizens as determined to defend their liberty at the price of their blood were collected and had assembled their arms; but some men bought over by the chiefs had mixed among them; they persuaded them, after passing several days under arms, that it was necessary to take some rest, in order to prepare for standing the siege with which they were threatened, and that a certain number of them would be sufficient for the guard. They were believed; they remained, and while the others were asleep, they opened the gates to the French troops, and to those of Sardinia and of Berne. When they awoke, there was no longer any thing to be done but to weep over their chains and wear them in silence. Thus, those revolutions which, in great states, may be compared to storms that agitate the seas, darken the horizon, and spread terror over the land, were for this little republic, like the breath of a man on a glass of water which he ruffles at his pleasure, without any one taking much interest in the matter.

The arsenal, kept in good order, is said to contain arms sufficient to equip twelve thousand men. The spacious and convenient hospital, supports a great number of poor. The population is estimated at twenty-five thousand souls.

I was almost offended at not finding in Geneva the statue of Rousseau; but the defender of the rights of human nature cannot appear but overcome by grief or inflamed by anger, in the midst of a debased people and its oppressors. No doubt I am not the only one who has entertained this thought. A private individual, whose name I will not here mention, possessed, in
a charming

a charming house in the environs of Geneva, a statue in stone of Rousseau, very well executed and of a striking likeness. A stranger wished to have it: M—, like a good judge of propriety, and as a better speculator, immediately sold it to him.

We strolled about the environs of Geneva, and visited M. Tronchin, the ex-counsellor, an old man of eighty, fresh, active, and intelligent, whose amenity, engaging manners, and polite address, suffer nothing to be perceived of his great age. He constantly resides at *Délices*, a house which Voltaire's residence has rendered celebrated, which he has extolled in his verse, and to which he gave this name that it so well deserves. An admirable situation, quite close to Geneva, a charming prospect of the town, the lake, the mountains and vallies, beautiful gardens, a convenient house and a fine collection of pictures; such is what this delightful habitation affords. There are scarcely any classic pictures among these paintings, except, perhaps, a single Raphael of the first time of this great man; a few by *Julio Romano*, a *Carlo Maratti*, &c. but here are to be seen several pictures by *Meis*, *Vandyck*, *Rembrandt*, *Teniers*, *Sckalken*, some charming pieces by *Laireffe* and various masters, some of which are rather scarce, and several very valuable by the high finishing of their works.

M. *Tronchin*'s nephew is a living portrait, which mothers, who have daughters to marry, will see with more interest than any other. Every thing that announces a refined soul, a cultivated mind, an excellent education, an amiable disposition, joined to the graces of youth, to a happy countenance and to the quality of a rich heir: these are good titles to recommend a man as a son-in-law.

The road from Geneva to Lausanne is almost one continual scene of enchantment. The pretty village of *Gentoux* belongs to the state of Geneva; *Versoy* then appears, but to disadvantage in comparison with the former; farther on, are seen some traces of the harbour begun at the time of the project of constructing a town of the same name, and for which the road from Lyons into Switzerland had already been made to pass in the neighbourhood. In coasting the lake, whose banks and aspect are delightful, we successively crossed *Copet*, *Nyon*, *Rolles* and *Morges*, places charming from their situation, from the prospect there to be enjoyed, from the manner in which they are built, and the excellent air that is there breathed.

Copet, a capital estate with the title of barony, and a very fine castle, was for two years the residence of Bayle, when that great man in his youth was preceptor of the children of the Count de *Dohna*, proprietor of *Copet* in the seventeenth century. This fine estate, which since it was sold to Hoguet, is said to have always belonged only to financiers, has just been purchased by M. Necker, since the death of Madame Thellusson who possessed it. The duke of Gloucester inhabited the castle when we were there, and he intended to remain in it during the summer.

Nyon, a pretty large place, is situated, in a great measure, on the height crowned by the country-seat in which the bailiff resides.

Rolles is smaller than *Nyon*; the high road crosses it, or rather it is built on each side of the road, and forms only one handsome street very airy and cheerful. There is no harbour as at *Nyon*, where is a mart for wood destined for Geneva.

Morges is extremely agreeable, prettily built, with a public walk, a large castle for the bailiff, and a church in the modern taste, recently finished, well built and well situated. We found a great number of citizens without the town, employed in shooting at birds. The establishment of this company is of a somewhat ancient date, and he who is elected king of it, enjoys considerable privileges. The lake bathes the walls of *Morges* as well as those of the preceding towns, and it continues to adorn the most charming prospect.

On one side is the *Pays de Vaud*, with its pretty vineyards, its verdant meadows, its country-seats, the towns which I just mentioned, and some other neat and agreeable villages; on the other, the cultivated country of *Chablais*, furnished with the towns of *Thonon*, *Ripaille*, which the retreat of *Amadeus* has rendered famous, and *Evian*, where are mineral waters at this day much in vogue. This superb basin is surrounded by the mountains of *Savoy*, and crowned in the distance by the summit of the *Alps*. The mirror of the water repeats and multiplies these different objects; its transparency and that of the air set them off with a clearness which affects not with any fatigue the pleasure of the eyes that contemplate them. Happy the traveller, independent of circumstances, who can think at leisure on these delightful banks, direct his steps to *Vevay*, seek the traces of *Clarens*, be astonished at finding there nothing but huts, visit the gloomy castle of *Chillon*, measure with his eye the height of the rocks of *Meillerie*, lose himself in their wild paths, admire Nature, enjoy her blessings, pardon the errors of the human race, and nourish in his soul with the indulgence of philosophy,

the enthusiasm of a man alive to all that is good and virtuous.

You recede from the lake in order to arrive at Lausanne; this town, peopled by about seven thousand souls, is at present the principal and the largest town in the *Pays de Vaud*; situated on some hills, its streets are very much on a slope, rather narrow, crooked, and ill paved; its houses are ordinary in appearance, though tolerably well built. The whole of the mass would be as ugly as irregular, did not this very irregularity afford a something singular, which is advantageously embellished by the most happy situation. Charming gardens join to those of the houses of the town that look towards the smiling country by which they are surrounded; hillocks of vines, verdant vallies, picturesque habitations, pretty woods, mineral waters, a fine vegetation, every thing seems emulous to please and to charm. The good air, the excellence of the provisions, and a good society joined to these advantages, attract to Lausanne many foreigners, particularly of the English nation.

Here comfort is enjoyed without commerce; here is a college or academy which has produced several professors of distinguished merit; learning, established long since, has diffused the charms of its culture; and the speculations of commerce have not smothered the seeds of delicacy and taste. The inhabitants here, as much French as at Geneva, but, nowise preoccupied by the solicitude of gain, more than by the intrigues of ambition, the thirst for domineering, or the torment of being enslaved, seem to live only to enjoy the charms of existence, and embellish it at their pleasure. Manners are mild without being corrupted;

rupted; it is neither republican austerity, nor monarchical licentiousness; they have no need of the efforts of virtue; they are polished from instinct, from voluptuousness perhaps, as they are tranquil from situation, rather than wise from principle and temperate from duty.

However, this great concourse of foreigners, the taste for play which they have introduced, and for high play, the habit of which they promote, are imperceptibly undermining the foundations of this felicity.

Lausanne, like all the *Pays de Vaud*, is subject to the canton of Berne, which sends thither a bailiff; but it has its council and its burgomaster, and enjoys several privileges. It was withdrawn from the domination of its bishop, and embraced the reform at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

On leaving *Lausanne*, it is necessary to ascend for a long time in order to reach *Mondon*. The landscape is gloomy and dull, intersected by a great number of pastures; and some lands in cultivation. Cattle and cheese are the great articles of trade of this hilly and rugged country, where the woods frequently appear, and whose black fir crowns the heights called *Little Jura*.

The country people scarcely speak any thing but German. We begin to see the women with their hair divided into two tresses, which fall all the way down their shoulders, and to which are added black ribbands that reach to their heels; a little black cap, in the shape of a large *calotte*, covers their head; it is trimmed with a lace of the same colour, which flies off from the face in large pleats, like a *glory* round the head of a saint.

The

The horses are strong, though long backed; they carry little flesh, and appear to bear some resemblance to the English post-horses.

Mondon, an old and small town, partly situated on the rapid declivity of a hill, and at the rise of a valley watered by the *Broye*, was much more considerable under the domination of Savoy; it was then the capital of the *Pays de Vaud*. Some remains of antiquity dug out of the environs of the town, and an inscription since decyphered, prove its remote origin, and seem to announce a sort of splendour, of which it has now left but some faint indications. It contains only three thousand souls, and appeared to me badly built; it is true, that the weather was itself so bad, that it may have biased my opinion of the town, where I did no more than dine.

After crossing some well cultivated and tolerably fertile fields, and a few woods of fir, beech and pine, we arrived at *Payerne*, another rather ugly town, but which some inscriptions and other remains of monuments found in the neighbourhood, attest to have been inhabited by the Romans. It has its magistrates, and some particular privileges. The bailiff of Berne exercises no jurisdiction within its walls nor in its liberties. The *Broye*, a river or considerable torrent, which we had already met with, passes by this place, whence it runs and traverses the lake of Morat, and discharges itself into that of Neuchâtel.

I shall sometimes recollect the *pretty maid* of Payerne, the only servant of a large inn, attending to every thing with inconceivable activity, singular attention, and an evenness of temper and a civility of manners, equally uncommon and interesting. The respectable and engaging character of goodness blended with

with intelligence, is thus found in beings of the lowest class, whom we must distinguish and esteem, notwithstanding the meanness of their condition.

From *Payerne*, the road runs without offering any thing curious, to *Avenches*, formerly *Aventicum*, a flourishing colony belonging to the Romans, some mention of which is to be found in *Tacitus*, and where some ruins of columns, inscriptions, and mosaic work, have exercised the conjectures of the learned.

Meadows all the way, woods of which firs constitute the ornament, more lands in culture than I had yet perceived at a time, and also a few vines skirt the road, from one of the points of which the rise of the waters allowed us to perceive the junction of the lakes of *Morat* and *Neuchâtel*, which likewise communicate with that of *Bienne*. Several small towns and some pretty villages are seated on the banks of the first, at the foot of the mountain which crowns it throughout its whole length. At the distance of about an hour and a half's journey from *Avenches*, we arrived at *Morat*; but before we entered it, we observed between the lake and road, the little chapel in which are preserved the bones of the Burgundian soldiers who perished at the siege of that town by Charles the Bold in 1476. It is an oblong, entirely surrounded by iron rails, through which are seen a prodigious heap of human bones kept in by a wooden barrier that confines them, and leaves a passage between them and the exterior grates of the chapel.

Humble and feeble monument of a frightful destruction and of a noble courage, remind the Swiss of their ancient valour, preserve among them, with the love of liberty, the hope of ever defending it victoriously, and cause to tremble the ambitious man who would wish to invade it!

I know

I know not whether the situation of this chapel, and the contrast between smiling nature and those dismal remains of the human race, added in my mind to the impression of the objects; but I could willingly have remained a long time on these banks, abandoning my soul to the feelings to which they gave birth. A Latin inscription and a few German verses are engraved under the roof, above the rails. The former states the fact; I did not understand the others.

Morat, tolerably extensive, partly situated on the banks of the lake, partly on the height, intersected by wide and indifferently built streets, with a castle at the entrance of the town, is remarkable for its stone arcades, constructed in front of the houses. These arcades afford a convenient shelter to the foot passenger; but being too low, they darken the shops and produce not a handsome effect. The bailiff-governor is sent alternately by Friburg and by Berne, and from his judgments appeals are made to the council of the canton to which he does not belong. The reformation was established at *Morat* in 1530, by general deliberation and the majority of votes; a singular example of moderation and of political views, which scarcely admits the one, and generally overcomes the others.

From *Morat* to *Guemminn* we again crossed some woods; we then approached the mountains, and the country became rude; we saw here and there some houses entirely built of wood, and covered with thatch, of a singular neatness, and of a more comfortable appearance than one would be led to imagine. We entered *Guemminn* by a wooden bridge covered by a roof supported by timbers, and loaded with tiles like that of a house: this bridge is erected over the *Sane*, a fine river which discharges itself into the Aar.

Here

Here are no longer the smiling scenes of the *Pays de Vaud*; the vines have disappeared; the French language is unknown; gaiety of disposition has remained under the mild temperature of the hills on the bank of the lakes; nature assumes another tint, and spreads it over the men as over the fields. On leaving *Guemminn*, we made a long and rugged ascent through a forest of firs; the country afterwards opens, and presents lands in cultivation, but very much intersected by woods and pastures.

Three things which had already struck me, seem still to multiply and to fix equal attention; the *fountains* of the towns, villages, and roads, the *hedges* of the fields, and the *fences* of the gardens.

Fountains are common and abundant, erected in the form of a rustic column or elegant obelisk, whence issue several water-spouts; they are surrounded by a basin breast high, into which the water again falls, and in which herbs and other things for use may be washed. Frequent every where, they are accompanied, on the roads, instead of a basin, by a large tree hollowed out, in order to serve as a watering trough for animals. *Hedges* line the roads, the paths, the fields, the meadows and the woods; they are made with care, and kept up with a neatness which makes them serve as a decoration to every thing that they enclose. *Fences*, or open wooden railing, painted or not painted, frequently surround the gardens, or separate their different parts; they supply the place of walls, and are far more agreeable than these to the eye.

Hemp is common in this country: the meadows formed by art appear excellent, but they are rare; nowhere are seen lands lying fallow; those which are cultivated are made to produce a crop every year.

Water

Water abounds in these rich pastures, where vegetation is vigorous, where the easy circumstances of the cultivator allow him to take advantage of all the blessings which nature presents to him. Frequently, at the corner of a meadow, we found a basin and a water-spout which he has formed at his leisure, and surrounded by a few trees, like a grove where he comes to enjoy repose.

The wooden houses, which seemed to me so pretty, no longer please me so much since I have remarked that they were for the most part without a chimney, and that a window or a door blackened by the smoke, shewed the only issue that was left for it.

The human species at length presents itself under the traits that are peculiar to it. In general, the shape of the face is rather handsome, and on examining it, a person is astonished at not having been struck by it more at first sight: but a something heavy, veils, in a manner, these handsome countenances, and gives them a common appearance. The women are strong, muscular, fat and ruddy; their florid complexion, and their firm *embonpoint* announces vigour and health; they are active, though not slender; their thick legs, their clumsy arms, their very full neck, are too robust for the graces; it is the English *roast beef* for stomachs that can digest any thing. In other respects, an air of kindness characterizes their countenance, and promises and inspires benevolence.

The avenues of Berne announce the town with magnificence: they are capital roads, planted with trees, and kept in order like the walks of a garden, of which they have all the agreeableness. A double ditch and some fortifications appear to defend the town, whose neighbouring mountains are a much safer protection.

The

The aspect of Berne is striking to strangers: situated a little on a slope, almost surrounded by the majestic and rapid Aar, well laid out, well built, it has the look of quiet opulence, and the charms of great neatness. All the buildings are constructed with handsome hewn stone which is procured in the environs, a species of sand-stone very fine, and of a light gray very agreeable to the sight. The houses project into the street in arcades very convenient for passengers, but rather low for the effect. The foot pavement which they cover is made with large flat stones of the nature of those which serve for building, and which are not of so great hardness as would at first be imagined. The streets, very open, well paved and adorned with fountains, are also watered by a stream running through the middle of them, in a small canal faced with stone.

The *Lagny* is an extensive walk, well situated, but a quarter of a league from the town; it is passable for carriages, and communicates with a wood of firs which stands at its extremity. The charm of these walks depends on an assemblage of things which it is uncommon to find united: the view of the Alps still crowning variegated fields, tracing their frozen and brilliant brows, their snowy sides and their steep pointed rocks in the azure of the firmament, incessantly recalls to mind the power of Nature, and stamps a sort of respectful admiration, which tempers the reducing impression of more cheerful objects.

This continual prospect of the mountains has, perhaps, much more influence than is imagined on the character of the people who live in their neighbourhood. A rugged landscape naturally renders the spectator serious; grand scenery awakens attention, and disposes us to reflect; the image of great revolutions
and

and the idea of their return become connected, and revive the remembrance of each other; we feel the weakness of man compared to such effects, and this affection strengthens all the feelings which soften or charm existence. We wish for a Providence of whom we stand in need; we dread every thing that appears to threaten, and we melt at every thing that seems to smile on us. These habitual dispositions must produce melancholy tempers, perhaps incline men's minds to superstition, render their hearts sensible, and make them cherish a domestic life; for a prevailing sentiment attaches us to all that nourishes it, and the imagination, habituated to objects which exalt it, no longer bears to be diverted from them; its wants are confounded with those of the heart and become equally imperious.

The character of the Bernese of the country is influenced by these effects, and I even think that that of the inhabitants of the town participates in them in some degree, but with all the modifications which can be produced by government and evil connexions, or all the tints that they can add. The aristocracy which they exercise or which governs them, raises among the Bernese, between the nobles and the people, a barrier which checks the latter. The magistrate, jealous of power and consequence, has very little intercourse with the people, in order to avoid every thing that might affect either the one or the other; it is of importance to him to keep them at a respectful distance, and to awe them by the gravity of his morals and manners.

He is equally interested in not being too communicative to strangers; the independence of the latter, their customs, and their opinions would afford contrasts, and give rise to comparisons which might weaken the ideas, and shake the principles necessary for the support

port of the constitution. Accordingly the Bernese lead a very retired life; the great among themselves; the others with their equals. Civil and hospitable towards strangers, they are not reckoned to seek their company, although they give not to any one the smallest reason to complain of their conduct.

There is no trade at Berne; but there reigns here general comfort, and all those in easy circumstances go to the country to spend the summer. The government is wise and prudent; the republic is rich, and the administration frugal; every thing will go well as long as the bailiffs shall be brought to account.

The sovereign power is vested in a senate of two hundred and ninety-nine members, who elect themselves. About seventy-two are distributed in the bailiwicks of the same number, where for six years they exercise functions comparable to those of viceroy or prætor: they are the representatives of the sovereign power. However, appeals may lie against their judgments to the council: but this council is composed only of ancient bailiffs or of candidates for becoming so; which does not prevent many instances being quoted of its wisdom and impartiality. The bailiwicks are very lucrative and very much coveted; they are drawn for by lot. As for the elections, these are proceeded to but once in ten years; accordingly the sovereign council, called of two hundred, scarcely exceeds that number. It entrusts the executive power to twenty-seven members chosen in its body, and who form the *senate* or little council, presided by the two *advoyers*, chiefs of the republic. These advoyers are for life, and alternately exercise their office, one alone every year. Two treasurers and four bannerets are, with them, the principal magistrates. One of these treasurers, the advoyer

out of office, and two members of the senate, compose a privy council, in which are discussed the affairs that require secrecy. The two treasurers and the four bannerets form a committee of finance. The senate sits every day; the sovereign council assembles only three times a week.

The political constitution of Berne appears to me to offer a singular phenomenon; that of an absolute aristocracy, the domination of which is wise and gentle, which makes the happiness of the subject, and is attended with inconveniences only to those who participate in the administration. The people are not trampled on; the cultivator is comfortable, frequently rich, but he does not the less remain in his situation; and he who gives 50,000 livres (£.2,083) to his daughter, marries her with that servant whom he esteems most or whom she likes best. Peace and prosperity reign in the country; there are no citizens but at Berne; they alone can here possess houses, and exercise any professions; here it is that politics possesses all men's minds, or rather that the ambition to be something keeps them in play. Every citizen is eligible, but a small number of distinguished families occupies the avenues of the council and usurps the places. Calculations, and intrigue to obtain a seat there, torment all the others from generation to generation. Alliances are made with this view; the citizen who is rich, but without title and without interest, endeavours to marry his daughter into a family of senators, or to procure in his son a fortune capable of meriting him the hand of a girl of distinction who will obtain the senator's hat. This is not the way to secure the happiness of marriages; slander says that it is not common, and that its place is supplied by great reciprocal liberty.

Thus

Thus morals remain for the appendage of the countryman, in whom, however, we must not look for that energy and information common in democracies.

The population of Berne does not exceed twelve thousand souls; at present there are reckoned but six very old families, which unite the greatest preponderancy and the greatest interest.

The sons of senators, the children of the nobility, who aspire to places in the republic, are exercised in representing the character, and performing the functions of magistrates, in a corps formed like the council, and to which is given the name of *Exterior State*; it imitates the great administration, as our *bazoches* apes a court of judicature, but with all the differences that must arise from the choice of the candidates, the gravity of imitation, and the relative expenses. Composed in a manner similar to that in which the council is formed, it is equally under the presidency of two *advoyers*. This presidency generally costs those who are invested with it 30,000 livres; but they are soon after admitted into the council; this is the customary routine. We visited their council chamber; it is spacious and well decorated; here are seen the dresses of the ancient Swiss, which this company makes some men of the lower class wear on days of ceremony.

The arsenal contains arms for fifty thousand men: it is kept in good order, but nothing of this kind will bear to be seen after the arsenal of London. The idea of English magnificence and cleanliness depreciates the image of the arrangement and order of the Swiss; but a contrary idea, very well calculated for making me feel the force of the latter, is that of the number of arms distributed among the citizens, who, in most of the cantons, are obliged to keep by them their

military accoutrements, musket, uniform, &c. The statue of William Tell, standing up with his bow in his hand, and in the act of shooting at the apple on the head of his son, placed opposite to him, is seen in one of the halls of the arsenal, where are also some suits of ancient armour. The image of this man, whose famous history is at this day called in question, is frequently repeated in Switzerland, where the idea of his existence and his action seem inseparably attached, as far as regards the people at least, to the hatred of tyrants and to the love of liberty.

Regulations are incessantly militating against luxury, which is nevertheless introduced, and some traces of which are to be seen in the very numerous equipages, and in the dress of the women at Berne; these are, however, obliged to appear dressed only in black on festivals. The magistrates always wear a coat of that colour, with a doctor's wig and a sword by their side. The citizens assume the same dress on occasions of ceremony. Play constitutes the great pleasure of the societies, and it is pretty high, notwithstanding all the efforts of the chamber of reform, whose ordinances they find means to evade. The men form parties; the women play among themselves, when they can do nothing better.

Amid the cares of ambition, the torment of riches, political labours, private intrigues, and public anxieties, literature, gentle and peaceable, flourishes with difficulty; and indeed it is not in great splendour at Berne. The society of *Economists* contains, it is true, some men of merit, and a few persons of knowledge, but they print little. Their labours languish for want of emulation, and of the competition which gives it birth.

There

There are some interesting collections in the hands of private persons, among others that of the birds of Switzerland, at Doctor Sprungli's, who resides in a pretty, small house near the gates of the town. This collection is valuable from the variety of the species, the choice of the specimens, and their fine preservation. The doctor, already advanced in years, appears entirely given up to this part of natural history, to which he has added some madrepores and a few fossils. He is polite, but reserved: his politeness is cold and quiet, like that of a man who possesses within himself every mental gratification, and seeks nothing farther; it is not the open and attracting politeness of old Tronchin, something of which is to be found again in the secretary of the *Society of Economists*, an active young man, fond of his country (over which he has travelled a great deal) on account of the scientific riches which it contains, and after which naturalists are so eager.

The public library, dedicated to the *muses and to the country*, is tolerably spacious and well furnished: the number of its volumes is estimated at twenty thousand; is it not exaggerated? The first apartment is agreeable, and disposed in the form of a gallery; the second is unworthy of that which precedes it; this library is going to be removed to another building. We there saw some considerable and tolerably preserved specimens of antique mosaic, found at *Avenches*. Among a great many portraits of men celebrated in the republic, I distinguished those of two personages who are so throughout all Europe, *Euler* and *Haller*. The former bears all the stamp of abstract labours and learned calculations; the latter would suffice for conveying the idea that Haller sometimes permitted the

muses to unbend his knitted brow. The conqueror of the *Pays de Vaud* occupies an honorable place in this collection.

I shall speak of *bears*, the representation of which is seen every where, and four of which live in the ditches of the town at the expense of the republic, which maintains them, as Geneva maintains her eagles, only to recal to my mind the childish and extravagant joy of my daughter, who saw nothing in Switzerland, by which she was so much struck, or so agreeably amused, as the grimaces of these filthy beasts when we threw them some bread.

Bad weather had prevented us from visiting the glaciers of Faucigny; its return at Berne appeared to thwart again our going to see those of this canton. I thought of nothing but glaciers, I examined the pictures of them, I greedily ran over the descriptions of them; I was disconsolate at not having it in my power to approach those masses, whose glittering summit so often attracted my looks. The weak and bad health of my dear companion, this primary cause of a journey undertaken for the purpose of re-establishing it, seemed to prohibit every excursion that unfavourable weather rendered laborious. At length hope, the traveller's amiable guide, determined the direction that we should take; and after having given up the idea of visiting the glaciers, I saw myself on the road that was to conduct us to them.

We pursued our route through a country rich in pastures, magnificent from its stately woods, and enlivened by industry, which causes to be cultivated there every necessary of life. Having arrived at *Thun*, we were extremely eager to embark in one of the small flat-bottomed and decked boats, destined for crossing the
the

the lake, with provisions for our dinner, and provided with a guide to accompany us to the glaciers. The sky was covered with clouds, the wind blew pretty strong, and although it was favourable to us, the roughness of the waves might become alarming. However, it did not prevent us from making a delicious meal, and examining the banks of this lake, rendered picturesque by the lofty mountains that surround it, some of which project and boldly break its waters, while others incline their softened declivities, on which are seen houses, gardens, and vineyards; the whole crowned by the irregular and whitened points of the Alps. We were three hours on the water; the sun had unveiled his brilliant face from the clouds, which no longer floated but at a distance in light vapours; the verdure, still washed by a recent shower, appeared more lively and more cheerful; we landed at *Nieuhards*, a sort of harbour, at the head of the lake, where we found nothing but a small number of huts, and we went on foot to *Unterseen*, a large hamlet, the residence of a bailiff; there we hired one of those open four-wheeled waggons, which serve travellers for going the road that we intended to follow. Mounted on this little carriage, and placed on seats tolerably well suspended, we were conducted through the beautiful valley of *Interlaken*, into that of *Lauterbrunnen*. Then it was that we entered into the wildest and most interesting country that I had yet seen. I do not forget, but I cannot describe this impressive and romantic spot, where the soul is raised to the unison of nature, where grand scenes enrapture the imagination, recal the spectator to profound sentiments, to the meditation of sublime objects, to the enthusiasm which renders him better and more happy. This valley would seem

to have been formed by the rending of the mountains by which it is surrounded, it is so deep and confined. The narrow and often difficult road, skirts a torrent noisily dashing into the middle of the fallen rocks that have studded its bed; fresh turf, enamelled with odoriferous plants and some wild cherry-trees, present themselves on the road, which here and there is lined by some enormous blocks of marble, detached from the top of the mountains; the action of the air, of the waters, of the lichens, and of time, alters and impairs the surface of these astonishing remains; some scattered seeds of firs and beeches fallen on them, have brought forth trees which seem to grow there in spite of nature, and the roots of which run naked along these masses that they surround, by winding themselves about like serpents that would fasten on them. The firs and beeches rise more vigorous on the sides of the mountains, whose uneven and threatening summit sometimes towers perpendicularly in the clouds, sometimes inclines into the valley, and shews suspended, at a thousand feet and more, some bald and blackened rocks. Numerous cascades gush from their bosom, at heights more or less great; sometimes they glide along the mountains, which they seem to have furrowed; at others they rush out in different directions from projecting rocks, which interrupt their course, and vary their fall. Presently the rugged and stout fir appears alone on some steep declivities; but it is greatly surmounted by the barren rocks. Among these is distinguished the astonishing *Hunnenflue*, which resembles a citadel capable of terrifying the Titans. Some yellow and blue traces, which are perceived in another place, indicate mines of vitriol; crystals abound on all sides. Sometimes the mountains stand

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so near to each other, that they seem to have absolutely barred the valley in an impenetrable manner; but the course of the torrent, indignant at being confined by them, helps the traveller to find the road that borders on it: its groaning or terrible murmur alone interrupts the majestic silence of these wild regions. Some cabins, summer-houses of the shepherds, scattered in the pastures snatched from the forests, shew themselves here and there to the astonished sight: we ask ourselves how men inhabit these places where it seems in the power only of the chamois, the bouquetin, and the eagle to penetrate. These striking contrasts, these majestic traces of a power that sports with human nature, remind us of the fairy tales and enchantments of our writers of romance. I would willingly have assigned the place of Atlanta's castle, and of Merlin's tomb; and the imagination would easily represent to itself, as so many genii or forcerers, those who venture to climb up heights or cross over precipices which the eye cannot measure. In the midst of a few houses standing somewhat closer, and which form the village of *Lauterbrunnen*, in the least confined part of this valley, modestly rises the habitation of the pastor. It is he who here exercises hospitality towards strangers; for there is no inn in these deep retreats. The greatest simplicity of manners and equal kindness characterise him and all his family; which consists of a wife and seven children; they all busy themselves in the officious attentions necessary to their guests, with an eagerness which would be taken kindly of people who, from their situation, should be obliged to pay them, and which we are at a loss how to acknowledge in others. Several persons had arrived in the morning; we sat down to table nine foreigners, of five different nations.

tions. The fare was by no means delicate, but very abundant; the beds were good and the house clean. We, that very evening, visited the famous cascade of *Staubbach*: it falls nine hundred and thirty feet, describing a bend that is the least remote from the perpendicular, but instead of forming a sheet of water, it affords only a fine and copious shower, resembling a torrent of smoke. By going farther on, and getting a little way up the heights opposite to it, we discovered that the place whence it gushes, at the height of a hundred and thirty feet, is only that of a second cascade, of a sort of basin, from which it falls some hundreds of feet more, and from a remote part of the mountain, which cannot be perceived from its base. Some rocks which jut out at three fourths of its fall, present a projection on which the shower strikes, and whence it rebounds with a force and effect that can be compared only the one to the other. The moment the most favourable for contemplating this magnificent cascade, is about nine o'clock in the morning, when the sun gives light to the bottom of the valley; his rays, reflected by the multiplicity of the drops of water of the mass, trace on the rocks which it waters the most brilliant rainbow. We admired this phenomenon, and, in order to enjoy it, we advanced under the cascade; the glistening rainbow appeared at our feet, and formed an entire circle, in the circumference of which we all found our images reflected; the contest was who could penetrate it; but, like hope, with golden wings, it flew before us. This charming sight, for which natural philosophy so well accounts; this sweet illusion, so well calculated to recal to mind so many others, in which we love to indulge, in spite of truth, occasioned our getting wet to the skin. But who

who

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who could regret or fear to purchase by some inconvenience, the sight of the most interesting beauties? In order to place yourself under the cascade, you must ascend by a pretty steep road, and slide down along the rocks, on which you lean with the right hand, while with the other you assist yourself with a stick, or you clamber with it, by putting it to the ground from time to time. These are not very great difficulties to surmount; and if it is easy for the imagination to exaggerate them, it is still more so to overcome them when the sight of what they are in reality, affords an opportunity of appreciating them.

The valley of *Läuterbrunnen* is terminated by the glaciers of *Gros-born* and *Breit-born*, two high mountains between which the ice extends in dazzling sheets which incline and descend to their very bases. This bottom, of a shining whiteness, whose uneven and inclined planes occupy from the lowest parts to the vicinity of the sky, sets off and renders still more striking the picturesque objects of this astonishing valley. The celebrated *Jungfrau-born* or *Virgin-peak*, thus named on account of its ever brilliant and frozen point, inaccessible to every living being, rises proudly on the left, above every object that surrounds it. Among the numerous cascades of *Lauterbrunnen*, there are several whose height still surpasses that of *Staubbach*; but, in point of size and effect, none approaches the latter. I met with a man, celebrated for his genius, his ardent imagination, and his amiable and pure morals, who considered it as one of the most striking emblems of the Divinity on earth*.

After

* I heard a French officer, hasty, petulant, proud of his own assurance, and speaking of every thing in the tone of a matter, wonder at the admiration which it inspires, smile disdainfully, and compare

After having expressed our acknowledgments to the hospitable pastor, by a gratification calculated to indemnify him for the expenses which we had occasioned him, and above all by the tone of respect and sensibility with which two travellers appeared to me too slightly to dispense, we quitted this modest family, overwhelmed with their attentions, and loaded with roses which the eldest of the daughters had gathered to present to me. Never did flowers appear to me more lovely; they acquired a new value from the rudeness of the climate, where I was surprised to see them grow, and from the air of gratitude with which they were offered.

We journeyed on towards the valley of *Grindelwald*; for this, it is necessary to turn back into that of *Lauterbrunnen*, keeping constantly along the *Weiss Lutschine*, a torrent which takes its rise at the foot of the glaciers, is fed by the *Staubbach*, and joins the *Schwartz Lutschine*, in order to swell the Aar, between the lakes of *Thun* and *Brientz*. I quitted *Lauterbrunnen* with the regret of not being able to stop there some time, and to make it the halting place on my return from several excursions

pare the cascade to a chamber-pot emptied out of the window of a fourth story. I know not whether this young agreeable will make his fortune in some female circles, by pouring to them, in such colours, the wonders of his travels; but I would not know his name in order that I might not have to attach to that of a family, perhaps respectable, the sentiment of contempt which he excited in my mind. It is possible that this conversation, held at Bâle, on the beautiful terrace of the Hotel of the *Trois Rois*, at a table of thirty covers, may be less the effect of the depravation of taste, of the debasement of a mind become incapable of feeling or judging of any thing sublime and beautiful, than the habit of a bad ton and of an affectation of levity; but the one produces the other, and this is not the last time that I have had occasion to observe that some of our young men were of no great service to the nation with foreigners.

excursions into the mountains. A woman who can ride on horseback, walk four or five hours in a case of necessity, and is not afraid of being sun-burnt or getting drenched with rain, may also hope to visit in detail the interior of Switzerland, if she have ever so little of that energy which difficulties develop, of that feeling which catches fire at the grand spectacle of nature; and every man sufficiently at liberty to perform this journey, but who may be deterred by the apprehension of fatigue or danger, is a wretch that the habit of indulgence condemns to the privations of the greatest pleasures, or a coward fit, as it were, to stagnate in effeminacy and idleness.

The tour of Switzerland is becoming the fashion; but the German language is not sufficiently so; the naturalist and the philosopher must travel over the interior of the country, and converse with its inhabitants, as well as examine its productions. A visit to the great towns will give us hardly more than superficial politicians, as that of Italy has furnished us so many babblers respecting the fine arts and their master-pieces, the panegyric on which they repeat without being in any degree sensible of their merit.

The valley of *Grindelwald*, more confined, at its entrance, than that of *Lauterbrunnen*, offers not so great a variety of striking objects; it has something in its appearance less sublime and still more wild. It is all broken rocks, fallen on every side in huge masses; the parts from which they have been detached project into the valley, appear to threaten those who dare traverse it, and will certainly fall in proportion as the effort of the ice, the melting of the snow, and the fall of the waters, shall have completed the separation of the portions which they furrow, split,
break,

break, and throw down every day. The narrow and rugged road continually ascends, for three or four hours journey, with tolerable rapidity, to the opening of a vast basin, where are scattered a thousand cabins surrounded by pastures and culture. We saw not a single animal; all the cattle were spread over the highest mountains. They are generally driven up after the melting of the snow in the course of the month of May; they rise by degrees to the greatest heights, whence they descend again according to the same gradation, and in September return to the winter habitations. It is on the mountains that the shepherds build themselves cabins which the eye discovers with a sort of surprise and terror; there it is that they pass about four months of the summer, living on milk and cheese, and employing themselves in the making of the latter, which they afterwards bring away in order to make it an article of trade, the only one that they carry on besides that of their cattle.

The fir alone serves for the construction of the houses, without any mixture of stones, plaister or mortar whatever, neither of nails nor iron, with the exception of locks; every thing is in wood, adjusted with singular regularity and neatness. Several rows of pieces of firs buried in the earth like piles, often form the first foundations, and rise three or four feet above the ground; on these are placed, quite close to each other, trees cut longitudinally, the flat side of which is fixed on the piles; such is the ground floor which is covered over with planks wrought and fitted so as to afford a level and horizontal surface, a footing as easy as on our boarded floors. Some of these houses have several stories, are tolerably spacious, and have many conveniences; they are covered with a large roof,
very

very much on a slope, projecting beyond the habitation on every side, and destined to defend it from the snow. The empty space that remains between the first flooring of the house and the ground, serves to put under shelter fire wood, or any thing else for use.

We stopped at a house to which our guide had been to engage beds for us, and whence we had a view of the basin majestically enclosed by three commanding mountains; the *Eiger* on the right, the *Wetterhorn*, or *stormy peak* on the left, and the *Mettenberg* in the middle. It is between this last, and each of the other two by which it is flanked, that the glaciers are discovered. Eager to visit them, we took only a little refreshment, and each provided with a stick shod with iron, we set off about three o'clock, full of curiosity, courage and activity.

We directed our steps towards the farthest glacier, that on the left, which would be supposed not to be at the distance of more than half an hour's walk. But we are always mistaken respecting distances in these rugged places, where the eye cannot distinguish depths. We were obliged to cross five small vallies, and as many torrents, the bridges over which are formed of one or two firs laid across. The fourth is singularly picturesque; it runs, or rather it falls, winds and roars amid rocks of marble strewn in its bed, as mountains are on the globe; a little path made on a schistous and slippery rock, skirts it on one side; the trees hang over its frothy tide, and the environs re-echo with the noise of its rage.

The rain of the preceding days had so ruined the roads, that the most easy ones were become fatiguing; at length we arrived at the glacier, a prodigious collection

lection of pyramids heaped up on a very inclined plane, transparent and bluish in the parts struck by the sun and made thin by its action. These pyramids keep still diminishing in height, as the mountain rises, and they terminate in a great level surface which covers the summit of a dazzling carpet, where the eye distinguishes the pinnacle of the snow. Portions of ice detached below the edges of the mass, tumble here and there; a running water, alternately a torrent or rivulet, flows near the ice which feeds it; *flex*, fragments of rocks, the air of ravage and desolation, attest to the environs the dreadful rigour of nature, and the terrible power of her effects. On the steep and barren sides of the *Wetterborn*, along the glacier which separates it from the *Mettenberg*, we tried to advance, in the intention of looking whether there might be a mean of crossing the glacier itself, after having contemplated it from a great height, and of descending again by the *Mettenberg*. Our guide refused to accompany us; he asserted that the enterprise was perilous, and the success impossible. We left him with our child and one of our companions, a good Englishman, whose age and above all his corpulence did not permit him to climb nimbly, and we began to clamber up in the midst of the broken rocks; happy when we met with some pieces sufficiently large to serve us as a support.

So far all went well; we were already gaining ground, but the distance which we had cleared was very small in comparison to the time that it had required to travel it, and the difficulties were increasing; for, instead of fragments to which we had clung, we no longer found any thing but a shifting gravel that rolled under our feet when we had once set

set them on it; and notwithstanding the help of our hands, our knees, and the iron-shod stick, one step forward cost us six or seven backward. The sun, which did not delay his progress to favour ours, was hid behind the mountains. The summit of some of them was coloured by a charming rosy hue, and the brown tint that was extending over the valley announced the necessity of a retreat. The wisest determined on it, and I made it with that regret which rendered more bitter the idea of not being able to attempt the enterprise a second time in a journey in which our days were counted. To come down was more laborious than to go up; we rejoined our uneasy companion, and it was quite dark when we arrived at our inn. I had often turned about on the road in order to view the icy mountains, among which the respectful eye distinguishes the summit of the *Schreckhorn*, or *Peak of Terror*, the powerful lord of the surrounding glaciers; it commands them as *Mount Blanc* does all those in its vicinity.

The next morning we visited the inferior glacier on the other side of the mountain; it is the least distant of the two. It presents a magnificent arcade of ice, from beneath which issues and flies off, with abundance and rapidity, the torrent called the *Schwartz Lutschine*. The rays of the sun, variously reflected on the sides of this singular vault by the frozen pyramids that surround and surmount it, produce shades extremely agreeable. We for a long time contemplated this sight which we cannot flatter ourselves with seeing a second time, because the superior glaciers always impelling the others, the aspect of the latter is continually changing. Such the edges of a volcano which eruptions incessantly overthrow and vary. A forest

of firs and beeches leads to the foot of this glacier, at a hundred yards from which I gathered strawberries. Whence arises this connexion between vegetation and the cold of death? How does ice subsist on a soil sufficiently warm to bring forth flowers and fruits?

The valley, the heights of *Grindelwald*, as I have already observed, are very populous; the huts are dispersed and pretty distant from each other; a small piece of kitchen-garden accompanies them, and not frequently is embellished by flowers cultivated by the rustic inhabitant of these regions, where peace reigns, and no doubt happiness. Must nature then display her horrors to protect what is dearest to man? And is it only in the bosom of the wild Alps that he can enjoy the rights of his species?

From *Grindelwald*, we returned by the same road to the point which separates this valley from that of *Lanterbrunnen*, and we came into the spacious and fertile valley of *Interlachen*. It is properly no more than an immense orchard; some wild and grafted cherry-trees constitute its ornament, with a few other fruit-trees; walnut-trees are here scarce. As in the before-mentioned vallies a little wheat is grown, a great many potatoes, fine hemp, some flax, some beans and peas which are thought of extraordinary height.

Thus I began to take my leave of those majestic Alps, of those secret vallies where I could so much delight to ramble. What cold soul could ever, without emotion, contemplate these sacred spots where the little passions are silent, where the strength of reason and the fire of sentiment approach each other, and become allied from the simple effect of the purity of the elements and the grand spectacle of Nature! How often will my imagination, snatching me away from
tiresome

tiresome or painful scenes, transport me into those retreats, in order to recal the impressions which I have there received, and the charm which they add to every thing good, wise, and happy, that I know in the world!

We were stopped in our route by some children offering us bunches of strawberries, cherries, and flowers; however pleasant may be this manner of exciting interest and soliciting trifling gifts, yet I was grieved at the idea of misery that it awakened. I learnt that this custom of the children towards strangers, pretty general in the canton of Berne, was not the effect of want, but merely of a bad habit, and no doubt of a relaxation in morals, the strictness of which the government ought to maintain.

Leaving behind us the old castle of *Interlachen*, the ruins of which form a picturesque contrast with the liveliness of its environs, we took boat near the bridge of the same name, in order to ascend the part of the Aar which unites the two lakes of *Thun* and of *Brientz*, and proceed onward in the latter. Had we had more time, we should have gone to the village of *Brientz*, in order to repair afterwards to *Meyringen*. We were obliged to content ourselves with landing at the foot of a height where stands an old hermitage in ruins, which we visited, and from which we enjoyed a charming view of the lake and the adjacent country. On our return to *Interlachen*, we again mounted the waggon which carried us by *Unterseen* to *Nieubaus*, where we had, on the third day, ordered the little boat that was to convey us a second time across the lake of *Thun*.

We had a delightful passage; the weather was remarkably fine, the sky serene, and the air calm; we leisurely contemplated the banks of the lake, the steep

rocks against which its waters beat; its gentle declivities, the smiling vineyards, and the blooming gardens which they deign to bathe. On one side is to be remarked the village of *St. Paterberg*, situated at a surprising elevation, below which is seen a cavern that is said to have served as a hermitage. The anchorites who chose it had undoubtedly found no spot more frightful. On the other side and behind the castle of *Erlachen*, is perceived the defile which leads into the Valais, and in the environs of which is a large village, whose trade in horses constitutes its wealth. The stallions are procured from Denmark: they are crossed with the mares of the country; thence results a race of horses very much esteemed and of a very fine forehead.

The little town of *Thun*, agreeably situated at the foot of the lake, whence the Aar issues with rapidity, contains the best inn that we had yet seen or that can be found; English cleanliness, delicate fare, and French politeness, unite and vie with each other through the attention of a civil and intelligent landlord, for the satisfaction of travellers, and at a moderate price. The prospect from the terrace of the church, and from that of the castle of *Thun*, is almost the only remarkable thing besides, but it is majestic. A letter given to one of our party, at the Grande Chartreuse, by a Swiss officer who was going to confine himself in this solitude, for the abbot of *St. Urbain* his relation, determined us to take the route to this abbey. The road, although a cross one, is very fine, as far as *Burgdorff*, the place where we dined, a small town tolerably well situated; the country is every where well clothed and well cultivated.

The dress of the women of the lower class is distinguishable in this part by extremely short petticoats, which

which scarcely reach below the knees. Red, black, and dark blue, the favourite colours of the Swiss females, are always combined in a striking manner in the attire of the country girls; the stays are short, wide, and stiff. In summer no other sleeves are seen than those of the shift. The hair thrown back, and falling on the shoulders, in two equal tresses, is covered with a little hat of plaited wood, in imitation of straw, and of a rather agreeable effect. The men also wear these hats; but they turn them up irregularly, and in a whimsical manner. We had an opportunity of examining the dress of both sexes in crossing *Langdhal*, a small town or large hamlet enlivened by the manufactories and trade of some linens. It was Sunday, when every one abroad was giving himself up to amusements and dancing; some gold and silver lace round the cuff of the sleeves, and some chains of these metals which the women suspend in front of their stays, announced the comfort and the sort of luxury that reigned in this place.

The soil was become poor from our leaving *Burgdorff*, and the road heavy to the horses; we again met with a great deal of wood-land, and it was not till after we had crossed an immense forest of firs that we arrived at *St. Urbain*, at the extremity of the canton of *Lucerne*. The day had been long; it was already late; and it was the moment of recreation after supper. • Several monks were walking on the Mall, they stopped the carriage, and surrounded us; we were received with the obliging politeness of well-bred persons, and the eagerness of friars charmed at being visited. The house is rich, spacious, and handsome; its situation is agreeable without being cheerful: the monks are of the order of the Bernardines, men of good family, and taken only in the

cantons of *Lucerne* and *Soleure*, and enjoy the right of burghership of Berne and of Lucerne. The abbot is of a great family of this latter town. This house, distant from other considerable habitations, contains within its walls every thing that is necessary to the existence of a small republic: workmen of all kinds, a physician, a chancellor, stewards, and masters of different sorts; for here is a seminary and a boarding-house for young people.

Women cannot be lodged but in a building separate from the abbey, and at the entrance of the court. The belles lettres, learning in general, and music, are cultivated in this house; they spread an agreeable shade, and soften the degree of gloom and austerity that persons might contract, when retired from the great world. The attorney, named *Alberie Jost*, a man of genius and very amiable manners, who speaks French well, does the honours of the abbey with the ease of a man of the world, and the decorum of a monk.

The contrast between a stay at the foot of the Alps, near the glaciers, and that in the rich and polite house of *St. Urbain*, is striking and sensibly felt by travellers.

On the one hand, it is Nature majestic, harsh, and wild, awful to the senses, inflaming the imagination by sublime pictures, and reviving the remembrance only of truths or analogous sentiments; on the other, it is the sweets and the charms of cultivated understanding, of pure and easy manners, of peaceable life, of comfort and of the fine arts. At *Lauterbrunnen*, an enthusiast of the beauties with which I felt enraptured, I regretted not having it in my power to satiate myself with them at leisure; at *St. Urbain*, the friend of an agreeable society, I should have forgot myself there for several days in hearing sensible conversation and excellent

lent music. Alive to the charms or advantages of very different situations, I have often said to myself, that happiness was less rare than the faculty of enjoying it wherever it exists.

We were conducted to several farms at St. Urbain, and had an opportunity of examining some details of agriculture and rural economy singularly interesting, both in regard to the care of the pastures, the rearing of the cattle, whose vigour and beauty are very remarkable, and in regard to the construction of the barns, the preservation of the provisions, or the management of the dairies. In one of these barns, under the rural shelter which it afforded, we found a refreshment consisting of milk, greatly esteemed in the country and highly relished by strangers; this is a preparation called *fousterli*. It is said that this dish is to the Swiss of this canton, what the *ranz-des-vaches* is in its way to the inhabitant of the Alps; and the remembrance of the one is as flattering to the senses, as that of the other is affecting to the heart. It was no doubt a *fousterli* that was to be eaten in the hut where *Julie* but profane ideas must not be blended with the society of worthy friars. Their pressing entreaties to prolong or to repeat our visit, in vain augmented the regret we felt at our departure: firm resolutions are necessary in travelling; a person should know how to adopt them, and constantly keep sight of his object; besides, I had a guide long accustomed to great sacrifices of this nature, and inexorable towards himself in his own determinations. We quitted St. Urbain on the third day, in order to proceed to *Lucerne* by *Zoffingen* and *Surzee*. This last little town, in the vicinity of a lake to which it gives its name, is governed by its own magistrates under the protection of *Lucerne*; it has its particular customs,

and the dress there differs in some respect from that of the environs. The women turn up their braided hair in a roll at the back part of their head, and they there fasten it with a sort of ornament resembling a spatula, placed across*. The road tolerably hilly, offers nothing remarkable; but we no longer find in this canton the air of cleanliness and comfort, as evident as in that of Berne. The houses in the country are all covered with thatch; we had already perceived some between *Burgdorff* and *St. Urbain*, where the rich farmers relinquish the custom, on account of their terrible inconvenience in case of fire; for as soon as the flames reach the roof and burn the band, the two sides of the roof fall at the same time, and bar every outlet both to men and animals.

The environs of Lucerne are very picturesque from its winding lake which waters four cantons; from its Mount *Pilate* which rises boldly on its right, rich in plants and covered with trees; from the glaciers which crown the picture in the most brilliant manner; but the most has not been made of the situation for the embellishment of the town, and *Lucerne* appeared to me the most gloomy one that I had yet seen. Not only its ugly houses, its narrow, crooked, ill paved and sloping streets disgust the traveller; but the grass which grows here and there, the melancholy appearance of this city, where there are neither arts, nor manufactories, nor commerce, nor education, nor taste; every thing engages him to withdraw, if he wishes to be recreated by a living and agreeable spectacle; and if he seeks the
resources

* This custom, common in Italy, principally in Lombardy, is very ancient, since in digging there has been found a number of these hair pins, absolutely similar to those of the present day, among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeia,

resources which are the soul of society. There are not more than three or four thousand inhabitants in *Lucerne*; its government is absolutely aristocratic; not above five or six hundred citizens have any share in it, and a few families have contrived to get it into their hands. The sovereign council is composed of a hundred patricians; thirty-six members chosen from this body form the senate, in which is vested the executive power, and which itself nominating its new members, renders, in fact, nearly hereditary the dignity of senator. I should like to ramble over this capricious lake, whose aspect as diversified as its course, continually presents new scenes and interesting pictures; but nothing could induce me to live in this town, where all the faculties of moral man languish, where activity is of no use, where genius sleeps, and where energy would be at least unavailing. Under the impression of the displeasure and *ennui* which it made me experience, scarcely have I the courage to make mention of its antique cathedral and the Jesuits church, a real tawdry gew-gaw, a model of bad taste; I recollect its singular and covered bridges, decorated with a great number of paintings, only for the sake of the beautiful prospect which they afford. Among these paintings representing subjects taken from the Old Testament, dances of death and whimsical allegories, there are some in which connoisseurs imagine that they perceive, under detestable restorations, the merit and the fire of original composition.

In this abode of the despotism of the nobles and of the supineness of the people, there are however to be found some persons of merit, as we sometimes see a flowering shrub raise its brilliant head amid the brambles of a neglected soil. Unfortunately for us,
General

General *Pfiffer* had been absent several days, and was not to return till after a long tour; we nevertheless went to his house, and we there admired his performance. This is a coloured model of part of Switzerland, representing in relief the cantons of *Underwald* and *Uri*, with part of those of *Berne* and *Lucerne*. The towns, villages, and country-seats, the lakes and the rivers, the highways and cross-roads, the mountains, the woods, the cascades, the glaciers, &c. every thing is imitated, and laid down in relative proportion, with perfect truth and exactness, from measures which the general has himself taken, and which he could procure only by twenty years fatigue, assiduity, and a perseverance of which no idea can be formed but from the sight of their results. One of the things which struck me most, when I was examining this tedious labour, is the astonishing union of the activity, courage, ardour and energy necessary for acquiring the knowledge which it implies, with the laborious perseverance and incredible patience that must have been employed for the scrupulous imitation of so many different objects. That a man warm and ardent, courageous, and possessed of sensibility, should devote a part of his life to study Switzerland, to travel over it, to contemplate it, to return a hundred times to those frightful precipices, to the brink of the rocks, to the summit of the mountains, abandon his imagination to the powerful attraction of those sublime pictures, I conceive it and I envy him; but that this very man should come back and busy himself in handling paste-board, earth and wax, in colouring them, in arranging them, and measuring them with geometrical precision, in order to delineate on a space of twenty-four feet all that is contained in a space of upwards of sixty leagues, and

and that, for some years, I cease to comprehend him; and the idea of this minute patience, for a result that is not of superior utility, nor of a grand effect, exhausts my combinations when I see it blended with a strength which appears to belong only to genius.

Having set out from *Lucerne*, and passed through *Enonau*, we went and slept on Mount *Albis*, in the most filthy of garrets, and under the roof of hosts equally unamiable, travelling along a very difficult road. The country, tolerably well cultivated, is, however, wild, owing to the number and the elevation of the mountains which it is necessary to cross; the forests of firs are ever intersecting the verdure of the pastures by the gloomy hue of their foliage. The scenery is neither remarkable nor diversified; but the ascent of *Albis* is longer than that of the *Cerdon*, and as steep, without being as picturesque.

Here am I arrived at one of the most interesting points of my journey, at the place which I recollect with the most emotion, at that which I would wish to see again and inhabit. *Zurich!* country of the sage and of the man of feeling, mayst thou for ever preserve thy mild government, thy sweet equality, thy happy mediocrity, thy plain morals, thy open manners, and those solid inclinations the delicacy and purity of which knowledge improves! May I again see thy charming lake, thy delightful habitations, and abandon myself to the rapture of contemplating happiness existing on earth in a society worthy to possess it.

I may, with respect to myself, declare the same of *Zurich* as of the most happy periods of life of which we have the less to say, because we were more taken up by what is appreciated by feeling, than by what is susceptible of description. The town is not handsome,

as

as to its outward appearance, its streets are on a slope, and its buildings common; but it is bustling, animated, and contains a great number of pretty houses, distinguished by an exquisite neatness, and every thing that can be imagined from good taste joined to the sole luxury of convenience. The banks of the lake on which it is situated are cheerful and enchanting; I had almost forgot the beautiful lake of Geneva, for it I reserve my admiration; but the lake of Zurich is to me more striking, it belongs more to the town which it embellishes; its basin less spacious, but graceful and thronged with people, gratifies the eye which it attracts, and gives birth to the wish of settling in its vicinity. The situation seems to me here to concur with the political constitution for the felicity of man. The agreeable site, the excellent air, incline the mind to a calm disposition, which leaves the faculties their development, the imagination its spring and its play; while on the other hand, the equitable administration secures all the liberty, the leisure and the tranquillity necessary for the cultivation and progress of polite learning; accordingly it is in estimation at Zurich; it is there cultivated with zeal and success. The inhabitants of Zurich, to the number of twelve thousand, are active and industrious; an air of comfort, content and kindness, characterizes them. Every citizen or burgher who is not a beggar, and against whose character there is nothing reprehensible, is admitted into one of the thirteen tribes, and thence capable to elect or to be elected. But the number of the citizens is scarcely more than the fifth of the inhabitants; this results from the ancient state of the republic, which was formerly very limited, and which by conquests having enlarged its territory and its subjects, has
not

not on that account conferred the burghership on new families. The sovereign council of two hundred, elected by the tribes, exercises the legislative power; fifty-two of the members, under the form and denomination of a *Senate*, presided by two burgomasters, administer justice; no appeal lies against their decrees in criminal matters: in civil law, there are cases in which redress may be obtained from the council of two hundred. But this senate is divided into two parties, which alternately exercise the office for six months, and its members are subject every year to revision, either of the council, or of the tribes. Justice is speedy and gratuitous; the administration economical and wise. All the offices of the republic are exercised without retribution: the honour of being chosen by their fellow-citizens, the glory of being useful to them, are the salaries of the magistrates. Trade and manufactures flourish at Zurich, keep alive activity, and diffuse comfort; however there is a noble tribe, composed of those who never engage in trade. This distinction, and sumptuary laws severely maintained, are connected with the spirit of the ancient manners, and serve to preserve them. It is by incessantly struggling against the effect of commerce, of the riches, and the inequality which it commonly produces, that Zurich still shews the wisdom and peace which distinguish its republic, the patriarchal virtues which adorn its families, and secure the common happiness. A dignity without pomp, which is neither aristocratic haughtiness, nor the vain insolence of courtiers, nor the purse-proud presumption of the rich, seems to be the appendage of the Zurich magistrate; in him I respect the character of the wise and useful man, I love his noble and open simplicity. With these sentiments I

was

was more particularly inspired by one of the burgo-masters whom we met, and whose name I regret not being able to recollect, but who was then in office, (August 1787). There are no other troops on foot but about fifty men in the pay of the police; every burges is a soldier and exercised as such; no one can marry without having the accoutrements and the faculties of a defender of the country; it would be shameful to think of bringing into it children, if a man were not capable of concurring in its defence. This love for his country, his government, his laws, and his brethren, this tendency of every individual towards a common good, the influence of which he partakes, is found in the native of Zurich, not only among the citizens whom it essentially animates, but also in the subjects of that beneficent republic; a general sentiment of honour, bravery and attachment elevates every mind, and puts a sort of unison between the members of the sovereign council and the lowest of the subjects. The evening before our arrival, the steeple of *St. Pierre* had been struck by lightning; it is customary, at the time of fires or other accidents which concern the public weal, for all the citizens to repair to their post, the burgeses under arms, the magistrates to the town-hall, the ministers to the churches; this is an order established to prevent all surprise and all confusion; every one thus has an eye to the general welfare, and the council knows where to find those that are wanted. In the panic excited by the fall of the lightning, some men of the lower class advanced, penetrated into the belfry, darted through the flames, climbed from the middle of them into the steeple, and with a bold and intelligent hand, threw down every thing that could serve to spread the fire;

scarcely

scarcely supported on the ends of beams, they thought only of stopping its progress, they braved the danger that surrounded them with a cool courage, a perseverance that was crowned by success; the work being done, they concealed themselves from the affectionate acknowledgments of the spectators, penetrated with their exertions. Never has the republic sullied the noble actions of the citizens by pecuniary recompenses; but it grants some to foreigners, to workmen who have rendered it service. The next day the Senate convoked those whose zeal had been so highly distinguished, in order to express to them their satisfaction, and offer them proofs of it; they declared that they wished for nothing else than the advantage of having done well, and of deserving the praise of the magistrates. He among these last, who I heard relate the circumstance, communicated to us the emotion which still agitated him. In his paternal eyes, we saw sparkling the pride and the joy of having paid such a homage to his fellow-citizens.

I shall say nothing of the cathedral and of its singular towers; of the Foundling-hospital, admirably governed; of the public walk, charming from its simplicity, situated on the bank of the *Limmat*, a fine river which issues from the lake, and runs into the Aar. I was more taken up with morality than with edifices; I have seen *Lavater*, and it is of him that I will speak.

I shall not, however, draw the portrait of this celebrated man, who bears in his looks and his countenance the expression of a great and refined soul, of an elevated, just, and penetrating mind, of a lively and strong imagination, of a feeling heart filled with every kind and honest affection. The sentiments with
which

which he has inspired me, border on veneration; I shall respect him as a father; I should have in him all the confidence due to a friend; I should consider it as a happiness to be frequently with him: his speeches breath virtue; his example would cause it to be loved, did it stand in need of a model in order to be cherished. His manners are simple and engaging, his conversation is animated and full of imagery; he expresses himself in French with difficulty; but the sort of constraint which he experiences, helps to display his genius to more advantage; he creates for himself energetic and picturesque expressions, which discover the great man and the scrutinizer of thoughts. Some have expressed themselves differently concerning him; I confess that I should have a bad opinion of whoever, after having seen him, should not have a high idea of his person; and I delight in the sentiments with which he inspires me, as we do in those according to which we think we are not altogether contemptible.

In the enthusiasm of youth, I did not imagine that a person could be an honest man and not relish the works of Jean Jacques. In the sang-froid which age and reflection produce, I do not think that with rectitude and sensibility of soul, a person can know Lavater without revering and loving him. I had gone to his house with a sort of inquietude; I am always afraid of finding the man inferior to the author: there are so few that are as good as their works! But Lavater is infinitely better than his book, whatever may be its merit, from the facts which it contains, the profound and acute observations which are there assembled, the fine imagination, and the sacred fire by which it is animated.

The

The second part (*Vol. 3.*) is to appear immediately; in it the author will treat of women and priests. One of our companions, unthinkingly perhaps, supposing I had some curiosity, in order to satisfy his, and put questions otherwise than in his own name, asked Lavater what was the distinctive physiognomic characteristic of women? "Vanity," said he to us; "and" "I think that woman borders on perfection, who succeeds in conquering this passion". We shall the better feel the force of this decree, if we consider vanity not only as the taste for the frivolities with which so many women are reproached; but, as Lavater appeared to me to consider it, as that constant ambition and that perpetual anxiety to attract attention, and to appear other or better than we really are.

We remained as long as we possibly could with this incomparable man: the tears stood in our eyes on quitting him. Never shall I recollect his person, or his engaging family, without a lively emotion; and I shall preserve in my heart the parting compliment which he paid to my dear companion. "You," said he to him, embracing him at the same time, "*reconcile me to French travellers.*" It is true that what he related to us of some of them, was not calculated to give him a great idea of our nation.

Would it be believed that this simple and modest man has excited jealousy in Switzerland, and that some thoughtless travellers have neglected to call on him, because he was described to them as a man whose only recommendation was singularity? But the prodigious concourse of foreigners of distinction, of learned men of all kinds who crowd to Lavater's, and quit him satisfied, and the respectful consideration which he impresses on the majority of his fellow-citizens, would

also be sufficient reasons for this jealousy, when even it were possible for envious mediocrity to pardon superior merit.

We saw at Lavater's a few pictures worthy of attention; among others, a head of Christ, an old work of a great master no doubt, but to whom to attribute it is not known; admirable in point of expression, beauty of style, nobleness of character, and warmth of colouring. Lavater's portrait, perfectly well drawn, in a new style, is in water colours, covered with a varnish, the effect of which is charming.

Doctor Lavater, a physician, brother of the former, a man of merit, of whom we have particular reason to speak well, whose candour and kindness, mild and communicative temper, I shall never forget, possesses a cabinet very rich in crystals, petrifications, and other articles of natural history, valuable on account of their choice as well as their beauty.

Gesner, formerly a professor of natural history, physics, chymistry, and mathematics, is possessor of a cabinet, singularly interesting in those different kinds. This old man, respectable from his knowledge and his affecting benevolence, is somewhat garrulous like Nestor, loves science for its own sake, seeks only to share it, and presents its objects with unparalleled complacency.

The amiable author of the poem of Abel, the other *Gesner*, was absent, to our no small regret; he now applies himself to painting; he invents and colours pictures, as he made verses. These are, in general, compositions analogous to his poetical conceptions, and calculated to represent them to the eye in order to penetrate to the mind, as the latter reach the heart by the ears.

If ever I return to Switzerland, I will once more go and pay my respects to Zurich, this land beloved of heaven, the country of sages and of happiness; I shall think myself fortunate if I can a second time visit the Alps and Lavater!

On quitting Zurich, we traversed the beautiful plain which begins on the banks of the lake, a rich and well cultivated country; but after dining at *Eglisau*, a small ill-built town, on the banks of the Rhine, we entered into the forest vallies subject to the domination of the Emperor. Here the face of the country absolutely changes; the soil is poorer perhaps, but most certainly culture is less attended to; every person and every habitation have the appearance of slovenliness, the usual companion of indigence.

The canton of *Schaffhausen* offered us woods of pines, of which we had yet met with but a few trees; for it is to be remarked that this species, which is slender and knotty, is never mixed in a certain number with the fir. Before we entered Schaffhausen, we had quit-
ted the carriage in order to gain a small wood, from the skirts of which is to be seen a front view of the fall of the Rhine; but I shall describe this fine sight, in speaking of the excursion that we made the next day, in order to contemplate it at our ease.

Schaffhausen, a large and ancient town on the right bank of the Rhine, rather ill built and paved, but thinly peopled, would perhaps yet appear agreeable to those who should enter by it into Switzerland, for there is again found the national comfort and cleanliness; but it is so inferior to all the towns which I had previously visited, that, on account of its outward appearance, it by no means pleased me. *Lucerne*, inferior to it in point of cleanliness, is infinitely superior

as to its situation and environs. This is the barrier of the Swiss against Germany; it is weakly fortified; its castle, in the form of a citadel, is of no great importance, nor has it any garison; its whole strength lies in the courage of the men, and their love for a country where they are free and happy. Its administration resembles that of Zurich from its simplicity and its mildness; this is paying it a pretty handsome compliment. As for the general forms of the government, they have some particularity in each canton: I shall not detail them; for I am not making a book, and I dwell only on what pleases or attaches me at the moment when I have it under examination.

The bridge of Shaffhausen is one of the two objects which excite the curiosity of travellers; its length, which is from three to four hundred feet, under the form of an extremely obtuse angle, and of two immense arches, strikes and surprises from the few props by which it is supported. A single pier rises in the middle, and it is asserted that this pier is useless; being the remnant of an old bridge swept away by the Rhine the magistrates insisted that the new architect should employ it. *Grubenmann*, a simple carpenter, but a man of genius, contrived to arrange matters so that it bore no weight. It is said that the interval which remained between the bridge and the pier has been seen; the magistrates caused it to be filled up; but mathematicians assert that the pier is not, on that account, more useful, and that the bridge would stand without it. This bridge is not only roofed, but enclosed on the sides, where it receives light from some windows. We stepped into a small boat to make an excursion on the Rhine, and passed twice under the bridge, in order to view its light and elegant structure. We might have

have examined it more leisurely, by descending a little railed stair-case, made in the bridge near the pier; but we were made to wait a long while for the key; the person who had charge of it happened to be in town. Tired at losing time, which is valuable every where, but particularly in travelling, we took boat, and by this means enjoyed a charming excursion, at the close of a pleasant and calm day. To shoot the bridge is a somewhat bold experiment, for the river is there of an inconceivable rapidity; it is necessary to have skilful and experienced watermen.

The morning is the time to be preferred for visiting the cataract of the Rhine, for the reason that also determines the hour of visiting that of Staubbach, the rays of the sun still adding to the effect of these phenomena, by the rainbow with which it embellishes them. Besides, all grand scenes, like all the beauties of the country, and all the striking localities that may set them off, gain by being seen in the morning; this is the spring of the day; all the shades of the objects are more lively and more fresh, like all the sensations that we may experience. But let us return to see the fall of the Rhine. Having set off at seven o'clock, with a guide for us all, and a horse for me, we gained the little village of Stein, on the right bank of the Rhine, on the other side of Lauffen; I there left my horse, the route being no longer practicable but on foot, by tolerably steep paths, which lead to the foot of this superb cascade. There it is that, having advanced on some rocks, to the vapour, the spray of which we received, we admired this terrific picture. Let any one represent to himself the whole river, in the plenitude of its majesty, falling at once from the height of seventy or eighty feet, like a sea of rebound-

ing foam; three rocks, crowned with some verdure, interrupt the course of this vast sheet of water, of this torrent of snow; the river, irritated, beats their sides with fury, undermines them, thins them, and multiplies its cascades, through the crevices which it makes in the middle of them; it falls with a noise which spreads horror, and makes the whole valley ring; by its tumultuous shocks, the broken tide rises in vapours in which the brilliant rainbow dances.

These movements, rapid as lightning, this imposing force, ever the same, ever producing various effects, these waves which are renewed, and impel each other with violence, this roaring, more terrible than the crash of thunder, all these things together, carry us away from ourselves, and hold our senses suspended between admiration and terror; or if it restores us to thought, it is to indulge the profound sentiment of the fragility of our existence, and of all that can extend its duration for the time to come. At the sight of these divine scenes, the soul rises above the little passions which constitute the torment of human nature, and reason is nourished by the soothing impression of melancholy.

I own, however, I adore Nature in her bounty, still more than I admire her in the splendour of her power; I love to contemplate her sublime horrors; but I would not endeavour to have them only always under my eyes; her benefits charm me sufficiently for me not to stand in need of being moved by her threats. I would not live near the cataract, unless I had lost my hearing, so dreadful did the noise of it appear to me. After having examined it in front, from a more remote spot, we crossed the river below this magnificent object, and also among the foam, which whitened it to some distance.

distance. Having returned near the cataract, but on the left bank, we contemplated it under a new aspect, from a scaffolding so advanced that a person may there receive all the spray which the fall of the river raises and brings down again.

There it is that many travellers write their names on a few planks or rafters, some with the expression of the feeling by which they are penetrated; I should willingly have added my scrap, if I ever wrote any thing on such an occasion.

*Tes sublimes borreurs, imposante Nature,
Au vulgaire étonné font respecter tes loix;
Mais, digne du bonheur, l'âme sensible et pure,
Sait mieux dans tes bienfaits reconnoître tes droits.*

IMITATED.

Here Nature opens a stupendous scene,
And minds untutor'd tremble and adore;
Great souls admire her, blooming and serene,
Where, blessing man, she lavishes her store.

We afterwards went to Lauffen castle, built on the summit of a rock, which advances boldly into the river: in the castle is contrived a little cabinet, with a projecting front, from the windows of which we overlooked this prodigious body of water, with whose rebounding spray we had just been covered.

I cannot say which I think most beautiful, this fall or that of *Staubbach*; the one astonishes by its height, the other by its size; no sort of comparison can be formed between these two objects. It seems that an awful and peaceable divinity opens a cataract from the sky, and thence makes the *Staubbach* flow

before him, in order to announce himself to mortals; it might be said, of the fall of the Rhine, that the master of hell, wishing to frighten the earth, lifts it up with the river, in order to manifest his wrath. Since my journey, I have heard an animated description of Lavater's enthusiasm at the sight of this phenomenon, and of the verses that it had dictated to him; they are in German, and I know no more of them than an imperfect sketch which cannot be called a translation; but which adds to my regret at not knowing them completely.

The merchandize that is brought down the Rhine, and must be landed before it reaches the fall, forms an emporium, and is almost the only trade of Schaffhausen, which owes its origin to this circumstance; however, it also exchanges some wines of its growth for corn from Germany.

On leaving the little canton of Schaffhausen, we soon re-entered the forest vallies, an extensive country in great culture, very gloomy from its open and somewhat barren plains. The country did not become agreeable till we got to the environs of Waldshad, not far from which we slept, and where we again meet with the Rhine, which is afterwards to be frequently crossed. The Black Forest extends beyond it on the right. Our landlord, an old man whose venerable and hoary head is a fine model for painters, is the person who is represented in the agreeable collection of the Swiss dresses, under the title of the *Old man of the Black Forest*.

The entrance of the canton of Basle is remarkable for the air of comfort and cleanliness which distinguishes the habitations of the country. I conceive that governments, of an opposite nature, occasion this difference; but I am at a loss to know why it exists in the interior

interior of Switzerland (as I have had occasion to observe) between the catholic cantons and the protestant cantons, whose political constitution is nearly the same. This sort of problem can be solved, only by an impartial and philosophical analysis of the influence of religious opinions on the civil life and the moral character of nations. The contrast is the same between the temples of the Protestants and the churches of the Catholics, as in their country dwellings and others. Cleanliness, simplicity, every thing that belongs to strict and watchful order, distinguish the former; while negligence and the accumulations of false taste and of slovenliness are more or less perceptible in the latter. The ministers hardly exercise their eloquence but on morality; our preachers frequently descant on dogmas; and while the one exhorts his auditors to use the blessings of life with pure hands, and an upright and grateful heart, the other invites them to renounce every thing, in order to think only of heaven; they never pourtray any thing but the miseries of this world, the necessity of penitence, of the renunciation of ourselves, and of abnegation. My God! keep me from ever pronouncing an anathema against any one, and ordain that I may deserve another life, by rendering this as sweet as possible to all those around me!

Basle, situated on the Rhine, large, rich and trading, is attractive to travellers by the concourse of foreigners, the charms of comfort and variety. It announces itself by a pretty considerable mass of building; but it is by no means what it might be, if the river contributed to its embellishment, and it was peopled in proportion to its extent; it is not reckoned to contain more than fifteen thousand souls. I shall make no remarks on its mixed government, which the singular formation

tion of the tribes, the influence left to chance, the privileges peculiar to the small town, render whimsical at the first glance, difficult to comprehend and to trace, and in which is perceived the effect of the revolutions and troubles in the midst of which it has risen; its history is connected with those unhappy times which I have no pleasure in re-tracing. Besides, the people are happy, jealous of their rights, and proud of their lot; the spirit of the ancient manners is not entirely lost amid the riches which trade has produced. There is still to be seen some simplicity, notwithstanding the resources of affluence; taste springs up however; fine collections are made, learning is cultivated, pleasure is welcomed, and the face of things must insensibly assume a new tint. On the whole, the national character and the republican temper, have not here, as far as I can see, the same force and the same elevation as at Zurich: more contiguous to foreigners, the inhabitants partake more of the effects of their intercourse; and while preserving a mode of life of their own, they are not perhaps so far from assuming another. Sumptuary laws exist here as in most of the other towns of Switzerland, but with those modifications which are peculiar to each. At Berne, for instance, where these laws are combated by the very widely diffused taste for luxury, they extend but indirectly to equipages; at Zurich, more strict, they prohibit the use of carriages in the town, to any other than foreigners; thus, the first citizens as well as the lowest of the people, are there forced to walk on foot. At Basle, the laws allow equipages; they leave every liberty respecting the number of servants; but they forbid the latter to get up behind the carriages. Although society frequently unites the two sexes, and the theatre, which is here tolerated at intervals,

vals, must still bring them more together, yet the men assemble and form pretty often what they call *tabagies*, smoking clubs, a sort of assemblies in the style of our newly established *cercles*.

Basle is not a handsome town; several of its streets are on a slope; its buildings are irregular; but the Rhine here is magnificent; its breadth and rapidity give it a majestic appearance, which is set off by the surrounding country. It is divided into two parts, called the *large* town, and the *small* town, which are united by a long wooden bridge. A view of this bridge is seen from the beautiful terrace of the inn called *Les Trois Rois*, which opens on the river, and serves, in summer, as a dining room. This is the largest and the pleasanterest room that I have seen in Switzerland, where the inns are generally kept in a manner of which we have no idea in France, both for the excellent order of the premises, the conveniences that they afford, and the exquisite cleanliness that reigns in them, and for the style of the servants, the punctuality of the attendance, and the civility of the landlords. But the finest view from Basle over the Rhine and its environs, is that from the house of M. Sarrazin, a charming dwelling, where taste and elegance appear to have united all the comforts imaginable. The bust of Cagliostro, the friend of M. Sarrazin, whose wife he attended in a dangerous illness, is placed in a *boudoir* *, which might be taken for a sanctuary by the decorations that embellish it, and the air of composure that is there breathed. M. Sarrazin was on the point of setting off for the country when we visited him, and we could take no more

* A small private apartment, peculiar to houses fitted up in the French taste, decked out with all the refinements of Asiatic luxury, and generally consecrated to voluptuousness. *Transf.*

more than a hasty view of the beauties of his habitation, to which the talents and the affability of the master add a new value. His brother, of the same name, and like him a merchant, lives in the adjoining house, which was built at the same time, and is said to be not quite so handsome, but has, however, the advantage of a garden.

The cathedral of Basle is a Gothic building of a tolerably good style, a little disfigured by the nasty red paint spread over all the outside and part of the inside of the edifice. It stands on a square planted with trees, which serves as a public walk; another square, planted in the same manner, almost without the town, and on which is the arsenal, also serves for the same purpose; but, neither the one nor the other make a walk answerable to the extent of the town, and capable of gratifying the expectation of the traveller.

I visited, with no small degree of curiosity, the famous dance of the dead, ascribed to the celebrated Holbein; it is painted in fresco, on one of the sides of a wall of an old cloister, the middle of which is used as a burial-ground. These paintings are exceedingly damaged, although the cloister is enclosed with a wooden railing; they still display the vivacity and fecundity of the author's imagination, a diversified expression, and whimsical ideas, among which there are some truly affecting; such is that expressed by the image of death cutting the string of which a poor blind man holds the end, and to which is fastened his faithful dog. I felt myself moved at the sight of this poor fellow, still walking with confidence, at the moment when the cruel tyrant is separating him from his guide.

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These paintings have been reduced and executed with care in a quarto volume, which is to be seen at the public library ; but the most interesting objects I there saw are the real works of Holbein ; among others, a portable altar, where all the Passion is represented in eight different pictures, admirable, as to design and colouring ; it is the finest work of this master, and with it may be classed the portrait of Thomas Morus, and that of the learned Erasmus, which has a striking air of truth, is in an excellent style of colouring, and of the most delicate and most masterly execution.

The other pieces are not all equally interesting in point of art ; they are of the different times of this painter, and evidently mark the gradation of his progress ; but they all have that kind of merit which characterises the meanest productions of the man of genius. The extensive and well-arranged library contains some medals, a few small antiques of the bad times of the art, and a few manuscripts. The specimens of natural history which have been collected there are of little note. We saw an interesting cabinet of this description, at the house of M. Bernouilli, the professor of chymistry, whither we were carried by M. Bernouilli, the professor of mathematics, son and grandson of the celebrated man whose name alone is a panegyric, and under whose direction and through whose obliging attention we visited, with a two-fold interest, every thing remarkable in his country. The cabinet of physics of Doctor Socin, appeared to us as engaging from the skill and affability of the professor, as from the number of the machines and the arrangement of the articles which he has collected. We there saw the effect of the glasses invented by the doctor, and added in the *camera obscura* for the reflection of opaque bodies ; it is so contrived that

that the head of a medal of the size of a crown piece, placed between the glasses, is reflected on a vertical and white plane raised for the purpose, of different sizes, according to the distance of the plane, and represented of the natural size with perfect precision, and the effect perfectly observed of the reliefs and the shades.

The concentric mirror, in the focus of which are kindled bodies that seem the least combustible, by the effect of a wheel placed at several feet distance, and whose motion sets on fire the charcoal composition that is there exposed ; this mirror is not equally new ; but Doctor Socin uses it for the experiments to which it is applicable, and which he repeats with as much complaisance as sagacity, for the instruction or amusement of the amateurs that are recommended to him.

The botanical garden did not much improve me ; I do not like cabbages for science, and I found, in this garden, more indigenous legumes than exotic plants : it was not possible for us to discover the system according to which it is arranged, supposing that there was an arrangement. Besides, this has no relation to the learning of the professors, as the chairs are drawn for by lot like the offices of magistracy, between a certain number of candidates. It may happen, and there are instances of it, that botany falls to the share of the mathematician, who does not understand it, and that the physician is obliged to demonstrate the propositions of Euclid, which he does not understand better. I saw, with more satisfaction, the garden of a manufacturer laid out in the Dutch taste ; it is not the parterres bordered with little shells, nor the fir hedges that pleased me most ; but a well managed distribution, a fine aviary, delightful bowers of vines, and a mixture of nature and art which seems to have had no other
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object than to embellish the useful, by making it serve for every thing agreeable that can be imagined. The garden of M. Haz, letter-press founder, a young man of admirable candour and distinguished learning, offered us a very new object, *the gigantic harp*, a sort of instrument invented by an observing natural philosopher, and which the Italians have thus named; it consists of iron wires stretched horizontally, in the plane of the meridian, in the open air and to an arbitrary extent. M. Haz has disposed in like manner, and very close to each other, fourteen wires fastened, at one end, to a pavilion of his garden, and, at the other, to a wall at the extremity of this garden, at the distance of about five hundred feet. The variations of the temperature of the atmosphere excite the vibrations of these wires, and make them sound in a singular manner.

In settled weather, constantly fair or constantly rainy, the instrument is silent: if any change is to happen, if any distant storm is brewing, of which no appearance is yet perceived, if contrary winds are ready to contend for empire, the aerial music begins, and thus announces the revolutions of its element, sometimes twenty-four hours beforehand. Professor Volta, of Cremona, with whom M. Haz is in correspondence, is now labouring to improve this invention, by endeavouring to find out what are the dimensions of the wires, and the respective proportions between them, the most proper to make them give pleasing and harmonious sounds.

M. Haz has recently tried, in his art, an experiment which has succeeded to his satisfaction; it is to print maps of geography. We saw the plate of Sicily, of the greatest precision, thus done with characters, and

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its sheet printed with perfect neatness. The plate may be broken up, the characters collected to the number of three only, exclusive of the letters, and employed in the composition of any other map. The various objects of geographical maps having a well determined figure agreed on, such as towns, mountains, woods, &c. it is evident that with a certain number of these characters, a great many plates may be alternately supplied.

At Basle, are to be seen several collections of pictures; of these I saw two which interested me exceedingly; the one belongs to a counsellor whose name I cannot recollect, and who, among a few good pictures of the old school, has some fine copies of great masters, which are made to pass for originals. The collection is sufficiently numerous and well chosen, not to stand in need of this little artifice, which deceives those only, from whose opinion no one's vanity can be flattered. The other is that of M. de Mechel, a man of talents, a well known engraver of distinguished merit and established reputation. I shall say little concerning it, although we dwelt on it a long time, because I saw too many objects to be able to describe the most striking subjects, without having minuted them down, which I had not time to do; but I can recollect two Italian pictures that struck me, one of which is by Albano; a portrait (a fine copy) of Thomas Morus; and a portrait very well painted, of Mechel himself; as to the likenesses, I shall not give an opinion, for M. de Mechel was at Vienna; some landscapes by Louthenburg; some engravings from two pictures by Reynolds, which I had admired at his house in London, and that of the only piece of sculpture

sculpture in Switzerland, the monument at Hindelbank,* of a dead woman with her child, a singular composition; the little picture of the wife of a painter, who also died in child-bed, and is represented by him in an affecting manner with dishevelled hair, shrouded with a veil, like a light shadow ascending to heaven, and by her gesture and looks, interceding for the child whom she is leaving on earth; a great many pretty things in coloured engravings, of an agreeable liveliness and of a good composition.

The clocks at Basle constantly strike an hour more than the real time; various causes are assigned for this custom; the opinion of the people seems to be that of a conspiracy which was frustrated by this expedient, and they are attached to this custom, which has been in vain attempted to be reformed. It is much the same with a large ugly head on the bridge by the side of the clock, and which puts out its tongue every hour; these commemorations or testimonies of events or of persons, which it is the public interest to fear or to stigmatize, are worth preserving for the vulgar, among whom such means awaken useful sentiments or ideas.

At length, we quitted Basle and Switzerland, whose admirable sites, magnificent objects, and diversified nature, by turns majestic, terrible and smiling, I shall never forget. We travelled on towards Strasburg, through a poor, flinty, and thinly peopled country. An immense forest runs by the road side, the Vosges rise in the distance; the Rhine flows in the middle of the plain,

* For a more particular description of this interesting and impressive monument, see *Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, vol. 2. page 325. *Transf.*

plain, and the mountains of the Black Forest crown the horizon on the other side. But all these objects are faintly delineated on an even surface; they appear remote, and have little effect. Adieu to the spouting fountains, well-trimmed quickset hedges, verdant pastures, pretty gardens, and their little fences surrounding modest, neat and convenient habitations; here the villages are thinly scattered, and their poor and dirty houses announce only the abode of the clown, reduced to one of the most miserable conditions of the human species. Such is *Fessenheim*, where we stopped to dine; very happy to find there a few eggs, which we ate on the corner of a table where two dogs sat opposite to us as guests; while the master of the house was getting himself shaved, and two carters were sharing a piece of rusty bacon which they seasoned with conversation as delicate as their food.

Our eagerness to shorten our route made us, in the evening, avoid *New Brisac*, which is a quarter of a league from the road, in hopes of finding a place to sleep at; but we were obliged to return as we went, and gain this fort, which would be agreeable in its way, if a fortified town, which is merely that, could be so. But these fortifications kept in good order, with their immense walls and their triple ditches, their verdant glacis and their eternal linear sameness, those large esplanades, those vast places of arms where nothing is to be seen but uniforms, soldiers very stiff, with their muskets shouldered, where nothing is to be heard but drums and oaths, but those barracks very similar, and those small private houses which resemble them, all that display of order and destruction, of uproar and misery, penetrates me with disgust and *ennui*.

The next day the route was somewhat less melancholy; notwithstanding the great extent of the commons, which embellish not the landscape, the country improves on approaching Strasburg: a few villas, by no means elegant, announce its vicinity; we came to *La Briche*, a rather muddy river, and we arrived at that large and handsome city, which is lively, trading and rich, eligibly situated, near the Rhine, watered by the *Ill*, and vivified by industry. At Strasburg, German is spoken as much as French; the women of the lower class there still wear their hair plaited and rolled round the head, where it is lightly bound in a rather slovenly way; but manners here are entirely French, and customs, luxury and riches no longer leave any particular and distinct shade. However, the Lutheran religion is tolerated, and it is in the church of St. Thomas, one of the six of this religion, that is erected the beautiful mausoleum of Marshal Saxe. I contemplated it with a pleasure disturbed only by the embarrassment in which the marshal appeared likely to be, to enter the tomb that was open the contrary way before him. The five catholic churches have nothing very remarkable; but the cathedral is large and handsome, in that bold, delicate, and light Gothic style which we cannot help admiring, although it is not the best. I shall say nothing of its high tower, to which we ascended, which travellers fail not to visit, and where the people belonging to the town sometimes make a party to spend the day; nor of the truly grand citadel, of the arsenal, spacious and kept in good order; of the hotels of the intendant, of the prætor and of the Prince de Deux Ponts; of the theatre; of the handsome public walks: why? It is needless to describe what it is sufficient to minute

down in order to remember, and what books of geography, besides, mention, and perhaps in a more detailed manner than I would.

We found in professor *Bessich* of Strasburg, the amiable qualities and the distinguished learning which might be expected from a man whom *Lavater* loves and esteems.

In going from Strasburg to Colmar, by Schélestat, I discovered the truth of the descriptions which I had heard given of Alsace, considered as one of our most fertile and best cultivated provinces. It is hardly possible, in fact, to find a plain more fruitful or more abundant; the fields resemble an excellent garden, where natural fecundity, favoured by labour, brings forth the greatest variety of productions; corn and vegetables, wheat, trefoil, clover, potatoes, tobacco and maize, there vie with each other in growing, with a surprising vigour; even cabbages cultivated in wide borders, announce, by their abundance, both the goodness of the soil and the great consumption.

A smiling and pleasant landscape skirts the road from Colmar to *Mulhowzen*, a small and happy republic, of which I shall cherish as dear a remembrance, as of the worthy man who honoured it, and who will often be the subject of our regret, and of our conversation with the estimable and rare woman to whom we were indebted for his acquaintance.

The town of Mulhowzen and its territory, whose radius, of which it is the centre, is not a league in diameter, contains about twelve thousand souls; it is governed by its own laws, and under the administration of such of its fellow-citizens as may be chosen. It is in alliance with the Swiss, and enjoys the right of sending a deputy to the assembly of the Thirteen Cantons.

Cantons. The exercise of this right, interrupted for a number of years, still suffers some difficulties on the part of the canton of Uri, which, indisposed against Mulhowzen on account of certain private proceedings, remonstrates and protests against its continuance. Equality, wisdom and peace, maintained by a sound constitution, whose springs are simple and easy, form the essence of this little state. Its situation would be precarious and doubtful, had it wherewithal to tempt the ambition of a great power; for France surrounds it on all sides, and could annihilate it, if she did not protect it; but her interest does not counteract what her glory requires.

The manufacture and the trade of printed calicoes and linens enliven Mulhowzen: this kind of industry exercises the activity of its inhabitants, and procures them comfort. Manners there have still that simplicity which ensures virtues, without being prejudicial to the enlargement of the mind and the acquisition of knowledge. Trade diversifies them perhaps; for it is very uncommon for riches, and the inequality which commerce introduces, not to produce dangerous distinctions, a formidable preponderancy and fatal pretensions. These effects are always more rapid in proportion to the smaller extent of a state, and to the smaller number of those who compose it.

Sumptuary laws raise, in this respect, a very salutary barrier, the strength of which it is to be wished that the vigilance of the magistrate may preserve or augment. At Mulhowzen is met with the Swiss and Basle cleanlinefs; it reigns in the houses, which it renders convenient and attractive without show or ostentation. Here, as in Switzerland, and particular at Basle, engravings are in high estimation; the inhabitants

habitants take a pleasure in displaying those of the men of the *Republic* who have deserved well of their country; in all the houses in Switzerland are seen the portrait of the *Gesners*, the *Hallers*, the *Zimmermanns*, the *Lavaters*, and a hundred others who have acquired a name by their learning, their talents and their virtues. The limits of the territory allow not of great country mansions; but the Swiss have their little pavilion without the walls, and those gardens which, bating the extent, revive the remembrance of that of Alcinous.

The church, the town-house, and the arsenal partake of that spirit of order and vigilance, which gives to every thing the appearance of arrangement and the air of decorum. A man of the greatest merit flourished at Mulhouzen at the time of our stay in that town; laborious and alive to feeling, learned and modest in a similar degree, nothing equalled the activity of his mind but the extent of the knowledge he had acquired, and nothing could be compared to his zeal for the public good, but his attention to shun the lustre of reputation, and the encomiums of fame. Often has he furnished memoirs to the learned societies, when he thought that some utility might result from the publication of certain truths or discoveries; often has he shared the fruit of his nocturnal studies with enlightened men; never did he impose any other condition, or require any other recompense, than to remain unknown, and with his name, to conceal even the smallest indications that might occasion him to be discovered. Adored by a numerous family, of which he was the pride and happiness, revered by his fellow citizens, whom he would never command, respected, cherished by all those who knew him, or by whom he
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had been employed as a physician, he enjoyed a consideration, an empire the strength of which cannot be appreciated, and which he never made use of but to oblige. A free and active mind was portrayed in his looks; the anxiety of kindness, the charm of wisdom and of amiable learning, characterised his language. Happy to know him, flattered at being loved by him, we felt gratitude attach us still more strongly to a young lady his ward, who had formed our connexion. We quitted him, penetrated with the marks of affection which he had lavished on us; scarcely had we arrived at our residence, scarcely had the account of our return reached him with the reiterated expression of our attachment, before his refined soul had quitted the earth, Doctor *Höfer* was no more, and we had only to join our tears to those of his country. May his image and his virtues be there preserved from age to age! This name alone, comprehends all the blessings that can be wished to Mulhowzen.

On quitting Mulhowzen, we took a cross road, in the midst of vineyards, which are very common in its environs, in order to gain the road to Belford. It soon approaches the Vosges, the landscape becomes less cheerful, after having passed between the mountains, we arrived at this fortress; its great citadel, seated on a rock, is here and there falling to ruins; it is undergoing repairs only in a few places. The town is dull, both in itself, and as a fortified place, and owing to the country in which it is situated. It is still much worse farther on; the soil becomes stony, ungrateful and poor. Such is the entrance of *la Franche-Comté* between the Vosges and the Jura. After having met with the officers of the customs and excise, visits, &c. nothing similar to which exists in

Switzerland, and after having crossed *Lisse* on the Doubs, we followed this river, whose tranquil stream forms an affecting contrast to the ruggedness and unevenness of its banks; pent in between the wild mountains which rise on both sides like barriers, it glides so softly in the middle of them, that the doubtful eye scarcely discerns which way its waters run; it gently bathes the foot of the rock that holds it in captivity, as it fertilizes the happy valley which it meets with at intervals: amiable image of patient and modest virtue, ever steady and ever beneficent, whether in a state of dependence or in that of liberty!

The country improves, and the vineyards reappear on the slope of the mountains, in the environs of *Baume-les-Dames*.

The improved appearance of the landscape is here only a transient smile of Nature; immediately after, she shews herself austere and gloomy, and remains so to Besançon. This large and handsome town, on the Doubs, surrounded by barren mountains, built against the side of one of them, extremely well fortified, commanded by a very steep rock, would be gloomy from its environs, if its interior distribution, its extent, and its regular and well-built streets, did not render it agreeable. Without any other trade than that of consumption, it is enlivened by its parliament, inhabited by a great number of rich persons, and peopled by about forty thousand souls. Its cathedral has two choirs, is ancient, and tolerably handsome; but its principal hospital is spacious, and magnificently laid out; the hotel of the intendant, and the beautiful quarter in which it stands, being quite new, would not disgrace the capital. Its walks
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are charming and kept in perfect order; much is said in praise of its handsome theatre, which I had not time to visit.

The route from Besançon to Dôle still runs through a poor country, the rocks of which on all sides shoot up from the surface of the earth, which seems to be bristled with them. The situation of Dôle is charming; the country opens and extends, the plain begins. This pretty town, very airy, and neatly built, was formerly the capital of *La Franche-Comté*; it has preserved little of its ancient splendour; however, a bailiwick, a small garrison, with its staff, there furnish sufficient variety and pretensions to form two societies. The hospital, the asylum for foundlings, are spacious and kept in good order; the collegial church, in columns of a bad kind, has nothing remarkable but a chapel, at all times very light, celebrated in the country by a history of a miraculous *host*: on the left side of this church, in a small square, is a statue of Louis XVI. whose attitude is not very wonderful, nor does the outline of the members bespeak the hand of a skilful artist.

The environs of Châlons were inundated; I saw nothing but marshy meadows on arriving at this town, charmingly situated, cheerful from its quay, but indifferent in other respects. A good country, rich pastures and cattle in great numbers, strike the eye between Châlons and Mâcon, a town well situated, but horribly built. On seeing this town and that ugly place called *Tournus* which precedes it, the traveller asks himself how an agreeable situation could not inspire an analogous disposition of the buildings, and, on the whole, a more graceful plan. Vines are cultivated

cultivated quite close to Mâcon, on the sides of the high road, in grounds which appear fit for better productions; no doubt the reputation of the good wines of the environs, and an easy mean of conveyance, serve as an allurements for this culture. But I approach the end of my journey; what remains is too well known to need any description from my pen. It is time to return to silence, in whose bosom every thing must at length eternally repose.

14 NO 63
END OF THE TRAVELS.

JUSTIFICATIVE DOCUMENTS,

OR

A COLLECTION OF MATERIAL PAPERS

RELATIVE TO THE

IMPRISONMENT AND CONDEMNATION

OF

JEANNE-MARIE PHLIPON ROLAND.



JUSTIFICATIVE DOCUMENTS;

&c. &c.

No. I.

First Interrogatory undergone by Citizeness ROLAND, during her Imprisonment in the Abbey, on the 12th of June, 1793.

BEFORE us, Administrators of the Police Department, we the undersigned have caused to appear citizeness J. M. Philpon, the wife of Roland, detained in the prison of the abbey, by order of the central revolutionary committee, sitting at the town-hall, in the chamber of equality; to whom we put the following questions:—Of her asked, whether she knows of the troubles which have agitated the republic, from the time when citizen Roland, her husband, came into the ministry, to the present moment?—Answered, That having never taken any part in public affairs, she knew nothing of what concerned them but by the means which make them known to all citizens, the public papers, and conversation.—Of her asked, what she meant by this negative manner of answering, observing to her, that the public papers do not contain perfect accounts, and that she must have more correct information than that commonly given by the said papers?—Answered, That she is not bound to inform herself more particularly of affairs; since, being only a woman, she was not obliged to

N. B. Madame Roland had so happy a memory, that she repeated, almost word for word, the questions that had been put to her, and her answers, in a copy which she sent to the deputy Dulaure, author of a Journal entitled *Le Thermomètre*. It must be said, in honour of the courage and of the principles of justice of this deputy, that he inserted, in his paper of the 21st of the same month of June 1793, the interrogatory which Madame Roland had transmitted to him. *Note of the Editor.*

trouble

trouble herself about them. — Of her asked, whether she had no knowledge of papers being sent into the departments in order to promote against Paris the plan of annihilating that city? — Answered, That not only she has no knowledge of any thing of the kind; but that she must say, that Roland himself, and all the persons whom she had occasion to see, always spoke, in her presence, in the manner the most conformable to the principles of justice and liberty, and the most proper to convince that they wished the good of Paris, as well as that of the whole republic, and that they had no other wish than to concur in bringing it about. — To her observed, that the words *liberty* and *justice* would become very equivocal if in such conversations there had not been added to these two principles those of *equality*, which must form the basis of a republic. — Answered, That in her opinion, as well as in that of the persons of whom she has spoken, equality appears to her a necessary result of liberty and justice. — Of her asked, whether she could not mention the names of the citizens, male or female, who might have composed her usual company? — Answered, That her usual company is pretty generally known; that, centered in her family, she did not, as long as Roland was in the ministry, see any other persons than those whom business or old connexions of friendship obliged him to receive, and that certainly those whom he received never came to him privately. — Of her asked, that by the preceding question we should have wished to know the names of the said citizens? — Answered, That as a public man in office, Roland received at his house a great number of persons whom it would be impossible for her to name, and whom she never saw; that moreover, in her private character, she never had what is called parties; that she sometimes received at table her husband's colleagues, and other different persons who were connected with them. — Of her asked, whether she had no knowledge of a project for the purpose of establishing a federative republic, and, by that means, dissolving the unity desired by all good citizens? — Answered, That not only she has no knowledge of such a plan; but that she constantly heard the persons who conversed at her house desire the unity of the republic, as calculated to ensure it greater strength, fear that this unity would be *dissolved* if the balance was not kept even
between

between all the departments, and wish that Paris might never do any thing that could excite against it the jealousy of the others. — To her observed, that citizen Roland had, however, endeavoured to form in the departments, offices of public opinion, and that even it was in agitation to allow him funds for this purpose? — Answered, That as to the first part of this question, she believes it absolutely void of foundation; that as to the second, every one knows the decree which assigned to the minister of the interior, funds in order to circulate useful publications. The respondent adds, that the accounts given in by Roland present, with the most rigid accuracy, the use made of the only part of his funds which he disbursed, and what were the publications which he circulated *. — Of her asked, whether she has any knowledge of the said publications that might have influenced the public opinion in the departments? — Answered, That the contents of these publications are to be found in the very accounts which she has just mentioned, and of which copies have been posted up; that therefore it is for the public, and not for her to decide on them. — To her observed, that citizen Roland had not really given in his accounts, since before the last revolution, he solicited to give them in definitively, in order, as he said, that he might retire whither he should think fit? — Answered, That as she must not suppose any bad intentions in the persons who are interrogating her, she can see in the preceding question, no more than a great ignorance of facts; that Roland's accounts have been given in; that not only he delivered to the convention those of each month, with an extreme accuracy; but at the moment when he came out of office, he gave in the most extensive and the most detailed general account; that what citizen Roland solicited, what he claimed with reiterated instances, is the settlement of his accounts; that is to say, their strict investigation by commissioners of the convention, and a report which should attest what those commissioners should have found them to be; that in consequence, the committee of public accounts of the convention charged several of its members with this examination;

* Out of 100,000 livres (4,1671.) granted to Roland in order to circulate useful publications, he expended only a little more than thirty thousand (1,2501.) during his administration. *Note of the Editor.*

that

that it was proceeded on with strictness; that she knows that these commissioners frequently came to the office of the hotel of the minister of the interior, caused to be produced to them all the minutes and vouchers, and were edified, as they were likely to be, at the administration of a man who will long be quoted for his integrity as well as for his courage; that Roland's most earnest wish, as well as her own, is that the commissioners who made this examination may no longer have the cowardice to defer their report, and that all good citizens may join with them in order to obtain it. — Of her asked, whether she knows where Roland her husband is at present? — Answered, That she does not know. — Of her asked, whether in the company which she was in the habit of seeing, there were not persons connected with Dumouriez, or some other traitors? — Answered, That she saw no one who, to her knowledge, was intimately connected with Dumouriez. The respondent adds, that the citizens whom she saw are so known for their patriotism, that they cannot be suspected of having had connexions with traitors. — Of her asked, whether she did not know of the plan to destroy the popular societies? — Answered, that she saw no one who expressed that opinion.

Our interrogatories being read over to the respondent, together with her answers, she persisted therein, and signed with us.

Signed, ROLAND née PHILIPON, LOUVET and BAUDRAIS.

This copy is conformable to the original minutes,

Signed, LOUVET and SOULES.

No. II.

Decree of the Administration of the Police of Paris, of the 24th of June 1793, for setting at liberty Citizeness ROLAND.

THE keeper of the Abbey shall set at liberty citizeness Roland, wife of the ex-minister, apprehended by virtue of an order of the revolutionary committee of this city, against whom, after her interrogatory, we have found nothing that can warrant her detention in the prison of the Abbey; in consequence we beg citizen Godard, our colleague, to cause the said order for her being set at liberty to be carried into execution.

The Administrators in the Police Department.

Signed, LOUVET and JOBERT.

No.

No. III.

At the very moment when the above-mentioned order for her being set at liberty was signed, the following order to apprehend her was also signed.

BY THE LAW.

ON the 24th of June 1793, the second year of the republic, we administrators of police, &c.

Require and direct citizens Guiard and Betremieux, inspectors of police, to apprehend, wherever they shall find her, citizeness Roland, as a *suspected woman*, in the terms of the law, and to carry her to the prison called *St. Pélagie*. We hereby authorize the keeper of the said prison to receive her, and charge him with all responsibility, till by us it shall be otherwise ordered.

We require the armed force to lend assistance towards the execution of the present order.

The administrators in the police department,
Signed, MICHONIS, LOUVET, JOBERT, and GODARD.

No. IV.

Efforts made by the section of citizeness Roland to protect her from the second arrest.

Section of Beaurepaire, sitting at the Mathurin's, the Second Year of the French Republic.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, the second of the republic one and indivisible, the twenty-fourth of June, two o'clock in the afternoon, on the declaration made to the committee by citizen Cauchois the younger*, that some commissioners had presented themselves at his house, in order to apprehend citizeness Roland; we commissioners appointed for the purpose of superintending the execution of the different decrees of the section of Beaurepaire, relative to the safety of persons, went immediately to the house of citizen Cauchois, in whose apartments we found citizeness Roland, and the two citizens charged to put into execution the order decreed against the said citizeness.

* This declaration cost that unfortunate citizen his life. Dragged to the revolutionary tribunal, he was there condemned to die for this single act of justice and humanity. *Note of the Editor.*

After having communicated to the said citizens inspectors of police, the decrees of the section, relative to the safety of persons, we required them to produce to us the order of which they said they were the bearers, which they did.

Having seen the said order, we declared to the said citizens inspectors of police, that by virtue of the decrees of the section, relative to the safety of persons, we could not suffer to be put into execution the present order, which enjoins that citizeness Roland shall be taken to St. Pélagie for the purpose of there being detained; but that, in execution of the said decrees, we would repair to the town-hall with citizeness Roland and the said citizens inspectors, in order to learn the motives of the imprisonment of the said citizeness, and in order, in the terms of the law and of the said decrees, to be present at the examination of the said citizeness, and draw up a verbal process of the whole proceedings. In witness whereof we have signed with the said citizens inspectors of police.

*Signed, GUIARD, BETREMIEUX, SAILLARD, and
JACOB, Commissioners. AUGER, Secretary.*

At the same time, we the commissioners undersigned, accompanied by the citizens inspectors of police and citizeness Roland, went to the town-hall to the office of the citizens administrators of police, where being, we found citizens Louvet and Jobert, to whom we explained the object of our mission in execution of the decree relative to the safety of persons.

The said citizens administrators first observed to us, that it was by no means astonishing that citizeness Roland, who had been set at liberty in the morning, was again put in a state of arrest; because, added they, the first order of arrest decreed against her, had emanated from an illegal authority, and that, for this reason, they had been obliged to annul it; but that the order decreed against her at the present time was valid and necessary: 1st. Because citizeness Roland was intimately connected with the deputies put in a state of arrest by a decree of the convention. 2dly. Because the ex-minister Roland is now in the city of Lyons*, which is in open insurrection; they, in consequence, declared to us that all these motives were suffi-

* He was at Rouen, that is to say, 140 leagues from Lyons.

cient for pronouncing her a suspected person, and for causing her to be put in such a state of arrest, in the terms of the decrees of the national convention concerning suspected persons.

In execution of the aforesaid decree of the section, we begged the said citizens administrators to proceed in our presence, to the examination of citizeness Roland; on which they observed, that this was not necessary; since, in the terms of the decrees, she is in the class of suspected persons, and that in that case, the law requires that she should be in arrest; that moreover, she should be interrogated within the twenty-four hours, which were not yet expired; and, notwithstanding our entreaties, they caused to be put into execution the said order of arrest issued against the said citizeness Roland.

Done at Paris the said day and year as above.

Signed, SAILLARD, AUGER.

This copy is conformable to the original,

LAPOURIELLE, *President.*

CHATILLON, *Secretary.*

No. V.

Copy of the Letter of the Committee of General Security of the Convention, to the Minister of the Interior, dated July the 1st, 1793.

THE committee of general security, citizen minister, has grounded the arrest of citizeness Roland on the flight of her husband, who, at this moment, is fanning the flame of civil war in the department of Rhône and Loire, and on the circumstance of this pretended Lucretia being an accomplice with her pretended virtuous husband, in the project of perverting the public opinion, by an office of formation of the said spirit: as this trial is connected with that of the grand conspiracy, citizeness Roland will be pleased to wait for the general report that is to be made thereof by the committee of public safety, after we shall have saved our finances by a grand plan, and cast the anchor of the constitution by national education and the simplification of the code.

The members of the Committee of General Security.

Signed, FRANÇOIS CHABOT, INGRAND.

No. VI.

*Of the 11th Brumaire, Year 2. Interrogatory of Citizeness
ROLAND by the Revolutionary Tribunal.*

WE have caused to be brought from the prison of the Conciergerie the hereafter named, of whom we asked her names, age, profession, country, and place of abode ;

Answered, That her name was Marie-Jeanne Phlipon, wife of Roland, aged thirty-nine years, born at Paris, living there in the Rue de la Harpe.

Interrogated respecting the profession Roland, her husband, followed before he was called to the ministry, and previous to the epoch of the fourteenth of July one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine ;

Answered, That, employed for forty years in an official capacity as inspector of the manufactories, he was still so at the epoch of the revolution of one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and resided at the same epoch at Lyons, the chief place of the department in which he was employed ; he continued to be so employed till the suppression of the said office, which took place at the end of September one thousand seven hundred and ninety two ; at the epoch of the revolution, exercising at Lyons the rights of citizen, his known civism occasioned him to be called to the municipality ; he was appointed deputy for the interest of the commune of this city, to the constituent assembly in February one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two ; the object of his mission detained him in Paris five or six months, at the expiration of which he went to give an account of it to his constituents. The inspectorships being suppressed soon after this period, he returned to Paris in order to prosecute his claims to obtain a pension ; and he settled there, as in a place more suitable for following the literary labours which he had undertaken, and concerning which the suppression of his place left him the leisure to occupy himself essentially : it was at this time that he took up his abode in the Rue de la Harpe, in a set of apartments which he did not quit when he was called to the ministry, persuaded that he might probably return to them again shortly.

Interrogated how long a time Roland remained municipal officer in the commune of Lyons, and who was, during his employment, the mayor of that commune.

First

First appointed notable, soon after to the place of municipal officer; said that she could not precisely recollect the length of time that he was municipal officer, and that the mayor of the municipality at that time was called *Vitet*, a physician.

Interrogated whether, since the formation of the national convention, she has not been in the habit of receiving at her house the persons named *Vergniaud*, *Gaudet*, *Genfonné*, *Duprat*, *Duperret*, *Carra*, *Fauchet*, *Sillery*, *Brissot*, *Fonfrède*, *Ducot*, *Barbaroux*, *Biroteau*, *Buzot*, *Salles*, *Louvet*, *Lehardy*, *Mainvielle*, *Dufriche-Valazé*, and others, known under the denomination of Brissotines, Girondists, &c. and whether, in the different conferences which took place, the question of the departmental force, and the means of marching it to Paris, was not agitated;

Answered, That she received no one at her house under the denominations mentioned in the interrogatory; that she never had at her house either assemblies or conferences; that her husband gave a dinner once a week to the ministers his colleagues, whoever they were, some of his old acquaintances, and the persons who knowing that he was at home on that day, came to visit him. Of this number were Brissot, Pétion, and Buzot, with whom he had become acquainted during the time of the constituent assembly; sometimes also Barbaroux, who had been deputy from Marseilles in the time of his first ministry, and who, as such, had made acquaintance with him; as well as Louvet as a man of letters, and whom he likewise knew before; in the time of his first ministry, he likewise made acquaintance with Gaudet and Genfonné, who came too to see him when they were in the convention; these persons sometimes brought their colleagues; that she heard mention made, not in a private conference, but in very public conversation, of the different objects on which the assembly was then engaged, and which interested the public weal.

We observed to the respondent, that the question put by us concerning what may relate to the departmental force, the conversations which in that respect may have taken place, is precise, that it is astonishing that her answer is merely general and evasive of that which she should make to the court; in consequence we called on her to declare affirmatively or negatively, whether, within her knowledge, the system of the de-

partmental force was agitated in the conversations of which she previously declared to us to have been witness ;

Answered, That her reply is not evasive ; but that it cannot be otherwise than general respecting a question of this nature ; because she never, at her house, heard regularly discussed, as a systematical affair, any subject of this kind.

Interrogated whether, among the persons named in one of our preceding interrogatories, there are not some with whom she has had more intimate and more particular connexions than with others ?

Answered, That Roland and herself were, since the constituent assembly, connected with Brissot, Pétion, and Buzot.

Asked the respondent repeatedly, whether privately and distinctly from her husband, she had no connexion with any of the before-named persons ?

Answered, That she knew them with Roland and through Roland ; and knowing them, she had for them the degree of esteem and attachment that each of them appeared to her to merit.

To her observed, that by the continually evasive answers she makes, she announces a well-formed intention of doing violence to truth, and that she would not keep it back if she felt inwardly that she never has had connexions contrary to the interests of the republic ; in consequence, we called on her to declare, whether she has had, or whether she has not had, private and personal connexions with Barbaroux and Lauze-Duperret ?

Answered first, That she never has had any connexions contrary to the interests of the republic ; that she has no intention to disguise the truth ; that she owes it to facts.

To her observed, that she has not answered the question which was put to her ; in consequence we repeatedly called upon her to declare to the court, whether since Barbaroux, and other traitors to the country, went to raise against the republic the departments of the Eure, of Calvados, and others, she has not, either directly or indirectly, kept up with these traitors connexions or correspondences ?

Having departed with the title of my friends, not knowing them as traitors, I wished to have some accounts of them, and I have received none,

Of

Of her asked, whether she has not had accounts of them, and whether she has not sent some to them through the medium of Lauze-Duperret, and whether, from these motives, she has not written him several letters, and has not received some from him?

Answered, That without being particularly acquainted with Duperret; but having thought that she distinguished in him a degree of courage, she contrived to apply to him in the first moments of her imprisonment, in order to beg him to get read to the national convention some remonstrances which she had addressed to it, and for which she had not been able to succeed in obtaining a hearing; she believes that she at the same time made inquiries of him respecting their common friends.

We instantly produced to her five papers; the first of which, dated from the prison of the Abbey the first of June, second year of the republic, beginning by these words, *Citizeness Roland to the national convention*, and ending by these, *Roland née Pblipon*. On the first page of the second leaf, is the answer to the said letter, beginning by these words, *If nothing more be necessary, virtuous citizeness*, and ending by these, *read, D*. The third, another without a date, beginning by these words, *I owe you a thousand thanks*, and ending by these, *and preserve for you*. The said letter not signed, and bearing for its address, to *Citizen Duperret*. The fourth, another letter dated the twenty-fourth of June, beginning by these words, *Worthy citizen*, and ending by these, *at the Abbey 24 June*. The fifth and last is a writing on a square slip of paper, the upper part of which is blank, beginning by these words, *It appeared as if I was to be released*, and ending by these, *do not forget me*. The second paper numbered 92, the third 87, the fourth 185, and the fifth 104, all and each signed Lauze Duperret, as having been found under the seal of the latter, we have in consequence called upon the respondent to declare, whether she acknowledges all the said papers to be written by her hand, and declared that they were going to be by us and in presence of the public accuser noted and signed, as well as by her.

Said, after she had examined the said papers, That she acknowledges them to be written by her hand, and, after they had been noted by us, from first to last, she signed them, as well as the public accuser, we and the register; and we suspended the

present interrogatory in order to its being resumed in due time and place. After it was read over to her, the deponent said that her answers contain truth, that she persists therein, and has signed with us, the said public accuser, and the register, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Signed, ROLAND née PHILIPON, DAVID, LESCOT-FLEURIOT, DERBEZ, Commissioner Register.

On the thirteenth of the same month, same year as above, at eleven o'clock in the morning, we the said judge, assisted by and in presence of those before-named, have again caused to be brought from the Conciergerie, the said wife of Roland, in order to resume her interrogatory.

We represented to the accused, that in one of her answers, at the time of the interrogatory undergone by her the eleventh of this month, she told us that she was not particularly acquainted with Duperret, and that she applied to him only because she had remarked in him a degree of courage; that however the letters which the accused addressed to him, and the copy of one of the answers which she said Duperret wrote to her, leave no doubt of the particular intimacy subsisting between the latter and the accused, as well as of their connexions in regard to political events; whence it follows that the accused, in the answer of which we have just reminded her, has done violence to truth;

Answered, That she has expressed the truth, and could tell nothing but the truth; that she never saw Duperret more than ten times; that she never saw him in private, but in company; that an opinion may even be formed from the first of her letters to Duperret, that which accompanied the copy of her remonstrance to the convention, that she had no particular intimacy with him; that he had inspired her with the confidence resulting from the opinion of a conformity of principles, the idea of his connexions with persons who were their common friends. She had not, besides, much choice to make in the assembly at that moment, to commission any one, to whom she was not quite a stranger, with what might concern her; as for the subsequent letters, they are the effect of the very interest and frankness with which Duperret had answered her.

To her observed, that it evidently results, from the answers which she has made, that she had connexions, and that she
shared

shared in the principles of the deputies unfaithful to the people, in open rebellion at this period, and conspiring in the departments of the Eure, of Calvados, and others, the ruin of the republic.

Answered, That on the first of June, the period when she was put in arrest, and applied to Duperret, there was neither rebellion nor conspiracy; that constantly confined since that period, she could not, respecting the persons who were previously known to her, but have sentiments conformable to those with which they had first inspired her by their love for liberty.

Interrogated to name to us the persons whom she told us by her answer to the preceding question, were the friends of herself and of Duperret;

Answered, That it was Barbaroux in particular.

Of her asked, whether it was not she who compiled the letters which Roland wrote?

Answered, I never lent my thoughts to my husband; but he may sometimes have employed my pen.

Of her asked, whether at the time of Roland's ministry, the latter did not establish an office known under the name of Office of Public Spirit; and whether she was not the directors of this pretended office of spirit, the object of which was evidently to attack public opinion in its purest source, and, by the division of the people's minds, to bring about the division of the republic;

Answered, That never to her knowledge, any office under this denomination was established by Roland; affirms besides, that never did she interfere in the direction of any office; that she knows only that on a decree of the end of the month of August, charging the minister of the interior to circulate useful publications, Roland had assigned to a few clerks the care of forwarding them; she knows that he himself called this the Patriotic Correspondence; she knows that Roland exerted some zeal in the observance of a law which was to spread liberty and a knowledge of the revolution; she knows that he was desirous of concurring in the maintenance of order and peace; and that his own writings breathe this sentiment.

To

To her observed, that she will continually do violence to truth; for it is notorious that this office existed under the name of Office of Public Spirit, and that even this denomination was inscribed over the said office, and that she was not sufficiently a stranger to her husband's operations, to be ignorant herself of what every one knew; that in vain, besides, would she pretend to wish to justify Roland's intentions in this respect, since fatal experience has taught all the republic, that the principal object of the correspondence of this nature, kept up by this treacherous minister, was to call incessantly and loudly, the departmental force to Paris, and to spread against the faithful representatives of the people calumnies as wicked as they were absurd;

Answered, That, on the contrary, she thinks it an honour to give testimony to truth; that she is ready to do so particularly at the peril of her life; that she never saw the inscription now mentioned to her; that she never heard Roland employ this denomination; that she even remarked at the time when it was talked of in public, that it was not inserted in the printed notices of the offices of the department of the interior; as for the intentions attributed to Roland, to wish to corrupt the public opinion, she to them opposes but two facts; the first, the very writings of Roland and the doctrine which they contain; the second, the challenge to quote any one sent by him that is not conformable to the best principles; and his attention to forward with equal fidelity every thing that was printed by order of the national convention, which it is easy to verify, and which will prove his exactness to transmit the opinions of the members of the assembly who were reckoned to be most at variance.

Of her asked, at what epoch Roland quitted Paris, and whether she knows where he is?

Answered, That whether she knows or not, she neither ought nor will say.

To her observed, that unless she puts herself in open rebellion against the law, as an accused person is bound to give to the court, an account of the truth; that moreover, in this last answer, she has just manifested more and more the intention she has to incessantly disguise the truth; but that she *shall*

know

know at last that truth penetrates even through the best disguised falsehoods?

Answered, That an accused woman is bound to give an account of her own actions and not of those of others; adds, that if, during four months, Roland had not in vain solicited the settlement of his accounts, he would not have been under the necessity of absenting himself, and that she would not be under the necessity of concealing his residence, supposing that it was known to her; added, that there is no law that, in the name of justice, compels a person to betray the first feelings of nature.

Of her asked, whether she has made choice of a counsel?

Answered, That she has made choice of citizen Chauveau.

The present interrogatory being read over to her, the respondent declared that her answers contain truth, that she persists therein, and signed with us, the public accuser, and the register.

Signed, ROLAND née PHLIPON, DAVID, LESCOT-FLEURIOT,
and DERBEZ, *Commissioner Register*.

Compared.

A true Copy,

PARIS.

No. VII.

Deposition of the Witnesses produced against Citizeness Roland.

Second year of the French Republic, seventeenth day of the month of Brumaire, hour

WE Claude Emmanuel Obsent, judge of the extraordinary and revolutionary tribunal, established by the law of the 10th of March, 1793, and by virtue of the powers delegated to the tribunal, by the law of the 5th of April of the same year; having seen the schedule delivered by the president, which, on the request of the public accuser, orders subpœnas to be served on the witnesses mentioned by the said public accuser, for the purpose of making their declarations concerning the facts contained in against the wife of Roland, apprized, and appointment made in consequence the sixteenth of the said month, to appear on that day, and at that place and hour, in presence of the public accuser, and assisted by Anne Ducrays,
register

register clerk of the said tribunal. We have received the declarations of the said witnesses, as follows :

1st, Appeared Anne-Marie Magdeleine Mignot, aged fifty-five years, musician and teacher of the harpsichord, living in the Rue de Bicore, No. 8.

Who declares, that from the thirteenth of August, 1792, she lived with the wife of Roland, ex-minister of the interior, in order to teach music and the harpsichord to their daughter, who was entrusted to her care as a governess ; that she remarked that several deputies of the national convention, such as *Brissot, Genfonné, Guadet, Louvet, Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, Duperret, Duprat, Chaffey, Vergniaud, Condorcet*, and others, whose names she does not recollect, were in the habit of coming to this house ; that in particular *Brissot, Buzot, Gorsas, Genfonné*, and *Louvet*, came there more frequently than the others, and had connexions more direct with the wife of Roland, whom they often visited in her cabinet.

That she recollects, that one day being in citizeness Roland's cabinet, *Brissot* came in with a furious and disconsolate look, and said, " You don't know, you folks here, that the siege of Lisle is raised ? " That she thought she remarked that citizeness Roland gave a nod with her head to *Brissot*, pointing out the deponent, and replied to *Brissot*, " I know, I know the good news. "

That moreover, Roland and his wife not shewing the deponent a great confidence relative to public opinions, they never spoke, before her, of public affairs, but with great caution ; that she sometimes heard words which she could not explain to herself, but the meaning and import of which she, by a comparison of the events which have since successively taken place, has better understood.

The deponent adds, that the continual fear and fright manifested by Roland and his wife, to such a degree as often to take the precaution of sleeping from home, having appeared to her suspicious, she formed, and frequently expressed to them her desire of withdrawing from their house ; but that being no longer able to endure this sight, she resolved on leaving it some time about the twentieth of the month of May last, because at that epoch she remarked in them more tranquillity on the approach of a civil war, which they seemed to wish for,
and

and respecting which they had, in conversation, endeavoured to sound the sentiments of the deponent, who signified to them in this respect, her patriotic sentiments, by expressing to them the indignation of a good female republican, who has no other wish than the good of her country; that she recollects even, that one day, being with Roland and his wife, the former said to her, "*If we were all three going to be guillotined, what would you say to it?*" That she, the deponent, answered, that she could not possibly be afraid of such a lot; because her conscience was pure, and she had nothing to reproach herself with; that Roland replied to her, "but in short, if that should happen?" Then she answered, that this would be the law of the strongest; but that in that case even, she should wish that her blood might be like a fertilizing dew, shed for the happiness of her country; that citizeness Roland said, looking at her husband at the same time, and addressing her discourse to him, "*Did I not tell you so?*" To which Roland made answer, "*I should not have believed it.*" that this conversation gave room to the deponent to think that they were endeavouring to sound her sentiments, or to frighten her.

And this is all that she says she knows. Her deposition being read, she persisted therein, and signed with us and our register clerk.

Signed, MIGNOT, D'ORSBENT, LESCOT-FLEURIOT, and DUCRAY.

And also appeared Louis Lecoq, aged thirty years or thereabouts, by trade a potter, living in the Rue de la Tannerie, No. 6.

Who, after having heard read the information laid before the revolutionary committee of the section of the French pantheon, declares, that he saw some deputies of the national convention, in the habit of frequenting Roland's house; that those whom he saw there most frequently are, *Brissot, Goras, Gensonné, Guadet, Buzot, Louvet*, and others, whose names he does not recollect; that he saw them dine often, and in company with Roland and his wife; that moreover, at table and before the servants, they spoke but with reserve and caution of public affairs; and that he never heard them say any thing improper, as far as his judgment enables him to form an opinion on the subject; that he recollects that Roland and his wife expressing
a fear

a fear of being assassinated in their own house, slept from home once or twice to his knowledge.

And this is all that he says he knows. His deposition being read, he persisted therein, and signed with us and our register clerk.

Signed, LECOQ, D'OBSSENT, LESCOT-FLEURIOT and DUCRAY.

And also appeared Marie-Catherine Fleury, aged thirty-four years, Roland's cook, living in the Rue de la Harpe, No. 51.

Who declares, that for thirteen years past, she has lived with Roland and his wife in the capacity of cook; that while Roland was minister of the interior, she was attached to his household, as a house-keeper, and that in this capacity she could not have any particular knowledge of the connexions, more or less intimate, that Roland and his wife may have had with several members of the convention; that she knows only from hear-say that the deputies who have undergone their sentence, as well as those who have fled, were in the habit of coming to his house.

And this is all that she says she knows. Her deposition being read, she persisted therein, and signed with us and our register clerk.

Signed, FLEURY, DUCRAY, D'OBSSENT, LESCOT-FLEURIOT.

Compared.

As a true Copy, delivered by me, Register of the Tribunal, PARIS.

No. IX.

Correspondence found among the Papers of Lauze Duperret, and on which was grounded the Sentence of Death of the Twenty-two Deputies, and of Citizeness Roland.

Paris, the 14th of March, 1793, second year of the republic.

My respectable friend,

At length, the conspiracy which I have so often and so uselessly denounced to you, has just broken out; but thanks to the good genius of France, the republic is not overthrown. Live, long live the republic!

In order to raise the dictatorship on the ruins of liberty, it was necessary to get hold of the imagination of the ignorant,

to

to proscribe the bold, to attach to the new system men overwhelmed with debt, to prohibit the liberty of the press, to the end that the departments might remain in profound ignorance of what was going on in Paris, and to domineer over them by sending them intendants under a patriotic pretext; but, in truth, in order to exercise a real dictatorship, to establish a tribunal of blood without juries, without appeal, without recourse to the tribunal of cassation, and composed solely of five *Parisians*, constituted judges of all the citizens of the republic, to invest the single department of Paris with the exercise of the sovereign authority; lastly, to seize on the reins of government, and on the bank of assignats. Now, this is what has been attempted by the ambitious men to whose plots you chose not to give credit. This is the progress that they have made:

In the beginning of March we experienced a check in Belgium. It was said that we owed it to the treachery of Generals *Lanoue* and *Stengel*; I think so too, but I suspect no less *Valence*, son-in-law to the ci-devant marquis de Sillery and General *Egalité*, who were commanders in chief of this army; I suspect them; for it seems to me that our troops were suffered to be surprized, only in order to excite in Paris a commotion, necessary to the plan. *Lacroix* and *Danton*, commissioners of Belgium arrive; they first talk to us of the necessity of recruiting the army; they were in the right; but they exaggerated our disasters, and put all the people's minds in a ferment. Commissioners are named to repair to the sections of Paris, almost all chosen among the men who wickedly or sincerely cleave to the faction, they serve it and spread terror. A gunner, who accompanied Robespierre into a section, declared it was necessary to cut off the heads of the signers of the petition of the twenty-eight thousand, and of the eight thousand, which made twenty-eight thousand heads. Lists of proscription were circulating among the mob; in these Rebecqui and myself were inscribed; in short, a report was spread that a chief was necessary in the republic, and *Danton* was mentioned, but above all *Philippe d'Orleans*.

The sitting of the ninth was to exhibit more doleful pictures; as early as four o'clock in the morning, some men, decorated with a jacobin's card, were placed in the avenues of the galleries; they drove the women out of them, and suffered none
but

but men to enter. We learnt that the latter were all armed, and we were even threatened with pistols by a furious fellow in the galleries. *Gamon*, inspector of the hall, wished to denounce these facts, with the depositions of the witnesses in his hand; he was repulsed from the tribune by some deputies who had taken possession of it. A section demanded that there should be formed a revolutionary tribunal; this proposition was wise, for it is necessary to punish domestic enemies; but the dictators, whose plan was settled, seize upon this idea to demand a tribunal of blood, composed of five judges, taken solely in the department of Paris, with power to try without appeal and without recourse to the tribunal of cassation. It was proscriptions which they wanted, and to which they gave the appearance of some judiciary forms, in order to strike their blow more safely, and better deceive the public opinion.

In the mean time, *Pétion*, in his way to the assembly, was pursued and threatened; he wished to denounce these excesses, he was refused to be heard. *Danton*, versed in the art of warming men's passions, came at this moment to propose the abolition of personal arrest for debts contracted in the course of trade. No doubt this proposition, in itself, is commendable; but, on considering the man who made it and the time, it is clear to everyone that *Danton* wished to attach to his cause all the men overwhelmed with debt, all the sharpers. This decree was made.

There was a sitting in the evening; a crowd of citizens soldiers presented themselves in order to fly to the frontiers; these movements of patriotism contrasted well with the robberies that were taking place elsewhere. It was announced that the dwelling of the patriot *Gorfas* was violated, that some armed people had entered it and broke his presses; that *Gorfas* made his escape with a pistol in his hand: the mountain applauded; the order of the day was called for; the assembly would not hear of this Mussulman expedition. O *Gorfas*, is this the reward of thy innumerable labours for the revolution!

(The sequel of this letter is missing; it bears neither signature nor address.)

Mar-

Marseilles, 4th June, 1793, second year of the republic.

I HAVE only time to write you two words, my dear fellow-citizen and deputy, for the post is going out; but what I have to announce to you is important.

The news of the events which had happened at Lyons, had spread much consternation and inquietude in Marseilles. For some time, different sections demanded the shutting up of the club; but reasons of prudence occasioned the operation to be deferred, and the general committee even, was almost of opinion to let this society fall to the ground of its own accord.

On Sunday, the accounts from Lyons irritated the minds of the people. Violent means were even proposed for getting rid of this society. This did not happen in the sections, but in private.

The same day, the club caused to be posted up an address to the popular societies, in order to induce them to humour the sections, and to unite themselves to them. This scheme did not take. The people saw in all this nothing but a trick; the hand-bills were torn down in open day, as fast as they were put up.

Yesterday morning the ferment increased, the tenth section of St. Jaume circulated at noon, in all the sections, a resolution that all the members of the club, who were also members of the sections, and who sided with them, should return their tickets of admission to the club. This was done in succession; the tickets for the club were given up and torn.

Afterwards, on a resolution of the ninth section, there were nominated from each section twelve commissioners, who united and forming a deputation of three hundred men, went to the municipality to demand that the club should be shut up.

The president of the club had delivered the key of his office to his section, the secretary had done the same in his.

Towards the evening, a few men, and particularly some women, had gone to the club with the intention of destroying every thing that was there. A detachment of the armed force was sent thither, that no disorder might be committed.

At seven o'clock, a civil officer wished, on the part of the

municipality and of the sections, to signify to the persons who were at the club to leave the room. The door was shut, and the keys carried to the commune, and thence to the general committee of the thirty-two sections.

The night was spent in taking the inventory of the effects. This inventory was taken by some municipal officers, united with the deputies of the sections and the commissioners of the general committee.

This morning every thing was taken away and paraded through the town. This formed a somewhat ludicrous procession. The three hundred commissioners of the sections were the bearers of the effects. The march was opened by a small detachment of grenadiers and chasseurs, to the number of twenty or twenty-four; then was carried the famous oath of the club; its cards, its hand-bills, its hand-bells, its colours, and its banners; together with the lances and pikes that had been found there. Next came a black cloth that was also found, borne by eight men, like a pall, and covered with tickets of admission; before, was carried the chandelier of the club, lighted, though in open day. Behind were four carts of effects, furniture, tables, registers, bags of papers, &c. One of these carts was loaded with bags of biscuits; another had field-pieces, blunderbusses, muskets, all taken at the club. A man carried a chest of cartridges; the carpets, every thing was put in the procession; the people laughed till they cried and applauded. This procession moved forward peaceably, without any obstacle, without the smallest word except expressions of gaiety and pleasantries; he who carried the hand-bell, called out, *the sitting is over*. Those who carried the tickets, called out, like the little blackguards at the doors of the theatre, *qu'y von creumpa la carto, ses liars*, (who'll have a bill of the play for six farthings); those who bore the pall, said *requiescat in pace*; the spectators said to him who had the bell, *citizen president, I ask to be heard*. At the aspect of the cannon and cartridges, the people vented some foul language. Every thing was deposited with the general committee. An illumination is talked of. In short, never did so serious an event pass with so much tranquillity, never was so great a power destroyed with so much

gaiety, and by the sole influence of public opinion. I have not room to write more. I embrace you.

Signed, BEAUGARD.

Excuse this scrawl, I write fast, not to miss the post.

[This letter is addressed to citizen Etienne Burel, deputy of the sections of Marseilles, Rue neuve St. Marc, Hotel St. Marc.]

Charles Barbaroux, Deputy for the Department of the Mouths of the Rhone, to his Friend Duperret.

Evreux, 13th June, 1793, second year of the republic.

WHAT must have been your surprize, my dear friend, at the news of my departure. *Vallée* will have told you how it was executed, and you will do my courage the justice to think that no sentiment foreign to the interests of the country determined me to this step. Informed of all the plots of the rulers of Paris, I was of opinion that I could not unmask them perfectly but in a free country; I am in one; and in a little time I will publish the history of their robberies.

Continue, my dear friend, to serve the country. I think that the best mean, at this moment, is not to take any part in the deliberations of the assembly; let all our friends adopt this plan, and let them manifest it loudly; let them get it printed; let them proclaim it throughout the whole republic. This is a measure necessary for rallying the departments, several of which give way to the thought that the *right side* acknowledges the existence of the convention, and deliberates with the mountain. If there were a nominal appeal, this opportunity ought not to be missed of protesting solemnly of the non-integrity of the representative body. To you it belongs particularly, my dear Duperret, to make these useful and important truths understood; above all a declaration, were it signed but by thirty deputies, who will do themselves honour by this step.

I should be glad that you would determine Guadet, Pétion, and our friends, to come and join us; they will say that this is what is wished at Paris: be it so, but is it the less true, that they will be more useful travelling over the departments, and carrying thither the broken statue of liberty, in order to raise it again? Is it the less true that the foreign powers, whose

agents are in Paris, have an interest in getting rid of true republicans, and that Marat's adherents, heated by him, may, very probably, once more indulge themselves in the thirst of blood, notwithstanding the decree which puts us under the safeguard of the French nation. I know that this speech will find objections in your courageous soul, and in the determination of my unfortunate friends; at least acquit yourself of the commission which I give you to read to them my letter: Pétion is fond of conversing with you, Guadet loves you; see them, and be diligent in transmitting some through the means of my friend Vallée, Hôtel Bouillon, Quai Malaquais, all the information that you may think important.

All my papers are at your service, as well as my letters; you may see every thing, and read every thing. I would never have any thing, not even the errors of my heart, concealed from an honest man like you. I shall write to-morrow to the sound part of the deputation, in order to give them official information of the motives which determined me to quit Paris; shortly all France shall know them, and I doubt not of the approbation of my department, since the Marseillaise were of this opinion, and remitted me a thousand livres in the name of the city of Marseilles, at the moment of my departure.

See my mother often, she needs some consolations of friendship; she will get my letters read to you, you will read to her those which I shall write to you: you will embrace all friends faithful to the cause of liberty; you will salute the miss Noels, and, in particular, your young ladies and Marion, the same to Duprat, to Mainvielle, to Durand Maillanne; let them continue to serve the republic with courage, it is in the nature of things that virtue must triumph, or the republic could not exist. Proscriptions, calumnies have only a season; virtue alone is eternal, and the moment of justice is not far off, if I may judge from the good dispositions of which I am witness here; the department of the Eure received me as if I had been in my own country. The north and the south are going to take each other by the hand; they are rising, and liberty will not die. Adieu.

Signed, BARBAROUX.

In the margin. Do not forget the estimable Madame Roland, and try to afford her some consolation in her confinement, by
trans-

transmitting to her the good news; for then you might see Champagneux, chief clerk of the department of the minister of the interior.

Caen, 15th June, 1793, second year of the republic.

I AM not at Caen, I am at Marseilles, my good friend. It is the Marseillaise that I hear; and my surprise is as extreme as my hopes are great, notwithstanding the mischiefs which the rulers of Paris do the country, in concert with the foreign powers. This morning I presented myself with Bourgouin, Delahaye, and Duval, to the administration of Calvados; we met with a most honourable reception. What men these administrators are! A battalion was going to set off in order to advance towards Paris, they contended with each other for the glory of marching the first; these men are full of fire like you, and probity, in this town, is honoured, as much as guilt is abhorred. Have you fulfilled my commission concerning Guadet? Ah! let him come! his soul, oppressed by the sentiment of injustice, is in want of the sight of uncorrupted nature and of the sentiments of friendship; let him come with Pétion, with Louvet, with our other friends, and with you! You may concert your measures on this subject with our good friend Vallée. There is nothing difficult when we ardently wish a thing, and the question is to save our country by saving ourselves.

What should embarrass you? Your daughters; but they are with Marion, but the women may be collected together, and sent into the neighbourhood of Paris, and even to Evreux. As for Guadet, his wife, on whose account he wants to stay, wishes him to depart, and Pétion was of this opinion. This shall be incessantly the burden of my song; but I must speak to you of Louvet.

In truth, his silence afflicts all his friends: tell my mother and the Miss Noels, to speak to madame Cholet's nieces, who come pretty often to see her, and to go together to visit madame Cholet, who must have heard from Louvet; I must absolutely receive some tidings of him, or I shall be unhappy! He might also come to Caen, and madame Cholet to Evreux; we are ten here; but we are much in want of those who are extremely dear to us, and who might usefully serve the republic.

You have, no doubt, executed my commission in regard to Madame Roland, by trying to afford her some little consolation. She must be very unhappy, that respectable wife of the most respectable citizen. Ah! make every effort to see her, and tell her that the *twenty-two* proscribed deputies, that all honest men participate in her misfortunes; may this participation console them! Do you believe that it is intended to keep her a prisoner? I do not believe it; I think, on the contrary, that her virtue embarrasses them, and that they would wish to see her removed. She should hazard a proposal of remaining only under an arrest in her own house. May she soon enjoy her liberty with our good friends! What a dreadful crisis; but also what glory, if we save liberty! I send you, herewith, a letter which we write to that estimable woman; I need not tell you that you alone can execute this important commission; she must, at any rate, try to get out of confinement, and put herself in safety.

You will call and give some account of me to my mother, to whom I have not time to write to-day. I embrace you and your friends, and the female friends and your daughters. Buzot, my dear Buzot, embraces you.

[This letter is without any address, and without any signature *.]

Caen, 18th June, 1793, second year of the republic.

I HAVE not yet received any answer, my dear friend, to the two letters which I wrote to you, the one from Evreux, the other from Caen. Your silence afflicts me, because you know what a warm interest I take in my friends. Besides, all communication is here intercepted by Paris with the southern departments, so that I can neither write to Marseilles, nor thence receive letters. Do not fail to send me, by means of our colleague Vallée, the detail of the most interesting news from Marseilles and the southern departments, the state of Paris, and that of the convention. In truth, I am anxious to know what is going on in the south, and what is the courageous conduct of the Marseillaise.

* But it is from Barbaroux to Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

Every thing goes well in the ten departments which compose the *ci-devant* Brittany and the *ci-devant* Normandy. Liberty there will not perish, for the courage of the inhabitants is as determined as that of the men of the south. The misfortunes of the country are owing only to the treachery of the committee of public safety, evidently directed by the foreign powers. The intelligence with the rebels of La Vendée is fully confirmed; since there have been apprehended at Nantz two agents of the executive council, one of whom was provided with a passport for entering into the camp of the rebels, and had really entered it, and with a seal engraved with the arms of the empire, in order to transmit thither his dispatches. Santerre was sent against the rebels only to deliver up to them Saumur, and eighty pieces of cannon. Every where we are betrayed, and the centre of the treachery is in Paris. It is therefore to Paris, that the legions of the republicans must repair, in order to give courage to the good citizens, and crush the factious.

But do you think, my dear friend, to favour this insurrection of the departments against the oppression of the rulers of Paris? Do you think to save liberty by remaining in Paris, as do our colleagues? First, the deputies detained in confinement suffer, and do nothing useful for the country. Our other colleagues, sometimes repair to the assembly, and sometimes absent themselves; sometimes they deliberate, and sometimes they refuse to take a part in the deliberations. This versatile conduct bewilders the minds of many people in the departments, and ruins the public weal. No, they must not deliberate; but they must, on the contrary, protest solemnly against the non-integrity of the representative body; no, they must not repair to the sittings; but they must, on the contrary, leave Paris. My friend, the return of the deputies who have remained faithful, into their respective departments, is impossible, since by means of certain *Maratist* communes, they would be stopped on the road. And what good, besides, did they do thus divided and acting without any concert? My opinion, that of our colleagues assembled here or at Rennes, to the number of twenty, is that you should come and join us, not to form an authority which could not exist but in the event that the majority of the convention should be assembled; but to

concert together the measures proper for saving liberty; but to give to the opinion of the departments a new spring, by presenting to them a greater mass of their representatives proscribed, persecuted by the tyrants of Paris. Calvados is of all the departments of the north the most remote from all attack, either on the part of the rebels, or on the part of the enemies who occupy our frontiers, and its coasts are in the most respectable state of defence; this is an additional motive for repairing hither. Come, colleagues, to this hospitable land; come, and once more inflame, by your presence, the zeal of the citizens; come and give new consolations to your friends, and converse with them about their country, and let the country be the everlasting theme.

This letter, my dear friend, will be common between you and all the proscribed deputies, to whom I charge you to shew it without losing a moment, and our friends Chiappe, Vallée, Duprat, Noël, and Bresson; these two last lodge, as you know, in the same house where I did; do not fail to see them. You may also shew my letter to such of our colleagues as are in your confidence. Forget the movements even of your courage, and your former resolutions for the interest of the republic. Here your best friends, the administrators, and every where the citizens united in society or in sections, have but one mind. Our colleagues must comply with this determined vow and save the country. Every measure is taken for effecting their departure in safety: passports are in the hands of Vallée. Come, my dear and good friend, let us save liberty, and come and embrace the man who is the most sincerely attached to you. Above all, let not any one of our friends take his route by Versailles; but let them all come by St. Germain. See my mother, the Miss Noels, and salute them; salute your daughters and Marion. Let me know whether you have heard of your son. I embrace you fraternally, and beg you to forward the letter enclosed.

P. S. Do not neglect to communicate my letter to Duprat, our colleague, and transmit to Couëdic, through my mother, the papers which I have entrusted to you.

[This letter, without any signature, bears no address*.]

* It is supposed to be written by Barbaroux to Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

Caen, 22d June, 1793, second year of the republic,
one and indivisible.

Charles Barbaroux to his Colleagues Durand-Maillanne, Duprat, Duperret, Pelissier, and Mainvielle, Deputies of the Departments of the Mouths of the Rhone.

MY DEAR COLLEAGUES,

I THINK myself accountable to you for the motive which determined me to quit Paris. It is not the fear of being assassinated that made me swerve from my first determination; but the well-demonstrated impossibility of being able to manifest my thoughts. What man, in these circumstances, would have been bold enough to print my writings? Had there existed one sufficiently generous, could I, without shuddering, expose him to the treatment that Brissot and Gorsas have received; and, at all events, how should I have been able to circulate my writings in the departments, when the municipality of Paris has stopped every means of circulation? Painful was it to me not to have it in my power to manifest my thoughts, after having contended five years for the liberty of the press; painful, indeed, was it to me to crouch under the attack of calumny, without having it in my power to call in evidence the actions of my life. I felt that the truths of which I was the depositary belonged to my country, and I was urged by the want of promulgating them; I fought an independent country. Here have I found an honourable hospitality; here have I found, with the beautiful forms of nature, the consoling image of virtue; here I forget the sentiment of my misfortunes, by the consolatory sentiment with which I am inspired by the energy of the men of the north. No; our holy republic one and indivisible shall not perish; she shall not perish, since from Marseilles to Caen the same indignation causes the people to rise, and creates armies against anarchists.

All the affairs of Marseilles are then abandoned. Not that my presence is necessary to their progress, they would be managed by you with equal zeal. But how can Marseilles, an anti-anarchist city, merit the favour of being heard? An insolent commissioner sent into La Vendée by the executive council, said to some deputies from Nantz, who demanded of him succours in men, "Your town did not choose to follow the doctrine

doctrine of Marat, we will find the means of punishing you ;” and, indeed, Nantz is threatened by the rebels. They will repulse our department in the same manner ; but the ascendancy of things, and the inevitable triumph of virtue over vice, make me hope, in a short time, for the reparation of all these wrongs.

There is, however, an object to which I beg you will attend immediately. The municipality of Marseilles, by their letter of the 28th of May, printed in the collection of the dispatches brought to us by the courier Aubert, observed to us, that there was not in this town a single man capable of leading, and commanding with success, its brave gunners ; they charged us in consequence to apply to the executive council for a commander of artillery, and to recommend to them, above all, the greatest delicacy in their choice.

The war department is now occupied by Alexander Beauharnois. I cannot believe that a man whose public life has been hitherto irreproachable, shares the principles, and wishes to adopt the conduct of the ignorant Bouchotte. Apply to him, therefore, in order to obtain a good commander of artillery ; but do not fail to tell him that this officer must not be chosen from among those who profess principles contrary to our’s. This is a point on which you must strongly insist ; for it would be making a bad present to Marseilles to send thither a *Maratist*, and it would be exposing him to dangers which the good-will of the magistrates might not perhaps be able to prevent.

The municipality of Marseilles also asks us, in the same letter, for a table of progression, calculated for the reach of powder in throwing shells, and, in order to find it, mentions to us the navy and war offices. Will you be so good as to make this enquiry as speedily as possible ; for we must afford the worthy inhabitants of our coasts every means of repelling the enemy. Receive, my dear friends, my fraternal embraces, and let us both continue to defend, with all our might, liberty and the republic one and indivisible.

Signed, BARBAROUX.

Caen, 22d June, 1793, second year of the republic.

I HAVE not yet received, my good mother, any letter from you, which grieves me; however, Vallée has sent me word that you had retired to Duperret's. What gratitude I owe to that worthy and estimable friend! what obligations towards his daughters, and their governess Marion! Confess that I have done right to quit Paris, since the rulers of Paris, the mountain where guilt is enthroned, have carried their audacity so far as to issue a decree of accusation against me, because, say they, I have put the city of Marseilles in a state of counter-revolution.

I am impatient to hear of the arrival of my aunt Fabre and of Dallet. At what time do they come to see us? at least, they will calm your troubles, they will take care of your health. My sole regret is not to be able to lavish on you the same attentions, and the same caresses.

Desire Duperret to settle my accounts with the courier Aubert, and attend yourself to this business. There are five hundred livres due to me; I intend two hundred of them for you; so it is your interest to get this matter settled.

Adieu; I have this moment received from Duperret a letter, in which you are mentioned, and I am a little tranquillized. Salute the Miss Noels, and the worthy papa, Bresson, Couëdic, and all our good friends. Health to all Duperret's family. I embrace you with all my heart, as well as Joseph.

[This letter, not signed, is addressed to *La Citoyenne Barbaroux**,.]

Caen, 25th June, 1793, second year of the republic
one and indivisible.

I SEND to you, my dear friend, another half dozen copies of my Address to the Marseillaise, in order that you may try to make it penetrate into our department, by inserting it in the *bulletins*, or in any other manner. It is really painful to me, not to have it in my power to transmit to my constituents the account which I owe them of my conduct. Neglect nothing, I conjure you, to execute this commission.

Prevail on my mother to write to me a few lines, I am very

* It is certainly from her son. *Note of the Editor.*

uneasy on her account ; I am no less so respecting the fate of our friends : a private letter announces to us, that they have been more closely confined. What a fault have they committed in not making their escape, and how much all the *right side* has lost itself, in not acceding to our wishes ! They have missed a great number of departments, and exposed the public weal : fortunately, Providence, who watches over the destinies of France, is on the point of saving us once more from this crisis. Here, every thing goes well, the department of the Orme has adopted the measures taken by that of Calvados ; the department of La Manche is assembled, and the same success is expected. Troops are filing off towards Eyreux ; let our colleagues assist by their conduct, and some authentic declarations, this salutary movement, and anarchy will be again overcome, and liberty will triumph.

Settle my business with the courier Aubert, and try, my good friend, to send me some news ; that from the south interests me particularly. A decree of accusation is passed against Brissot, the unfortunate Brissot : it is said that he is arrived in Paris ; another journal informs us of his flight. Let me know how the matter stands ; I am uneasy respecting the fate of this estimable man. I would give my life to preserve him to France, for his head is still necessary for the consolidation of liberty. Our friends must procure him every consolation in their power. And our poor Guadet, and Pétion, and Valazé, and all the prisoners, in what situation are they ? In the midst of my own misfortunes I had preserved the gaiety which constitutes my character, I lose it through the adversity of my friends. News, once more some news. Do not be sparing of your letters, which administer to my soul the consoling balm of friendship. Adieu, my friend ; embrace your daughters, Marion, the Miss Noels, their good father, and all our friends.

[This letter is without any signature, and bears not any address *.]

A fraternal and affectionate embrace to my good friend Duperret ; I entreat him to repair every day to the political

* But it is most certainly from Barbaroux to Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

and literary club, under the colonade of Radziwill, at the Palais ci-devant Royal; he may there explain himself freely with the citizeness who keeps this club, or with Gobereau, the clerk of this house; I beg him to let me hear from him on the subject, and to collect there the mind and opinion of the public. I particularly recommend to him to give me an account of this literary cabinet, situated next door to the *Berceau lyrique*. Health once more in patriotism.

Signed, A. J. GORSAS.

[The address is: To Citizen Vallée, to forward the letter, after having read and sealed it, to Citizen Duperret, Deputy, Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, No. 45, at Paris.]

My good friend, I write to you from Evreux, in Normandy; a trader of Rouen, going to Bourdeaux, having learned that there was here one of the proscribed deputies belonging to that city, sends me word that he gives me six minutes to write a few words—I therefore announce to you, that Salles, Lefage of Eure and Loire, Larivière of Calvados, and myself, are going on a pilgrimage to encourage the worthy Normans to march towards Paris, in order to obtain the liberty of the convention. At this moment, Girey-Duprey, editor of Brissot's journal, is arrived; he is going to Caen with our companions: as for me, I shall remain here three days, to be intermediate between Paris and the I am called upon to conclude. Your friend for life, and till death.

[This note is without either signature or address*.]

SINCE I left you, I have done every thing in my power to analyze the public mind; the volcanoes have vomited forth their fires, the eruption is over. Paris is in a consoling calm; every one is astonished at a tranquillity so sudden, after such violent storms. I have seen some people of observation; they say, that the convention, the galleries even, have been in a state which somewhat resembles consternation. However it is true, their rage appears troubled. It is perfectly decided that the laws shall take their course: the responsibility of the Parisians makes them think. Be quiet, there is no idea what-

* But it is from Barbaroux to Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

ever of popular justice; if the night were likely to be disturbed, even slightly, I would sleep in your street, in order to apprize you of causes and effects: but there is no sinister omen. Sleep, and dream that your enemies are under the Tarpeian rock. A great poet has said, *A dream sometimes is a warning from the gods.*

It has been rumoured, in some streets, that Danton was dictator: it is said that fame has a hundred voices; why has she not a hundred thousand? why is not the report general? Nothing more would be necessary to open the eyes of our revolutionary puppets.

Within these few days, the prisoners in the Abbey cried out with terror; they thought that they would be put to death in the second act of the second of September; a priest tranquilized them.

I have a thousand things to say to you from Beffroy. He is indignant at the ferocity of your enemies; but, like me, he hopes that it will pave the way to your triumph and glory. I am, with esteem, wholly yours. I shall long hold you dear.

D.

[This letter is without any address.]

6th June, in the Abbey.

I SEND you, worthy citizen, the copy of a letter I have written to the convention, which has been addressed to them officially by the minister of the interior, and of which nothing yet has been able to obtain a public reading. If your courage can do any thing in this business, I recommend this letter to it; if you know of any means of getting it published, be so good as to employ them.

I have not yet been interrogated; I know not how long I am able to be detained in this place, which was the scene of so many horrors.

Most certainly, with *innocence* and *truth*, I am here more free and less to be pitied than the blood-thirsty rulers of the day; my firmness is not alarmed at any thing; I have a child, a family all in tears; I must neglect nothing to be restored to them.

Whatever you may do, receive the assurances of my esteem.

Signed, ROLAND née PHILIPON.

[The following answer is on the second page of the note, dated the 6th June.]

Answer.

IF nothing more be necessary, virtuous citizeness, than good-will and most intrepid courage to second all your friends, who are all honest men, in order to release you from the dreadful oppression in which your cowardly persecutors have involved you, rely on me; doubt not that I will do every thing that your generous soul would do for me, if, being in your situation, I claimed your good offices.

The audacity of guilt would wish to sacrifice you to its rage; but when, like you, we have the shield of virtue to oppose to it, we fear nothing. The speck will soon be removed from the eyes of the good people who are misled, and they will find means to compensate you for the evils which some wicked wretches make you endure. I am, more than ever, wholly yours, respectable citizeness.

[The superscription of this note runs thus: To Duperret, Deputy of the Mouths of the Rhone.]

VIRTUOUS CITIZENESS,

FROM the moment of your arrest, I have not ceased to exert myself in order to try to find the means of transmitting to you the consolations which all your friends would wish to offer you; but the tigers who persecute you, have thrown so many obstacles in the way, that we were permitted only to bewail with you the rigours of your fate. For several days I kept three letters which Bar and Bu had addressed to me for you, without it being possible for me to transmit them to you; and what is more unlucky, is, that at the moment when I could do it, by availing myself of the channel which you point out, the thing is become impossible; as they are now in the hands of Pétion, to whom I thought it my duty to deliver them, thinking that he had it more in his power than any other person to forward them to you, and who has left Paris without having been able to succeed. This very day I will mention the circumstance to those citizens to whom I write by a safe conveyance, and will inform them of the means that I now have of being better able to execute their commission. Till you hear directly from them, I must not suffer you to be ignorant

ignorant of all their solicitude for you. I receive no letter from them, without your name being introduced in some shape; they seem, I assure you, more concerned at the rigours which you experience, than with all those which they experience themselves. As for me, virtuous citizeness, my heart is torn, when I represent to myself all the trials which your cowardly persecutors make you undergo, the more, as with all the goodwill imaginable, there is no mean that it is possible, at present, to have recourse to, against this dreadful tyranny. But take courage, their reign will soon be at an end, the whole nation is on the point of rising to crush this horde of villains, and will make you ample amends for all the evils which you suffer for your country. I already see the civic crowns that are preparing for you and your respectable husband; and full of this agreeable idea, relying on your firmness, in regard to transient misfortunes, which cannot damp your courageous soul, I take a delight in thinking you a thousand times more happy in your honourable confinement, than are on their seat of blood and of crimes the tyrants who detain you. Three-fourths at least of the departments have already declared themselves in the strongest manner, on all sides, in order to overthrow the throne of anarchy; the most decided measures are taking among them to effect this happy revolution, which, I hope, will be the last of all. Twenty-two of our proscribed colleagues, at this moment, perhaps more, are assembled at Caen, and labour night and day to enlighten the public mind, and promote the success of this vast project. I frequently hear from them on the subject, and the accounts are from day to day more satisfactory. Notwithstanding the efforts of the conspirators, who at this moment are making their last push to try to avoid the blow, I shall take care, when an opportunity offers, to inform you of the interesting news that may come to my knowledge. I must, however, apprise you, in order to calm your just impatience, that the movements of the departments will not take place so soon as we could wish. All the misfortunes of the country are so great and so complicated, that we must necessarily use all the wisdom and prudence possible, in the remedies to be applied to them, since the smallest want of caution would risk the loss of all. From the data that I can procure, I scarcely reckon that the great blows will be struck till
towards

towards the end of the month which is so near at hand. In the mean time, I am very sure that our enemies can yet do us much mischief; but it is impossible to avoid it. In the mean time, let us arm ourselves with patience, and brave dangers; republican souls are proof against every thing. It is unnecessary for me to offer you my poor services in all that may humanly depend on me; my attachment to you, and to every one that belongs to you, is unlimited; and nothing in the world will be so flattering to me, as to be able to find an opportunity of being serviceable to you in some way: in these sentiments I beg you to believe me, very respectfully, your devoted servant.

Signed, L. DUPERRET.

[This letter has no address *.]

I OWE you a thousand thanks, worthy citizen, for the sentiments which you express towards me, and, above all, for the excellent news which you communicate to me. My friends and my country saved, what's the rest to me? As long as the former are in safety, and the majority of the departments judging of the state of things, is preparing to ameliorate it, I have no longer any inquietude or regret. I am proud of being persecuted in a moment when talents and honesty are proscribed. Certainly, I am more tranquil in confinement, than my oppressors are in the exercise of their unjust power. I own that the refinement of cruelty, with which they ordered my being set at liberty, for the purpose of apprehending me again the moment after, inflamed me with indignation; I could no longer see how far their tyranny might extend; I hastened to apprise all those who take any interest about me: not that I thought that any thing could be done, nor that my courage was alarmed at any thing; but in order that these outrages might be made public, and that my fate might not be unknown.

I know that the minister of the interior signed a letter, which he was prevailed on to write to the administration of the police, who answered, that they had acted only by order of

* But it is for Madame Roland. *Note of the Editor.*

the Committee of general security of the Convention. This is a manner of playing into each other's hands, and of propping one another, in order to dispense with all favour, and to put a stop to remonstrances. I have no inclination to address remonstrances to any one, for I will not debase myself. I shall expect my liberty from the return of the reign of justice, and, worthy of good fortune, I will not despond in bad.

To hear of my friends is the only happiness that affects me; you have contributed to make me enjoy it. Tell them, that the knowledge of their courage, and of all that they are capable of doing for liberty, stand me in stead of every thing; tell them, that my esteem, my attachment, and my good wishes, will follow them wherever they go. B 's hand-bill gave me great pleasure. Adieu, worthy citizen, your uprightness and intrepidity ensure to you the sentiments which I feel and preserve for you.

[This letter, without any signature, is directed *To Citizen Duperret**.]

WORTHY CITIZEN, I transmit you my real interrogatory, the publication of which, is the only reply that it becomes me to make to the falsehoods of Duchesne, and those of his stamp.

If all communication is not intercepted with our friends in confinement, tell them that the injustice which they experience, is the only one that employs my mind. What! that blinded people will then suffer their best defenders to perish! A decree of accusation passed against poor Brissot; is it true that he is apprehended? But what does it avail me to ask questions? You cannot answer me, and you will do well to burn this note from a hand pretended to be suspected. I honour and salute you.

Signed, ROLAND, née PHILIPON, at the Abbey, 24th June.

[This note is without any address †.]

* It is from Madame Roland. *Note of the Editor.*

† It is for Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

24th June.

It appeared as if I was to be released from the Abbey, I thought of returning to my house; before I got there I was apprehended, in order to be taken to St. Pélagie. Who knows whether, from that place, I shall not be carried elsewhere? Do not forget me.

[This note is neither signed nor addressed to any one *.]

* It is from Madame Roland to Duperret. *Note of the Editor.*

THE END.

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